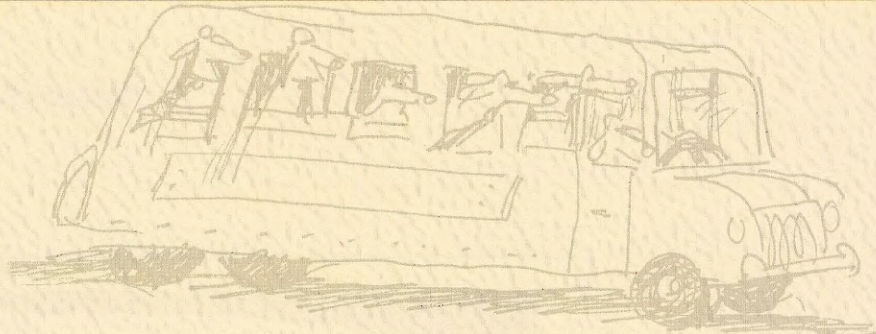
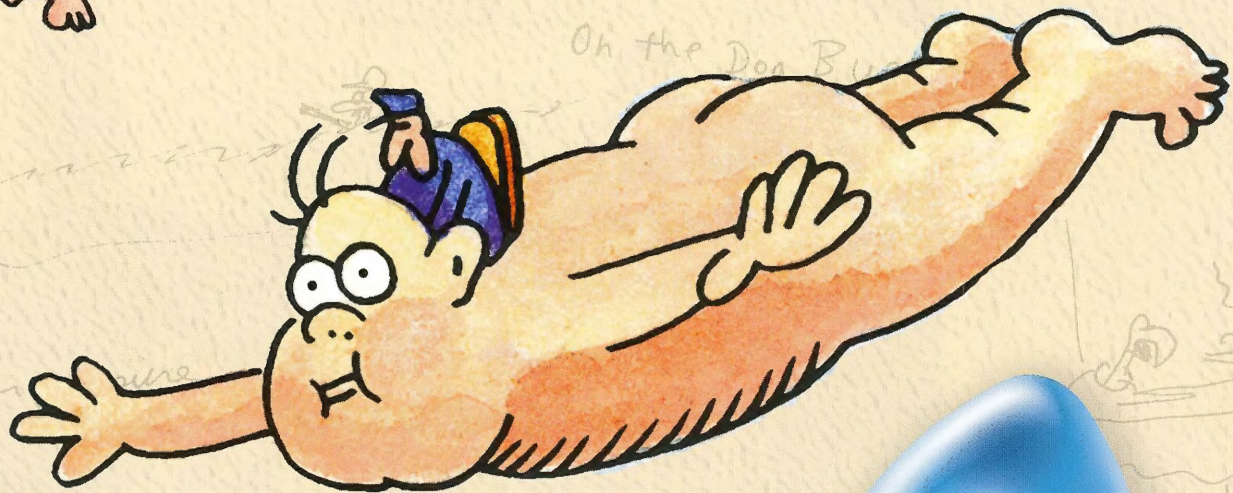


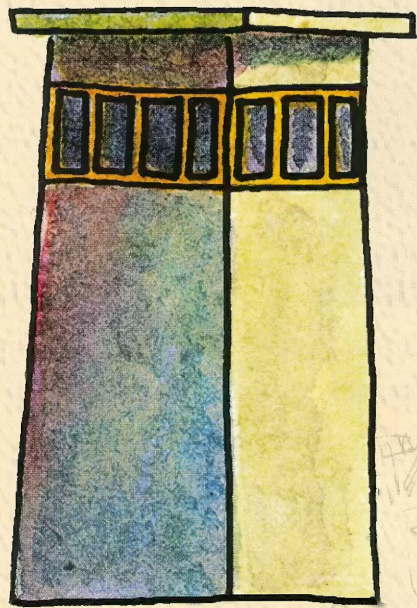
Charge him, Jack!
C'mon! You gonna let
him stare you down like that?
Flatten the
creep, Jack!



Oh the Don B...



Elephant pen



ONE
TODAY'S
SPECIAL
The Dumpty
Omelett... w

19

There do
spotted
Wagon
Star



Mutator
Chicken
element
purified

Annie & the mutant tree sea

Sunday
Cockroach Farm rent to Regulars farm?
On phone / "Well, honey, if it aint got one
hand on it, then it aint mine."

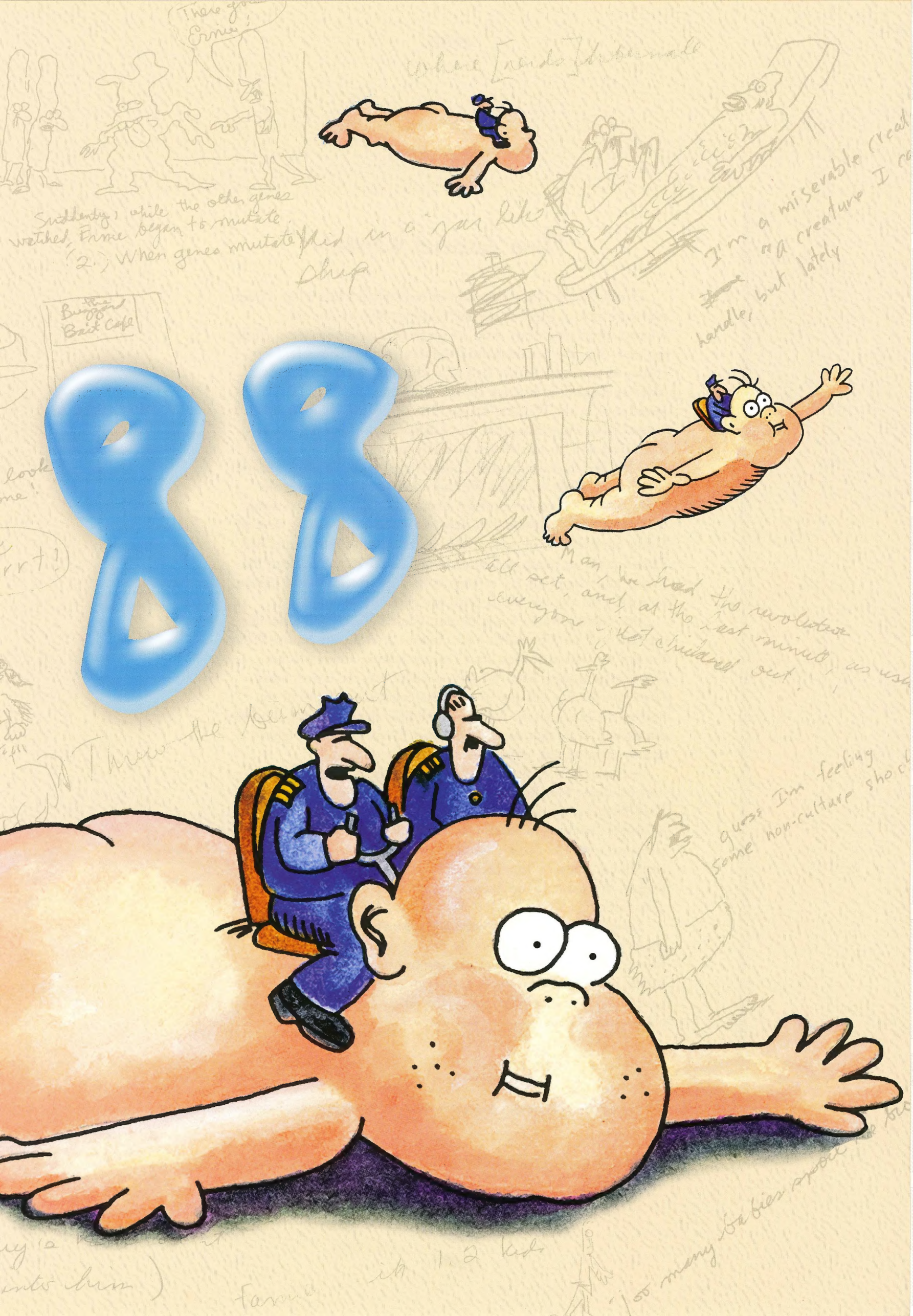


When ornithologists
of the opposite sex meet
in single bars.

Truck w/ a
(gonna ru



Larson
Cockroach Farms



The Good Wetch

Gladys Wetch was a neighbor of ours when I was a kid. (Does everyone have a neighbor named Gladys?) She was an older woman, short and stout, with a foreign accent whose origin eludes me now. She and her husband lived in a small gray house, kitty-corner to our own. If they had kids, the kids must have been older or something because I don't remember them. In fact, I was never once in the Wetches' house. The place just always seemed "apart" from everything else. But Gladys Wetch, herself, made a big impression on me when I was very young.

Mrs. Wetch was a frequent baby-sitter for my brother and me. (My parents both worked.) We had other baby-sitters over the years, but over time my brother, Dan, drove most of them away. (He was quite professional in that area.) The other sitters were all rather normal women, sort of like variations on Opie's Aunt Bee. They'd make us lunch, sometimes bake cookies, maybe clean the house, and essentially try to keep both themselves and the Larson boys alive for the few hours until my parents got home.

But Gladys Wetch was different. Gladys Wetch had a handle on Dan and me. She didn't bake cookies or clean the house. What she did was tell us stories. And I'm not talking about Mother Goose-type stories. Mrs. Wetch's specialty was the horror story. More specifically, her stories were the detailed retellings of the movies she had seen on *Nightmare Theater*, the local scare-the-hell-out-of-you show that aired on channel 13 every Friday night—exactly at midnight, of course.

So here's how it played out for some time: On weekends, I learned about Brer Rabbit, the Little Engine Who Could, and Mr. Toad from my mom. On weekdays, from Gladys Wetch, I learned all about Dracula, Frankenstein, werewolves, the Mummy, and the Creature from the Black Lagoon. I think it was a pretty balanced childhood. I especially remember Mrs. Wetch telling us about Rodan, this giant flying lizard creature. (A pterodactyl, I surmised years later.)

I used to think about Rodan a lot. Maybe it's because nothing could be more scary in my mind than a giant lizard-creature whose name sort of sounded like my brother's. And the story of Rodan is being told to me by a woman whose name, as you may have noticed, is one letter removed from "witch." Lots of buttons being pushed here.

But I also remember her vivid description of Dracula, and how he could change into a fog, flow under a bedroom door, and then re-form into his usual, undead body. I stuffed clothes under my door for a while after that, oblivious to the flaw that my door had no lock; Dracula could've just walked in, sucked my blood, and left. But if he *had* decided to go fog on me, my clothes barricade was in place, and I had Mrs. Wetch to thank for that.

The thing is, Gladys Wetch was our favorite baby-sitter.

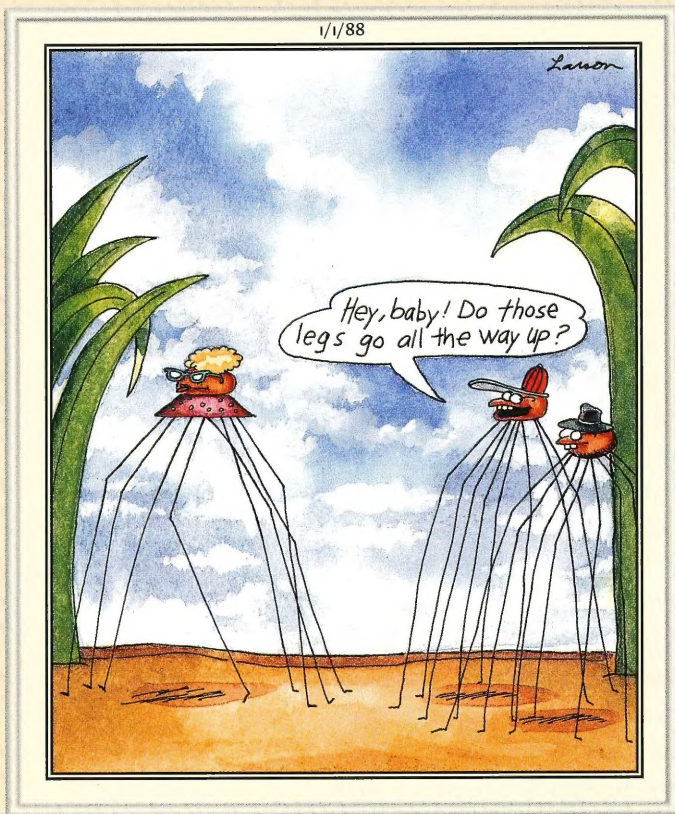
And then one day something happened. I think my mom somehow found out about Mrs. Wetch and the things she was telling us, and I believe she and my mom must have had a "conversation." Anyway, I don't remember Mrs. Wetch coming around anymore. More recently, in writing this little essay, I asked my mom what she remembered about the woman. My mom suddenly seemed a little anxious. "Oh, she told you boys very strange stories! And once she even threatened to throw you both in the fireplace!" There was a pause, and then she quickly added, "But she meant it in a nice way, I'm sure."

I honestly don't remember the fireplace episode. But boy, do I remember those stories.

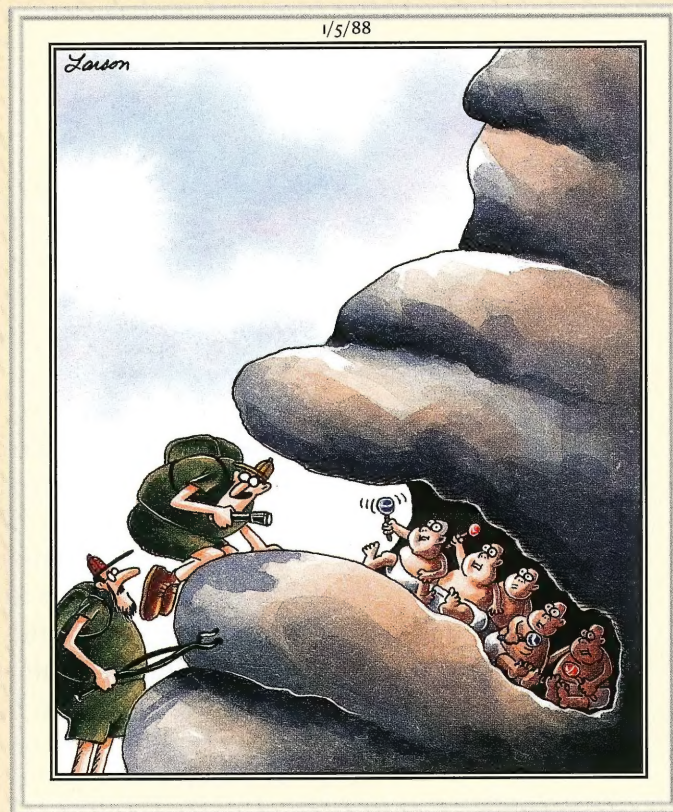
Yeah, Gladys Wetch was cool. She's passed on, no doubt, but believe me, she still haunts these pages. In a nice way, I'm sure.



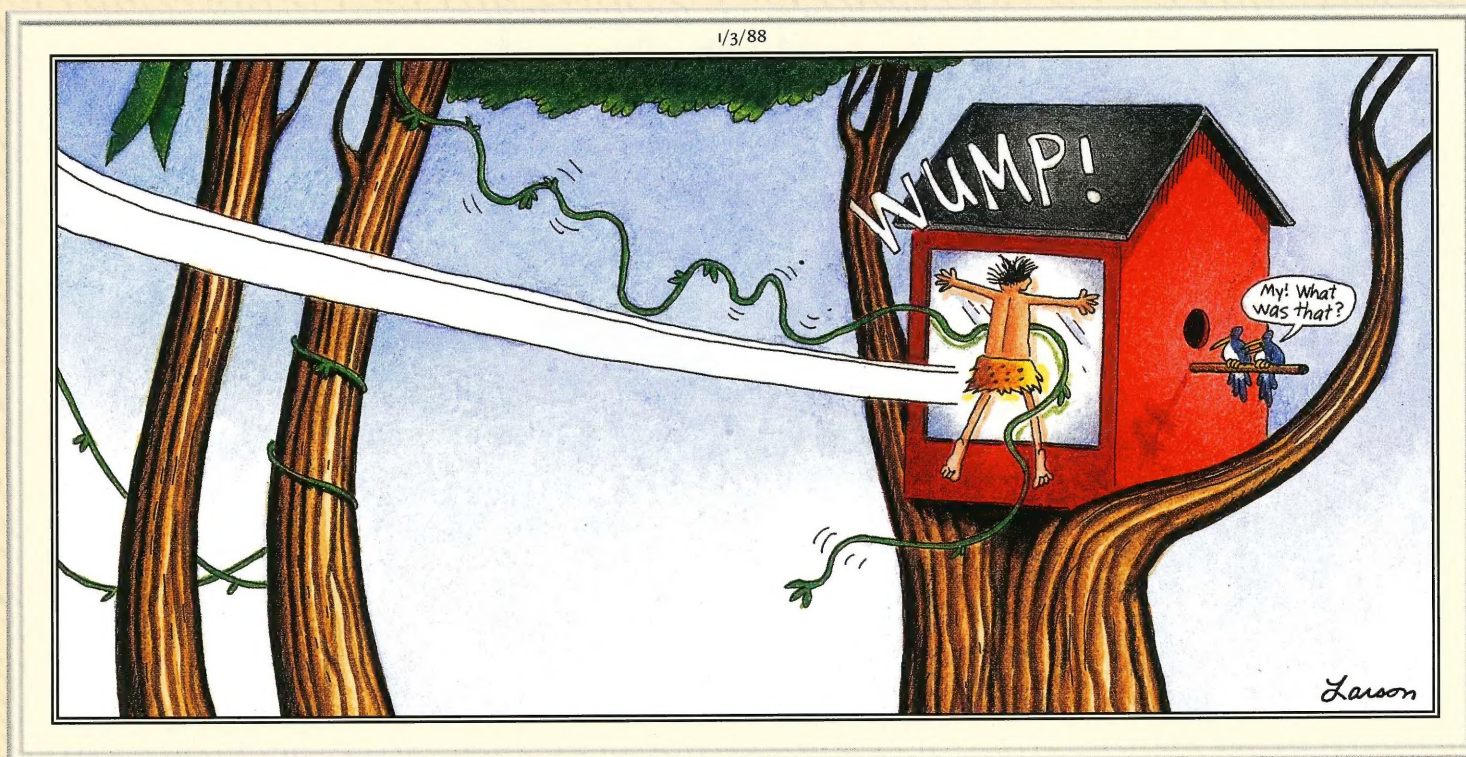
"Now let me get this straight. ... We hired you to babysit the kids, and instead you cooked and ate them *both*?"



Daddy long-leg jerks

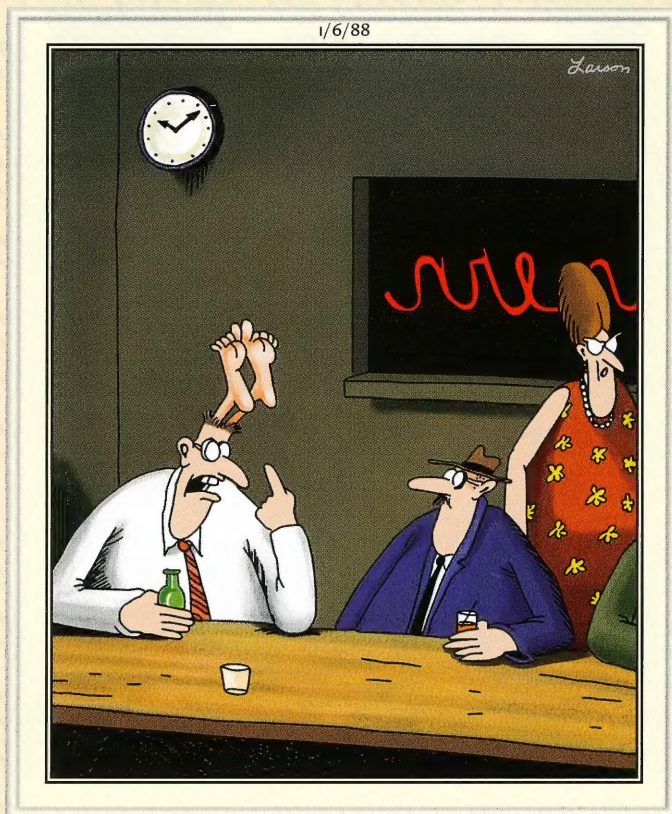


"All right! Hand me the tongs, Frank. ... We got us a big den of rattlers here."

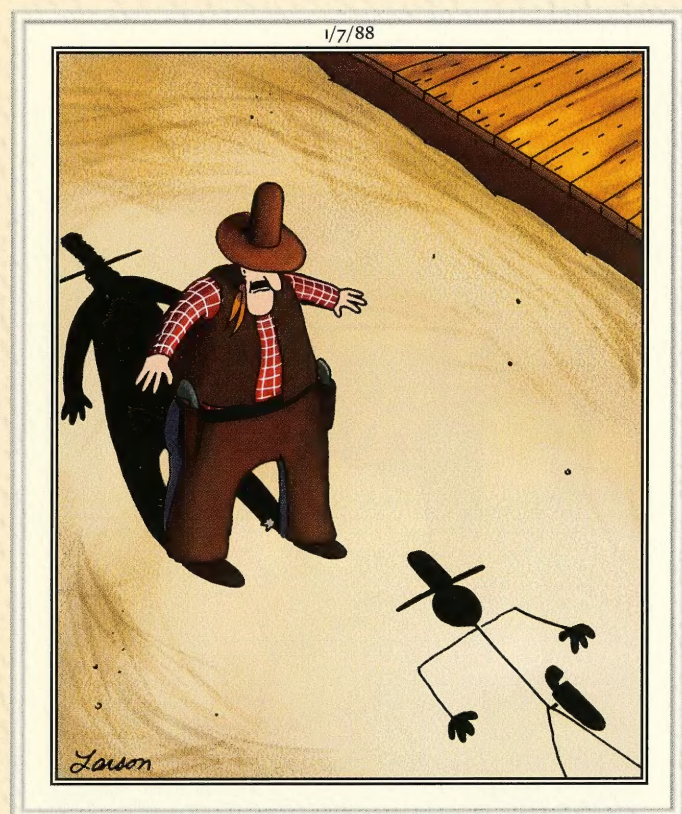




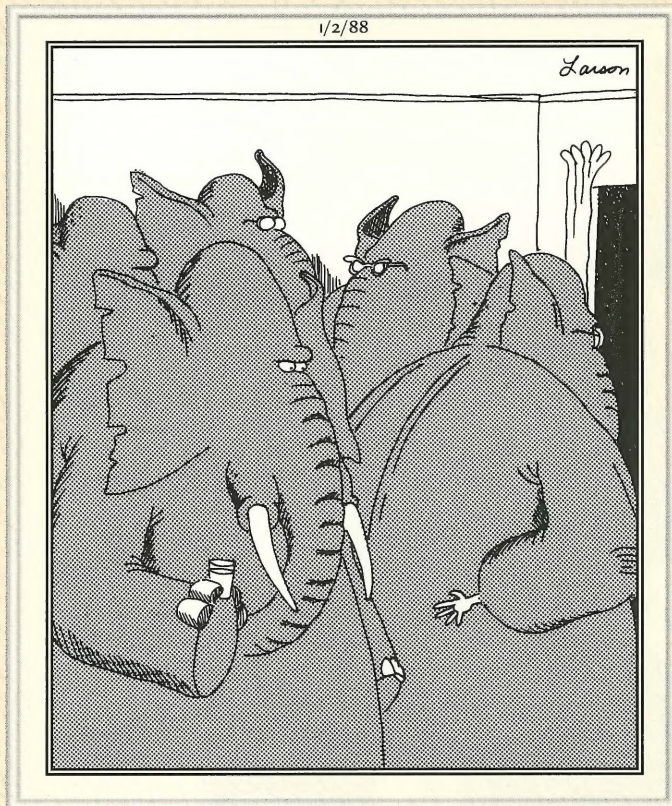
"Clean it up? Clean it up? Crimony, it's *supposed* to be a rathole!"



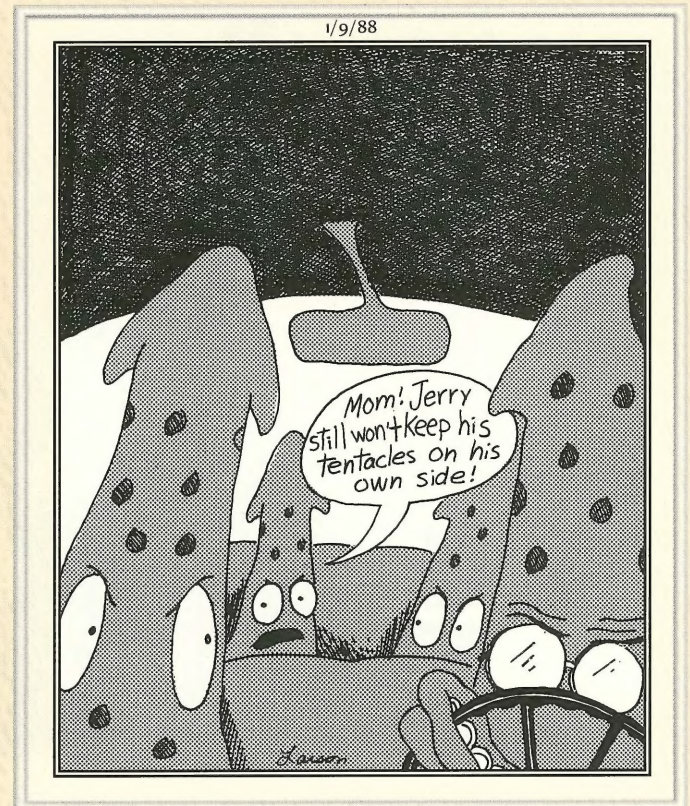
"Mind? Hey, buddy, these flat feet kept me out of the Army!"



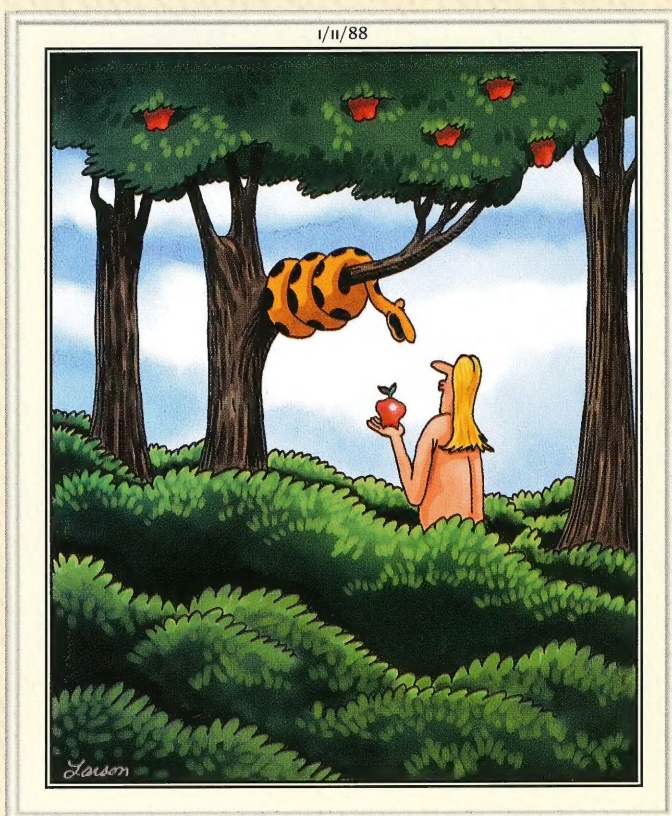
"Anytime, Slim."



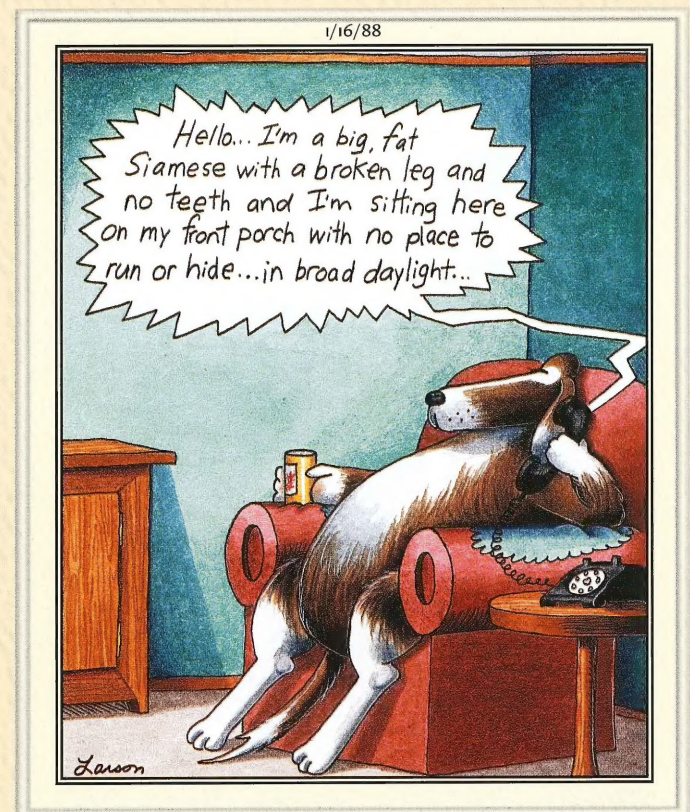
Although Edgar discreetly tried to hide his ailment, his friends still noticed his humantiasis.



The Squid family on vacation

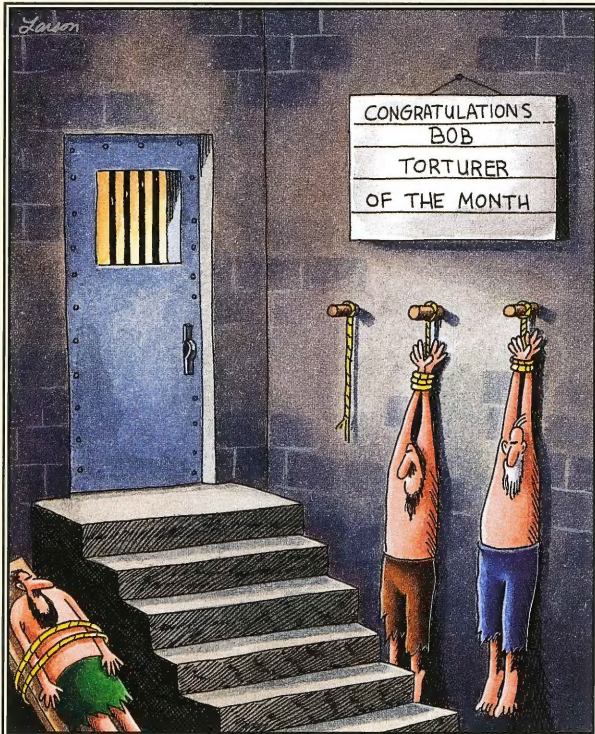


"Well, I'm not sure. ... I guess it's been washed."



Dial-a-Cat

1/13/88



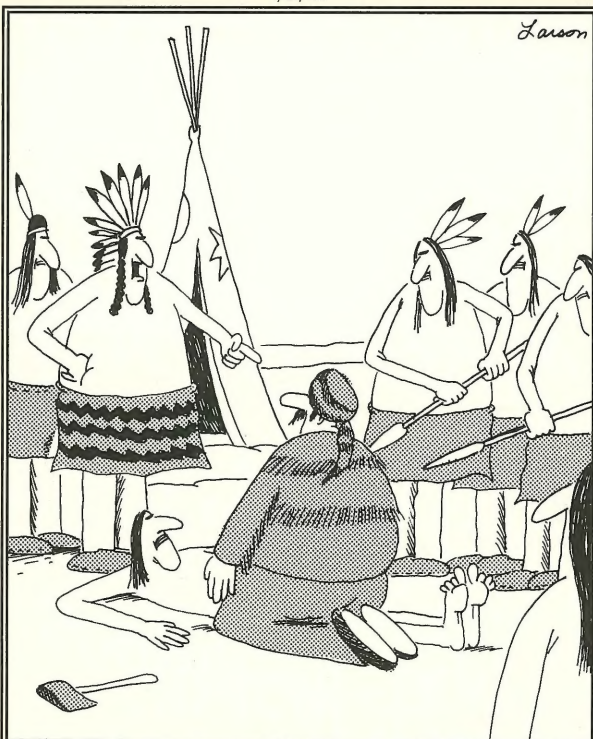
The Des Moines Register, Des Moines, Iowa, 2/9/88

A blot on the conscience of mankind

I AM WRITING to express my revulsion at the "Far Side" cartoon that offers congratulations to Bob, the "Torturer of the Month." Using torture as the subject of humor is, to say the least, offensive to me. Perhaps the author of the cartoon believes that torture is something so far removed from today's world that we can afford to laugh at it. If the author or the editor believes that, you are ill-informed. Torture is practiced today, according to Amnesty International, by one out of every three governments. As I write this letter, I am aware that in numerous places, people are being beaten, burned, having limbs amputated, put through mock execution, sexually abused, and, as depicted in the cartoon, hung by their wrists for long periods of time. How can this be presented as the subject of humor?

Torture is not a laughing matter. It is a blot on the conscience of mankind that must be eradicated, not laughed at. The cartoon has done nothing to educate people about this evil, or to arouse people to work to stop torture and other violations of human rights. The torturers of the world would like people to believe that the torture cells do not exist and that their crimes are so far removed from reality that the very concept can be the subject of funny little cartoons. In the meantime, their victims suffer in darkness and isolation. Ignorance and silence are the torturers' best friends. ... — Michael L. Messina

1/12/88

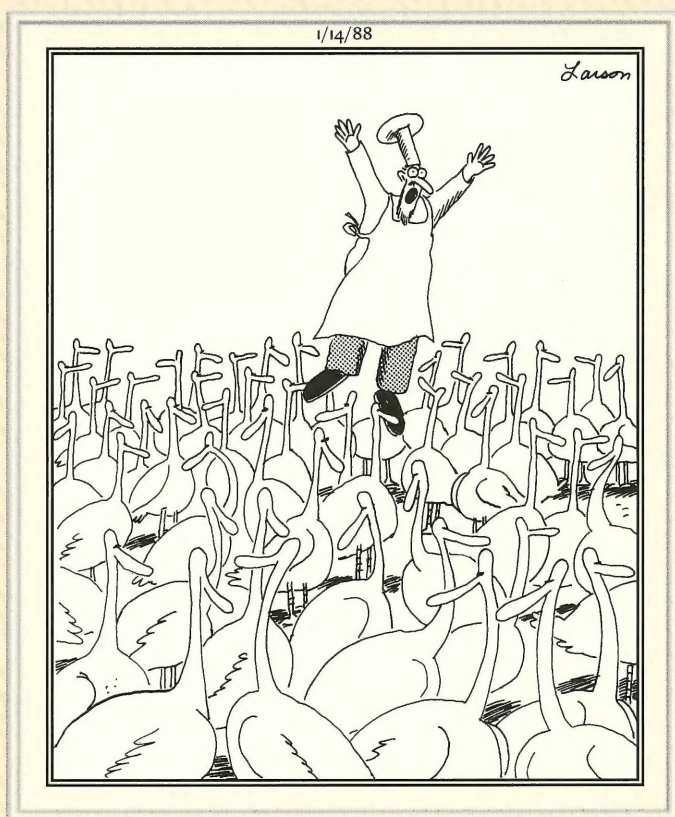


"Okay, you've passed the fire test, the riding test, and the combat test ... but now, paleface, now you must say 'toy boat' three times real fast!"

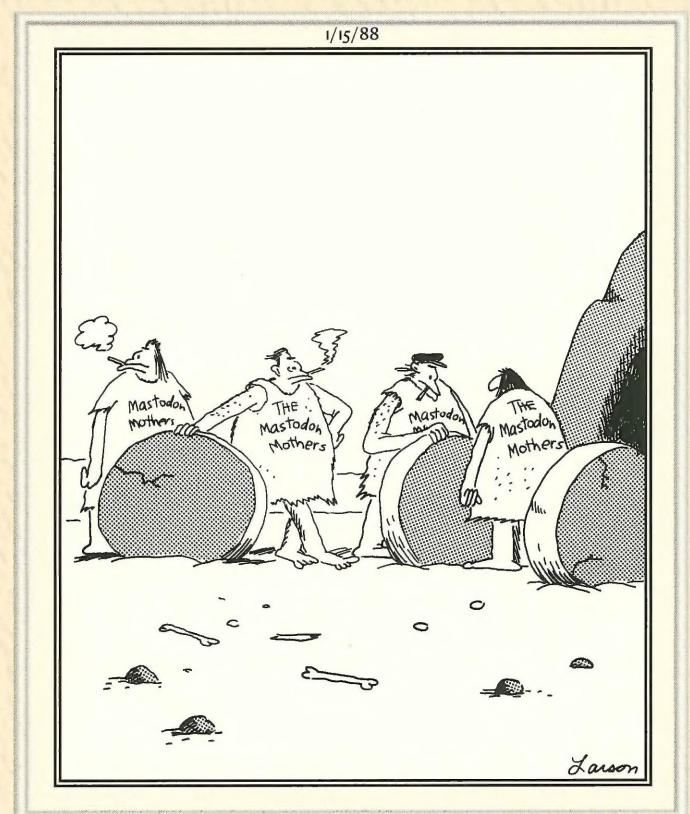
1/8/88



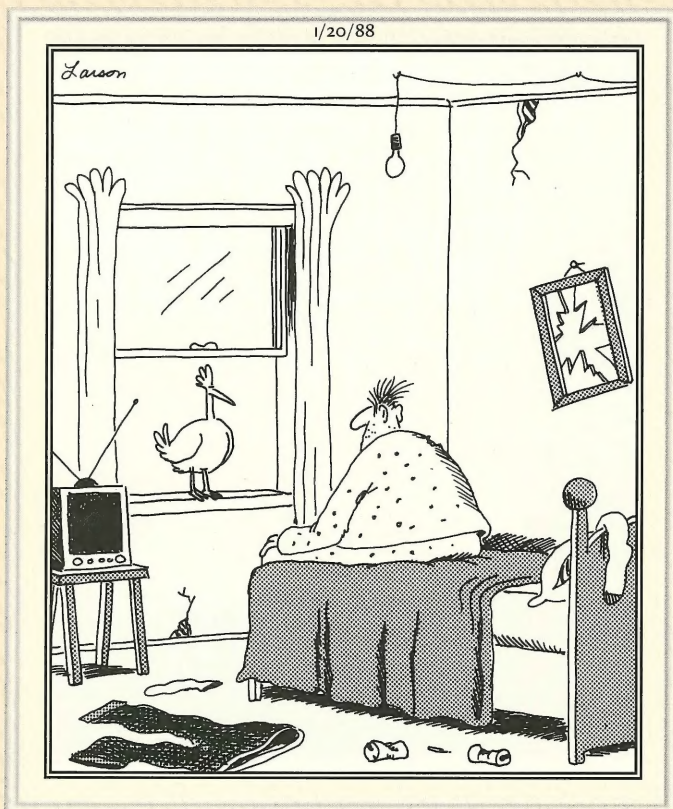
"Mom! The kids at school say we're a family of Nerdenthals! ... Is that true?"



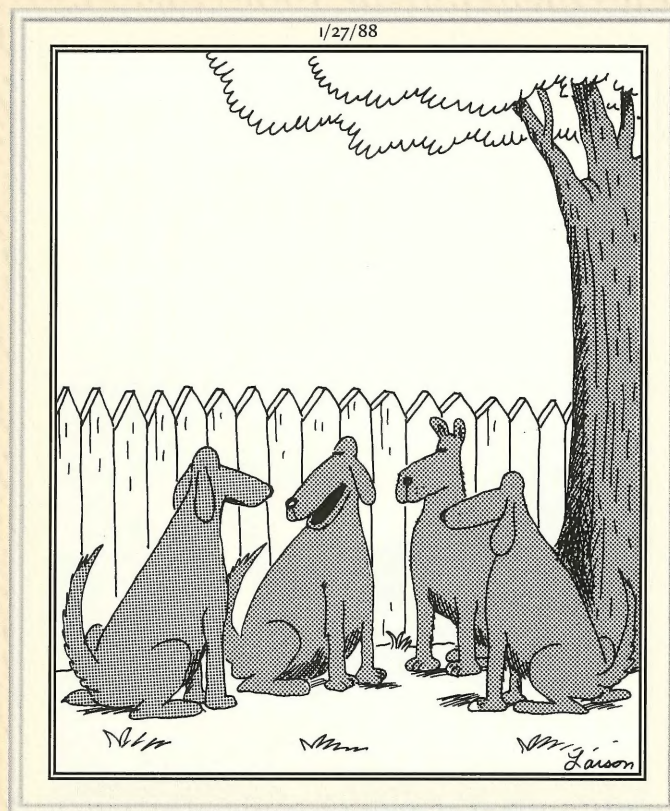
Suddenly, in the middle of the flock,
the cook is goosed.



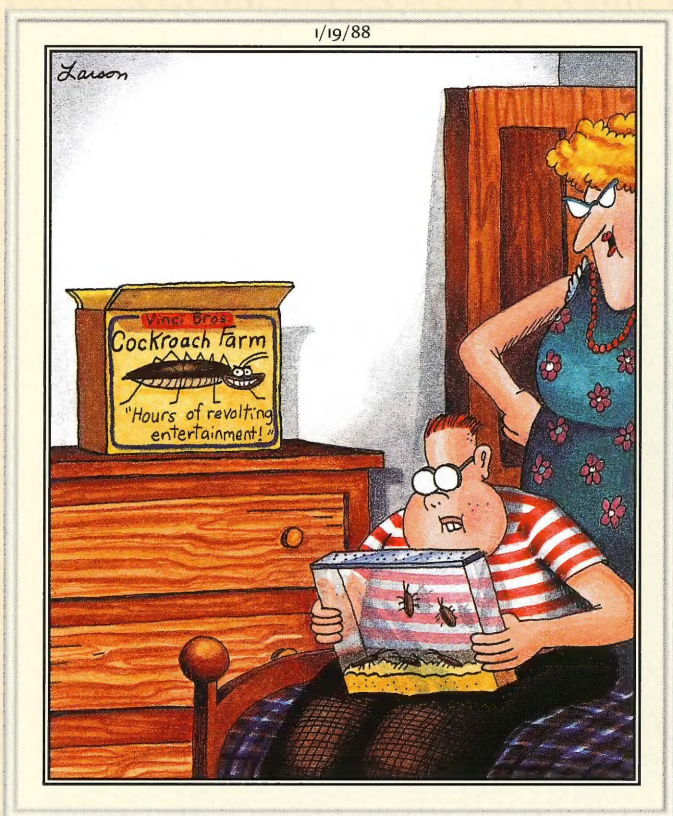
Early wheel gangs



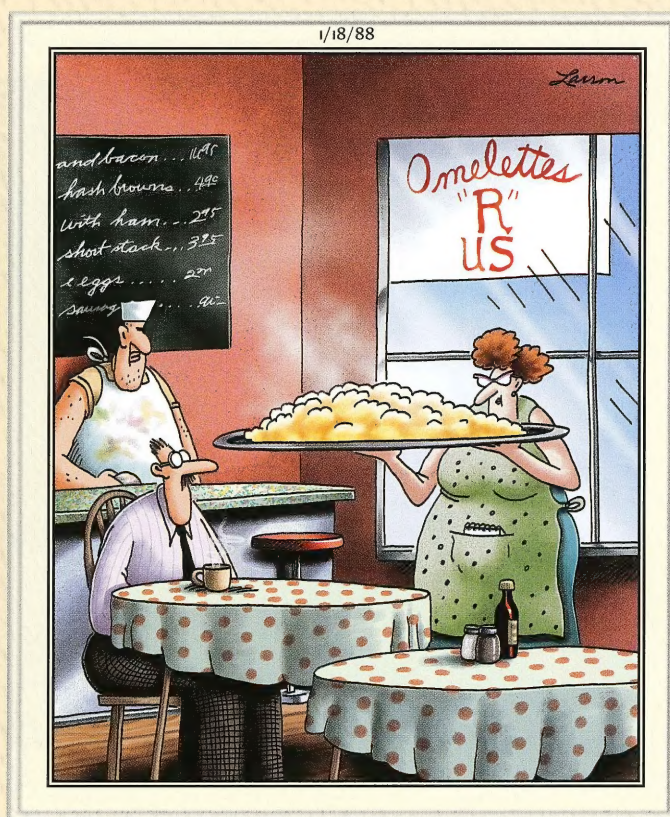
The Bluebird of Happiness long absent from his life, Ned is visited by the Chicken of Depression.



"Nope, I can't do it either. ... Dusty! Can you make an 'O' with your lips?"



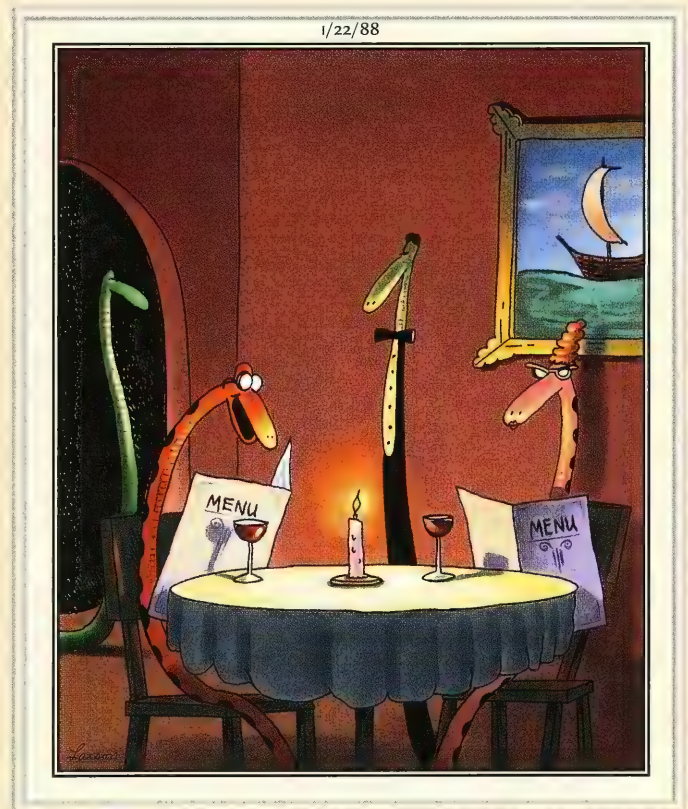
"Now remember, Cory, show us that you can take good care of these little fellows and maybe next year we'll get you that puppy."



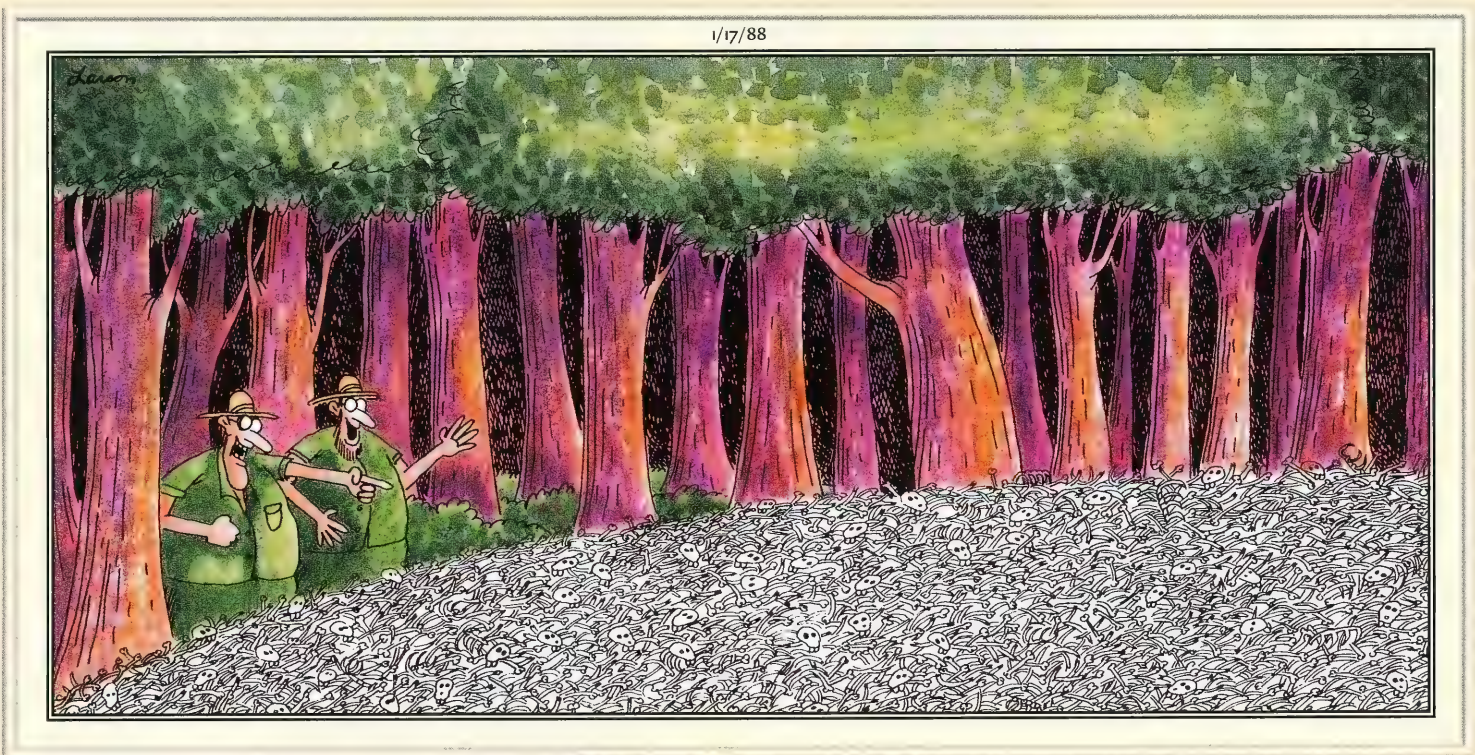
Humpty Dumpty's final days



Monster jobs



“Well, this may not be wise on a first date, but I just gotta try your garlic wharf rats.”



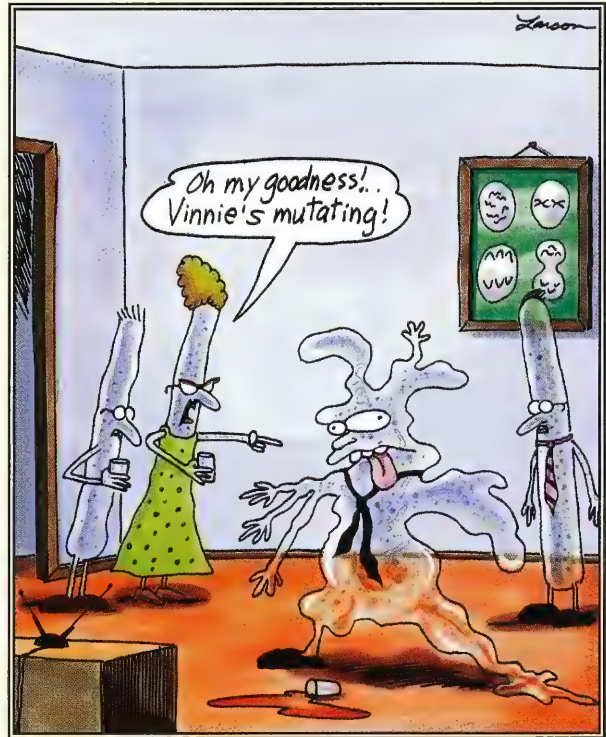
June 2, 1952: Naturalists discover the Secret Chipmunk Burial Grounds.

1/23/88



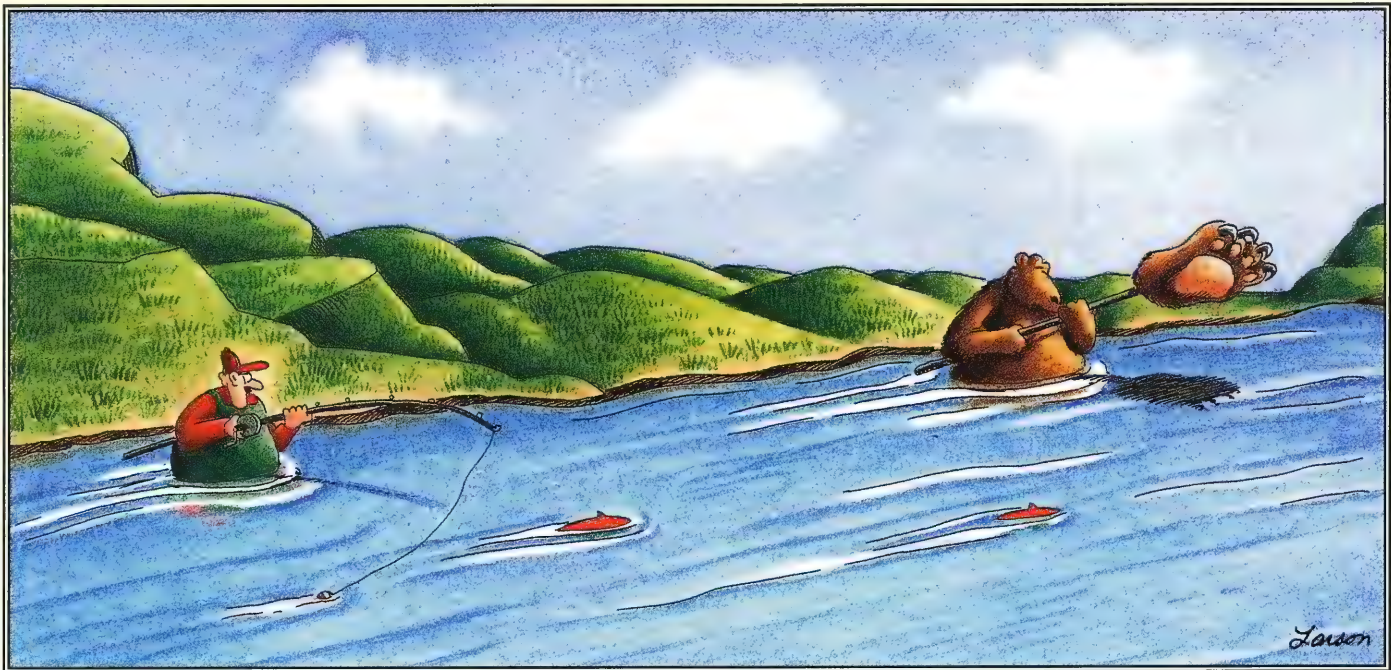
"The wench, you idiot! Bring me the wench!"

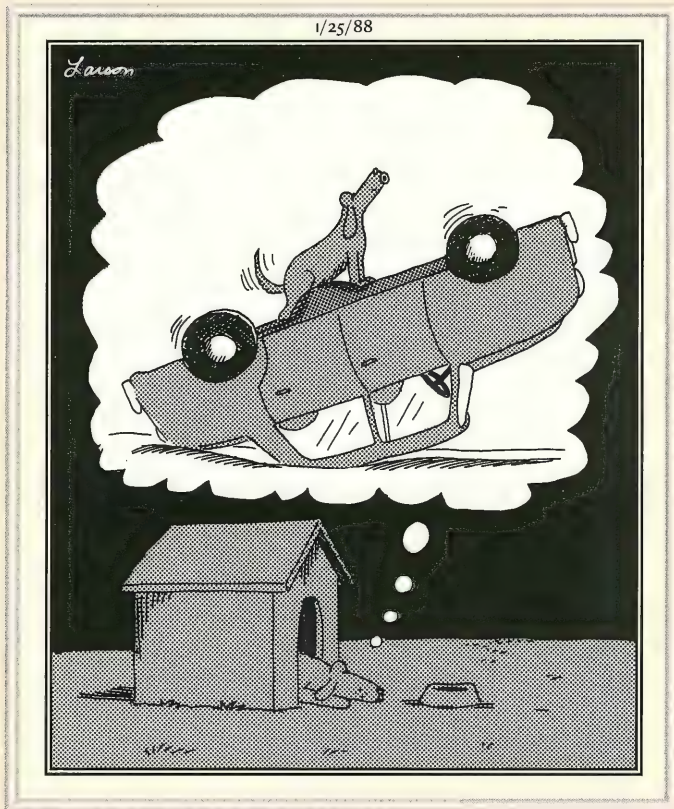
1/26/88



Embarrassing moments at gene parties

1/24/88





When car chasers dream

Established 1837

The Pantagraph

Bill Wills
Managing Editor

Feb. 12, 1988

Robert Duffy
Vice President/
National Sales Director
Universal Press Syndicate
4900 Main St.
Kansas City, Mo. 64112

Dear Bob:

Today, for the second time in less than a month, I feel like I got blind-sided by a comic, specifically Gary Larson's Far Side.

Comics are something that we have routinely handled through a clerical person.

We can no longer do that with Larson. Effective today, all Far Side cartoons will be run through an editor. What a waste of time and talent because Larson seems to have forgotten that good taste is just as important as good artwork and witty remarks in a family newspaper.

We caught the first comic because an editor happened to be going by the comics page and saw the dog on the overturned car with sexual overtones. We had our artists take care of that and shrugged it off as one of those things open to interpretation. However, today's cartoon of a child in a bottle is too close on the heels of the first incident to ignore.

We're not talking censorship of interpretation, we're talking about not purposely offending readers.

The next such comic may be considered our 30-day t.f. cancellation notice.

I am not going to waste valuable time checking on comics and spending time on the telephone with irate readers.

I am a fan of Larson's work, but I don't need any more headaches!

Sincerely,
Bill Wills
Managing Editor

301 West Washington Street • P.O. Box 2907 • Bloomington, Illinois 61702-2907 • 308/829-9411 • Toll-free in Illinois 800/233-6397

UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

Dear Bill:

In retrospect, we should have altered the art on the January 25 release of "The Far Side." Neither Gary Larson, nor two editors here, read any sexual overtones into that cartoon. Blame it on naivete, or a lack of a prurient mind, but not on any desire to "purposely" offend readers.

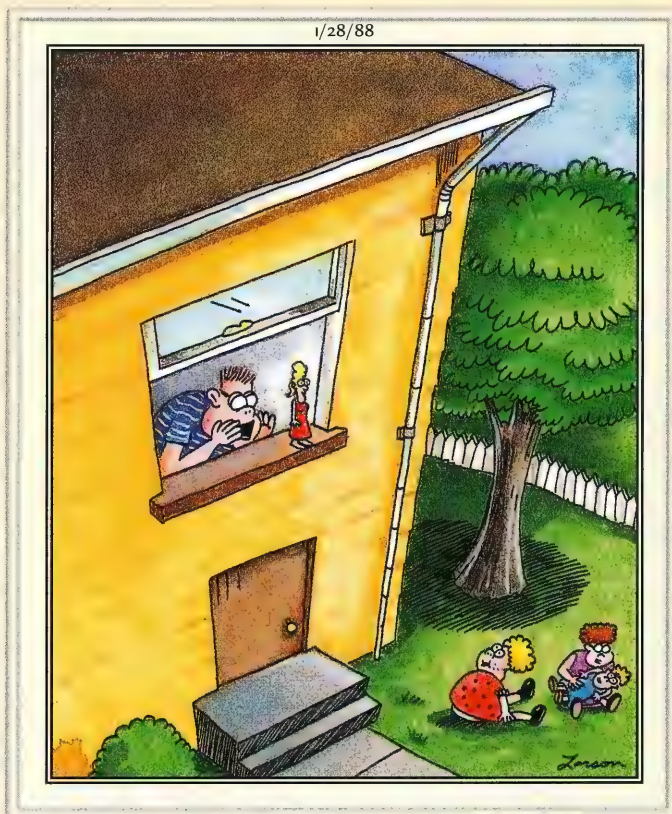
As for the baby-in-the-bottle, we thought it was funny, and I still can't figure out why anyone was offended. Larson's humor is strange and serendipitous, but not perverted.

In either case, if we had thought readers would become irate, we would not have distributed the cartoons in question.

Best regards,

Sincerely,
Lee Salem
Editorial Director

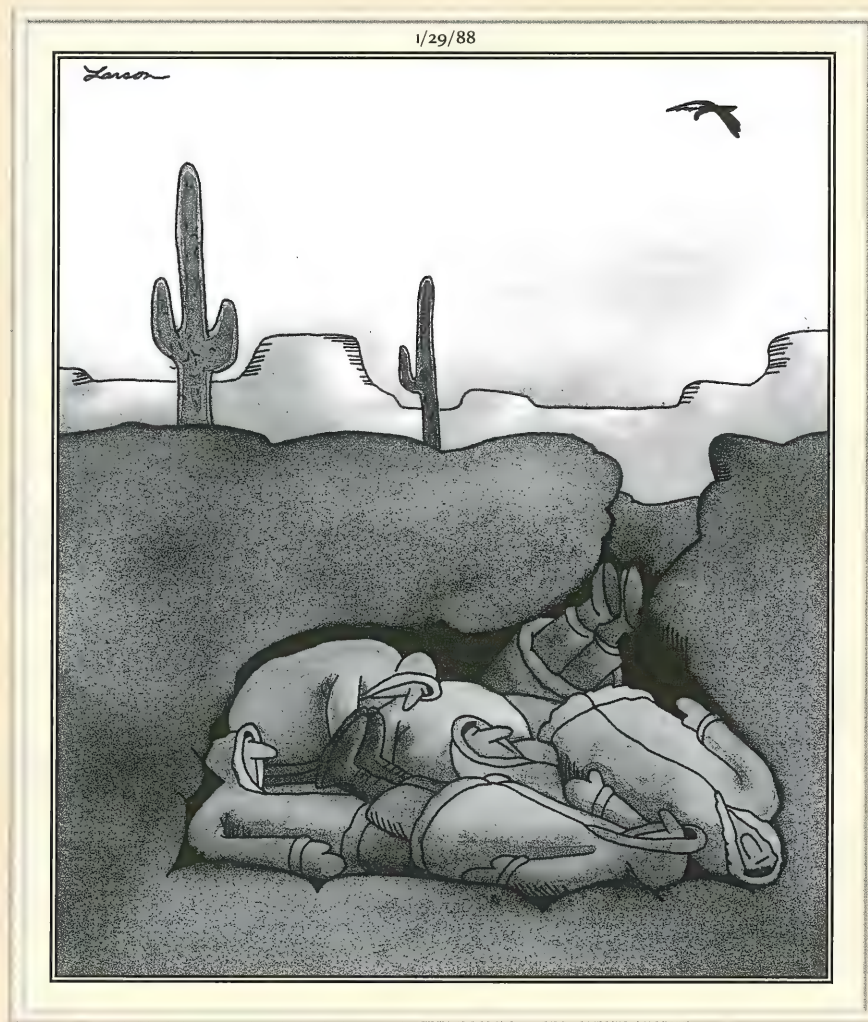
4900 Main Street • Kansas City, Missouri 64112 • Phone 816/733-0200



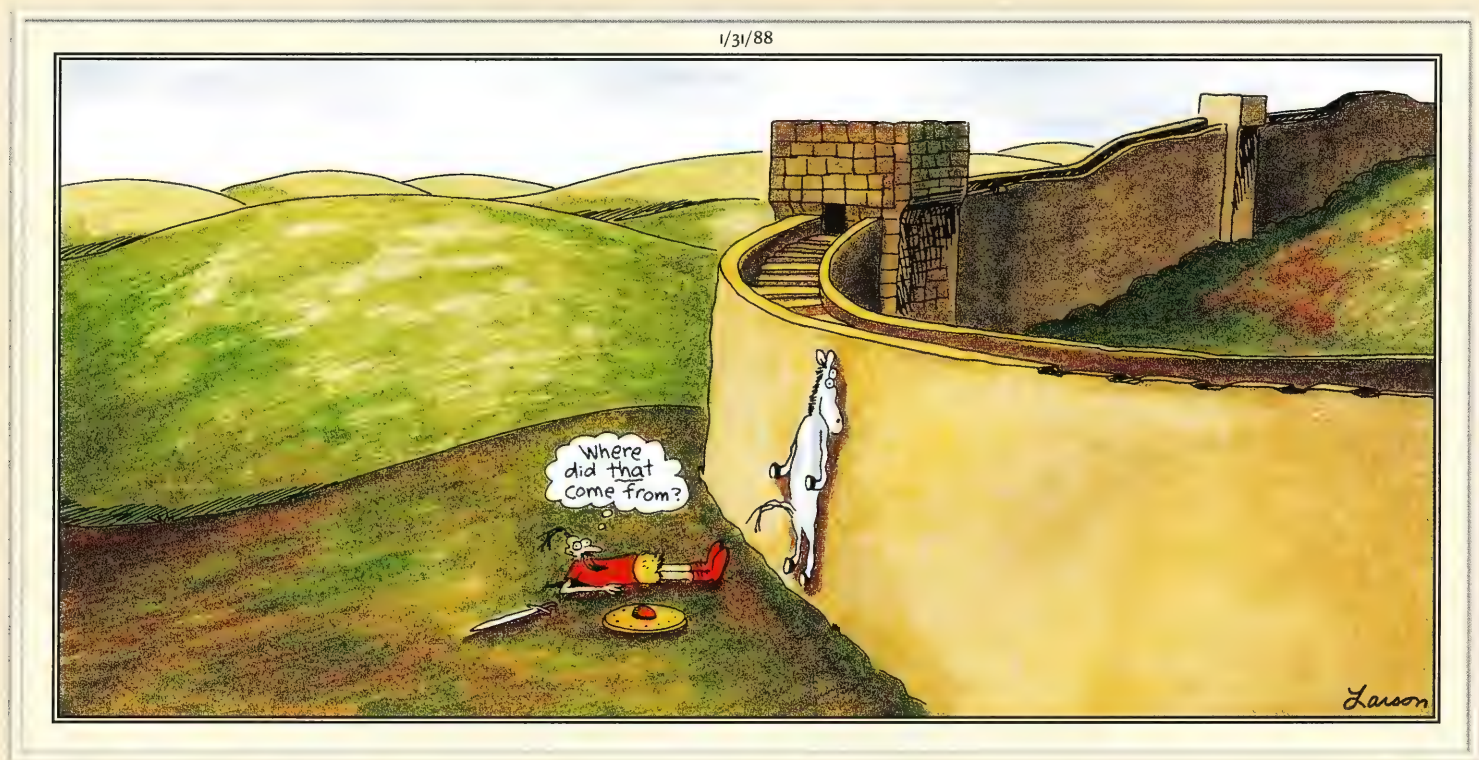
"Oh, my gosh! Linda! Linda! ... I think your Barbie's contemplating suicide!"



"So! Planning on roaming the neighborhood with some of your buddies today?"



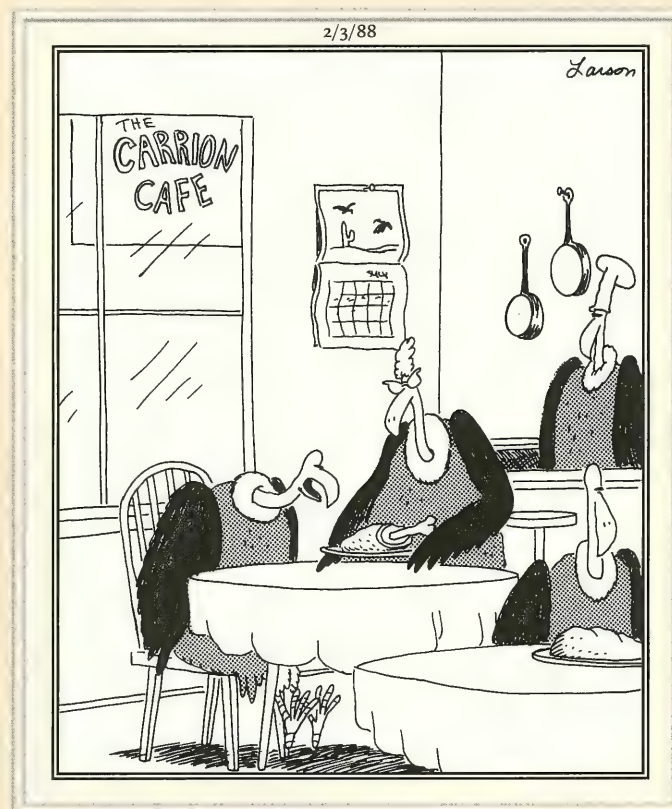
Hibernating Eskimos



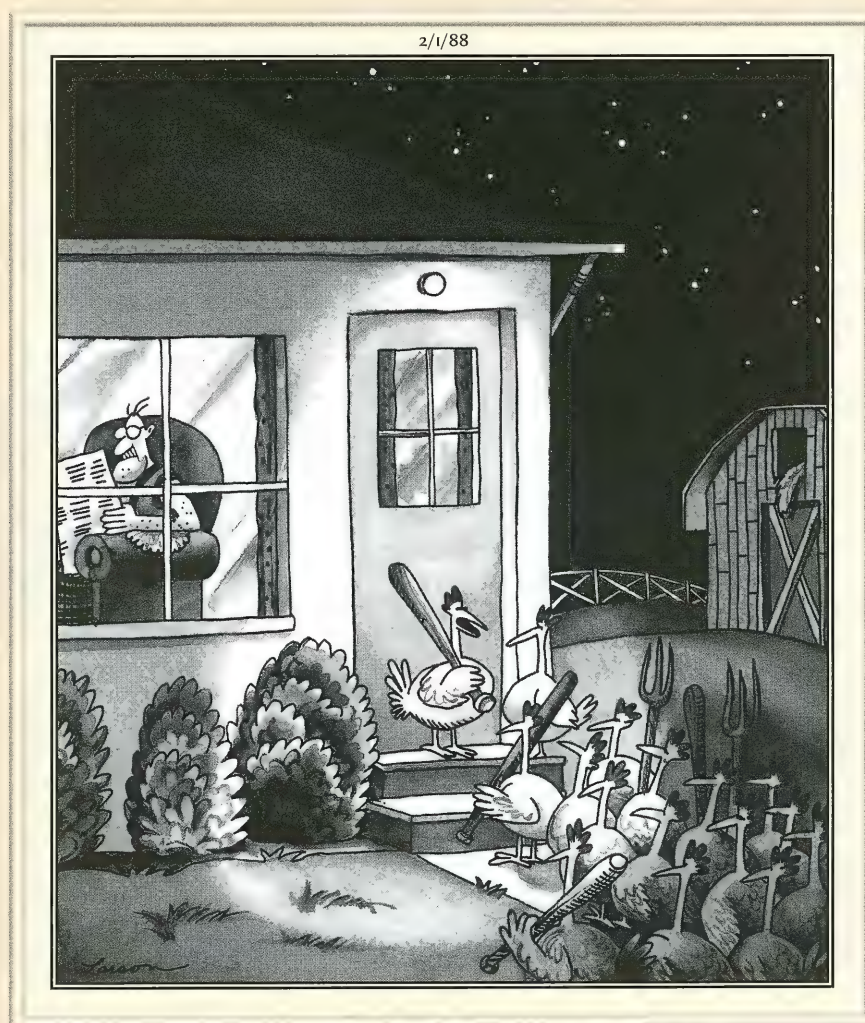
Circa 300 B.C.: The first barbarian invader reaches the Great Wall of China.



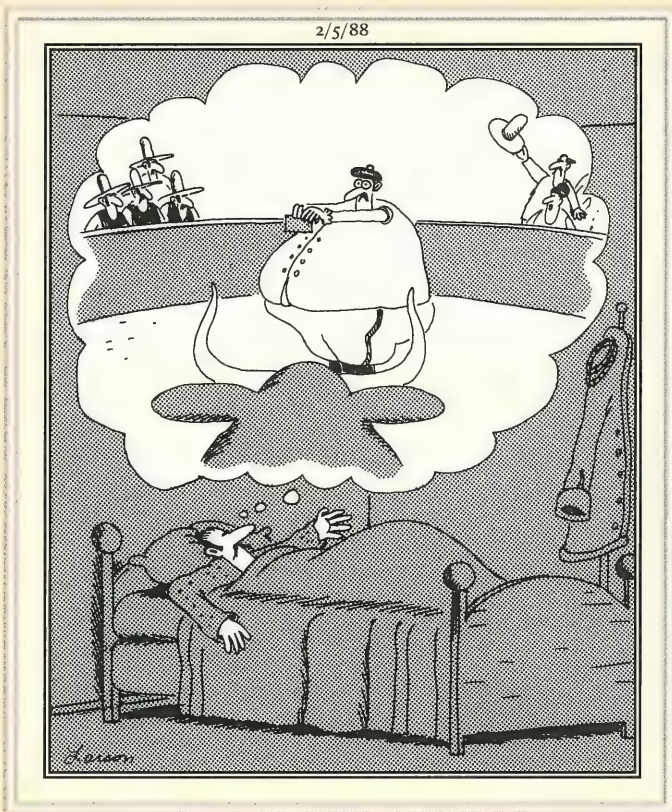
Early kazoo bands



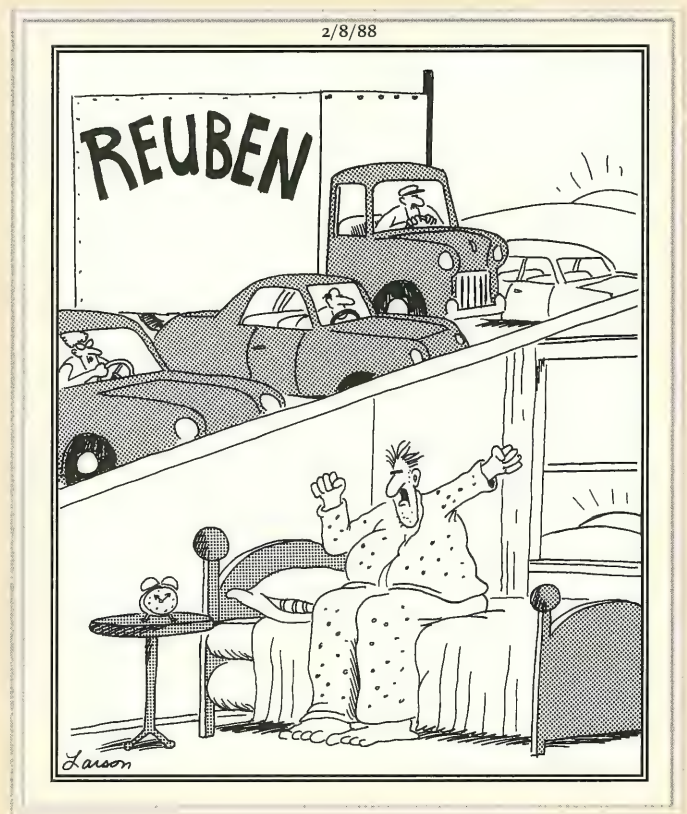
"Saaaaaaay ... *this* doesn't look spoiled."



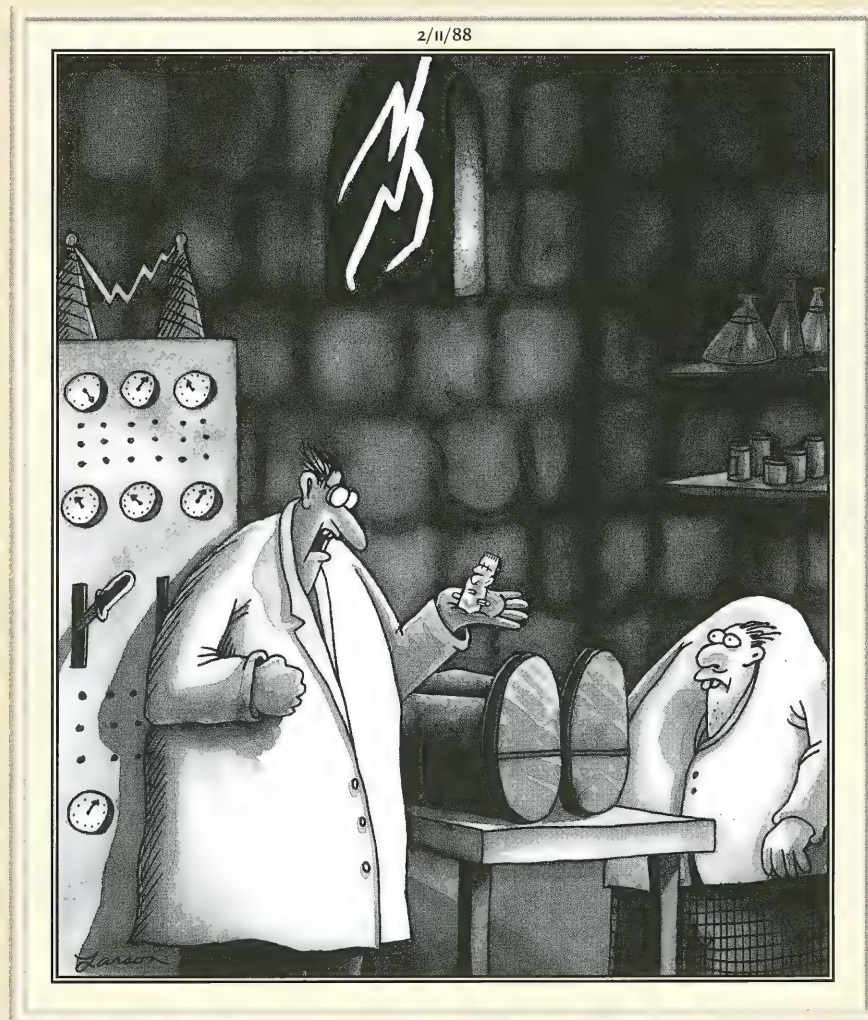
"Again? Why is it that the revolution always gets this far and then everyone just chickens out?"



The matador's nightmare

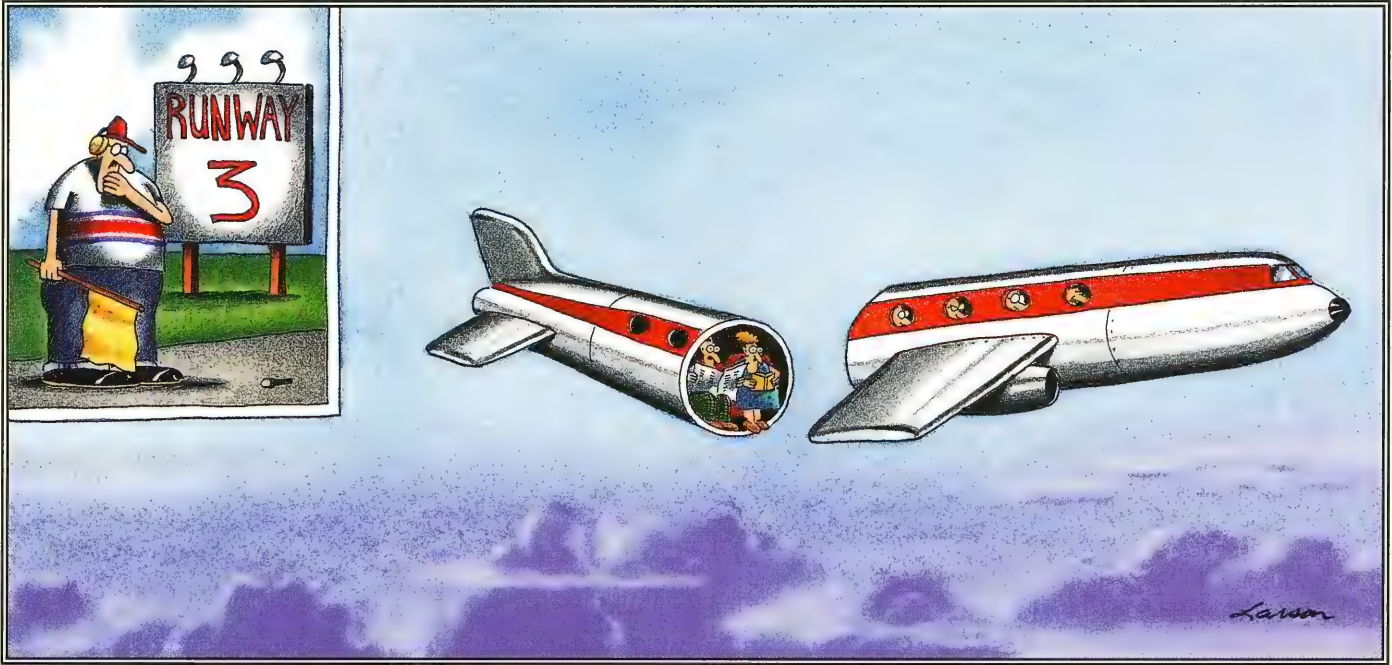


Out there, ominously moving toward its destiny, was a truck with Reuben's name on it.

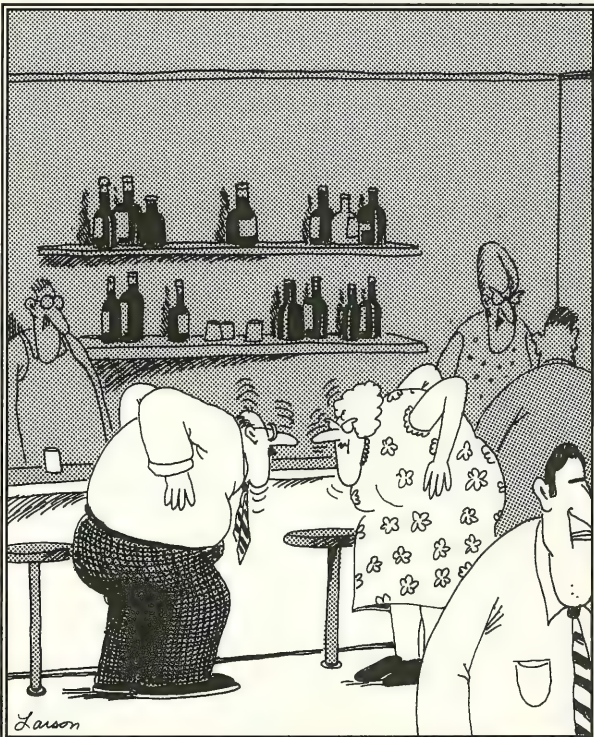


"For crying out loud, Igor! First there's that screw-up with the wrong brain business, and *now* you've let his head go through the wash in your pants pocket!"

2/7/88

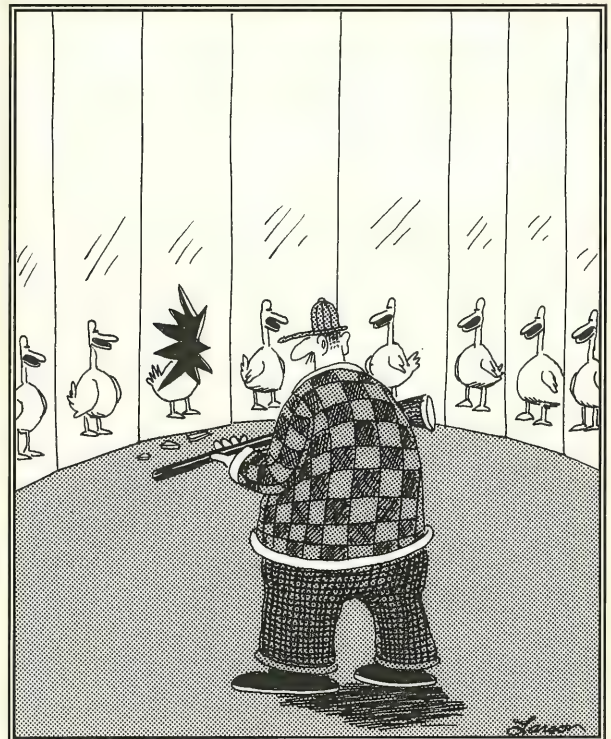


2/4/88



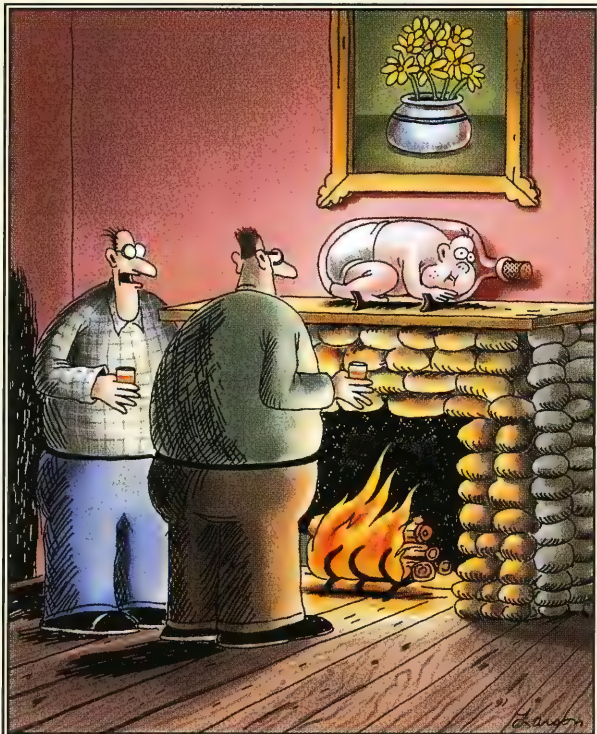
When ornithologists are mutually attracted

2/10/88



"Ah, yes, Mr. Frischberg, I thought you'd come ... but which of us is the *real* duck, Mr. Frischberg, and not just an illusion?"

2/12/88



"Beats me how they did it ... I got the whole thing at a garage sale for five bucks—and that included the stand."

The Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla., 2/21/88

Gary Larson's Far Side goes too far this time

The Times-Union is a better newspaper than to be associated with Gary Larson and his Far Side snut! I've had enough! This is a letter of protest!

I read the Times-Union every morning and ignore the Far Side because I find it very distasteful and unedifying. However, on Feb. 12, it caught my eye and it totally disgusted me.

Larson, in his sick art, depicted a "pickled" or "preserved" child in a bottle on display on a fireplace mantel as a conversation piece! How utterly revolting! Larson's expressions of himself are dehumanizing, demoralizing and insulting. I am offended, not only for myself and children, but for all the other decent folks out there who patronize the Times-Union and don't have the time to

let the newspaper know how they feel

Unfortunately, there are too many sick minds in this world. None of us are perfect for we all fall short of the glory of God. But Larson is showing us all the inside of his mind by communicating to the world his Far Side material.

If Larson must earn a living by selling his material, I suggest that he peddle it elsewhere. There are plenty of junk publications that his material would appeal to. Does the Times-Union really need it? It is a quality publication. I hope it is kept that way for everyone's sake.

DENNIS HARNISCH
Jacksonville Beach

Herald-Dispatch, Huntington, W.V., 2/22/88

Insensitive comic

To the editor:

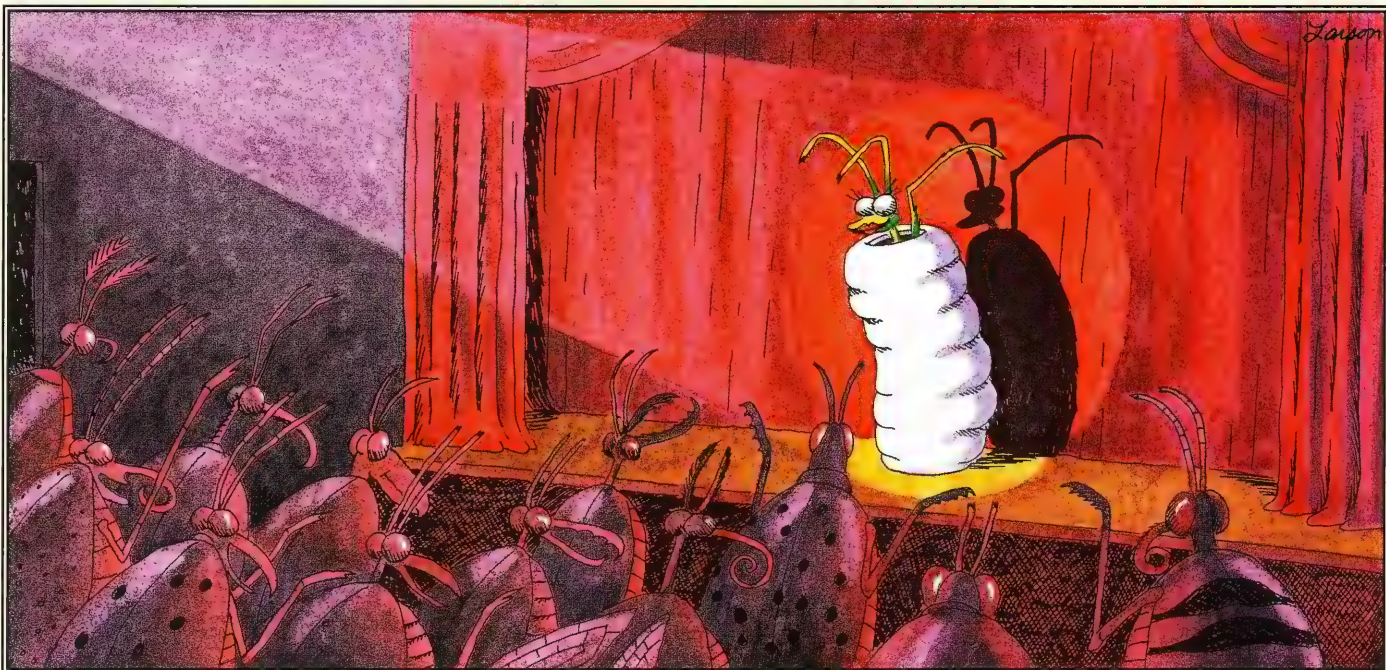
"The Far Side" cartoon in The Herald-Dispatch on Friday, Feb. 12, was a perfect example of today's growing insensitivity to human life.

The cartoon depicted a man boasting to his friend about his "five bucks" garage sale find. The garage sale purchase happened to be an infant in a corked bottle which the man had placed conspicuously on his mantel in his living room. This cartoon was most abusive to children and most distasteful to those who view human life in all forms as sacred and priceless.

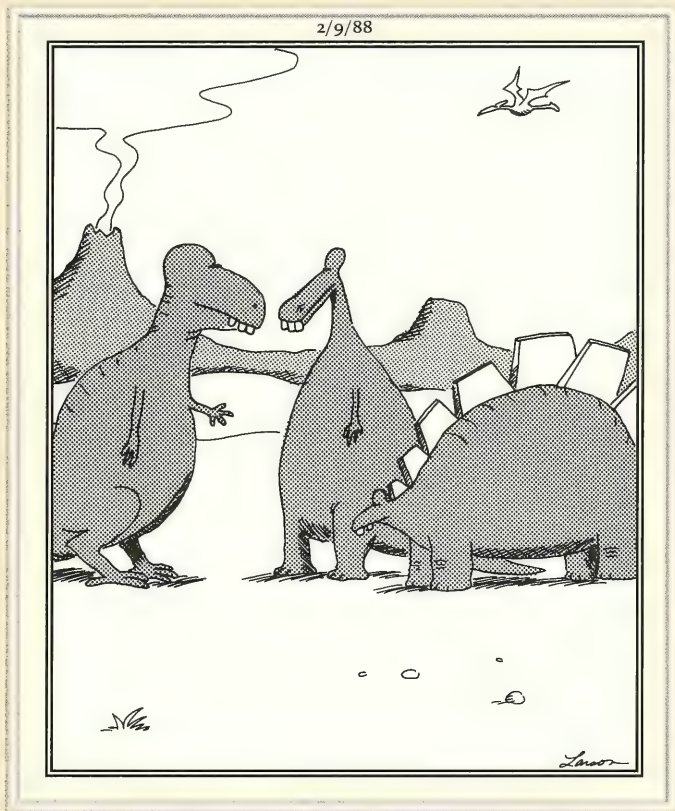
Children are naturally attracted to the comics. Morally sound lessons should be taught there.

Mary Meehan

2/14/88



Metamorphosis nightclubs



Dinosaur nerds

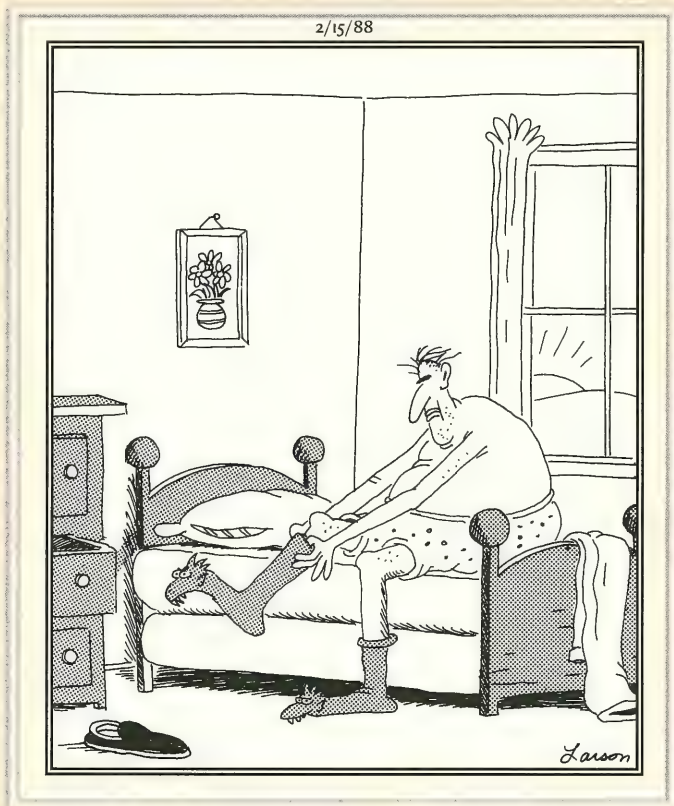


In the Hall of Fossil Appliances

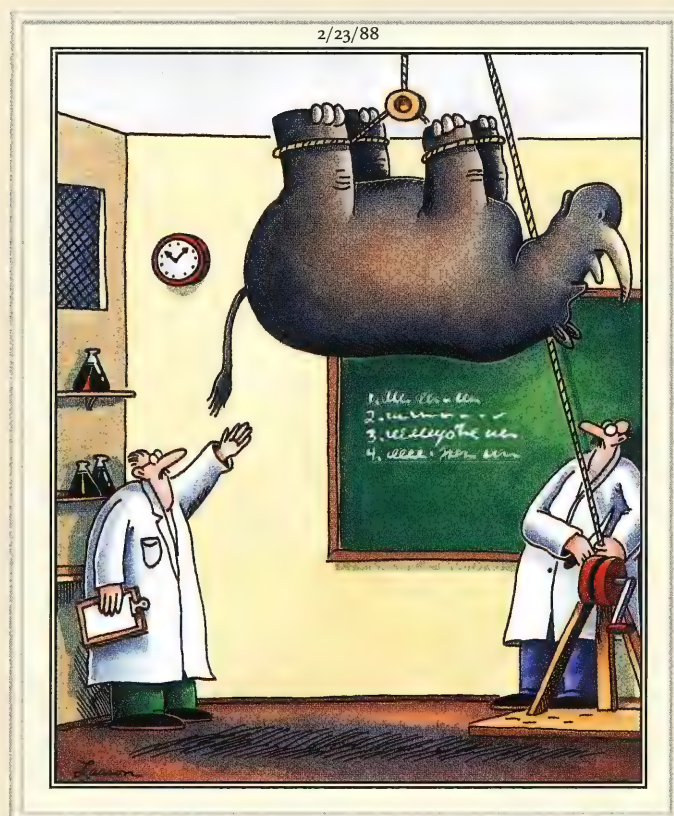
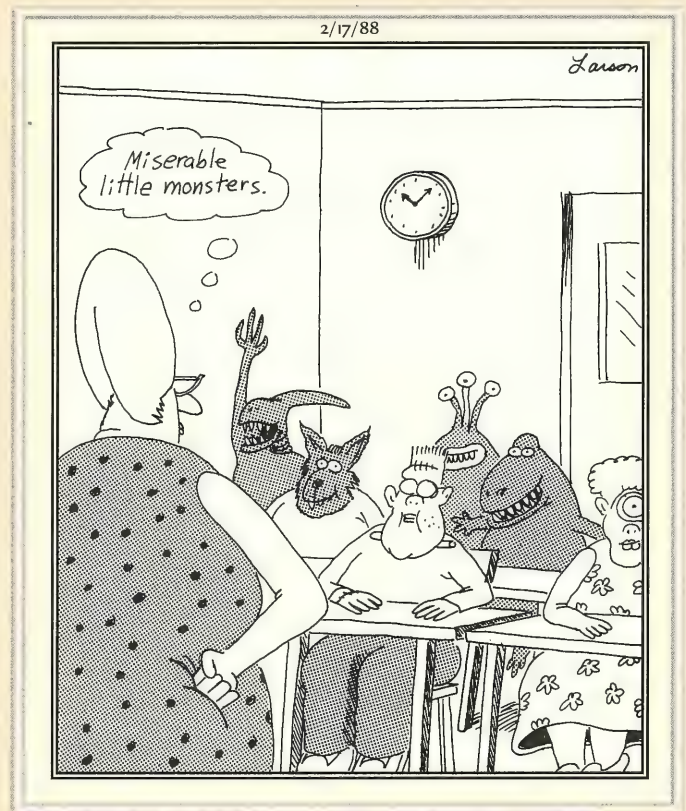


"Hey! You wanna kick me? Go ahead! C'mon, tough guy! Cat got your tongue? Maybe he took your whole *brain*! ... C'mon! KICK ME!"

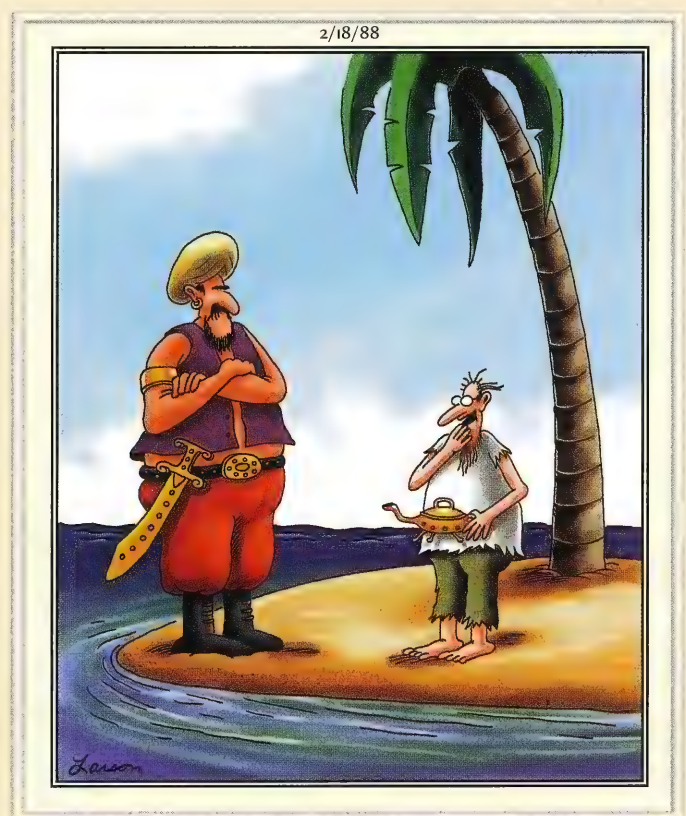




Gargoyle socks

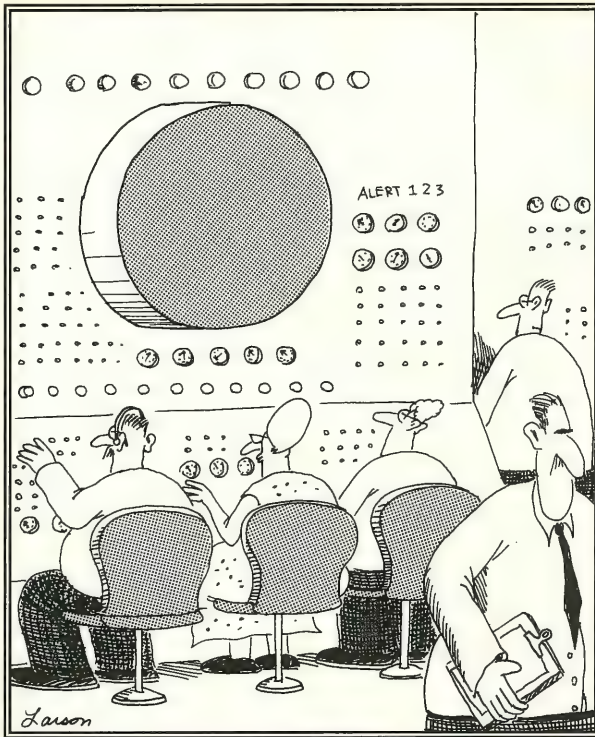


Testing whether or not rhinos land on their feet.



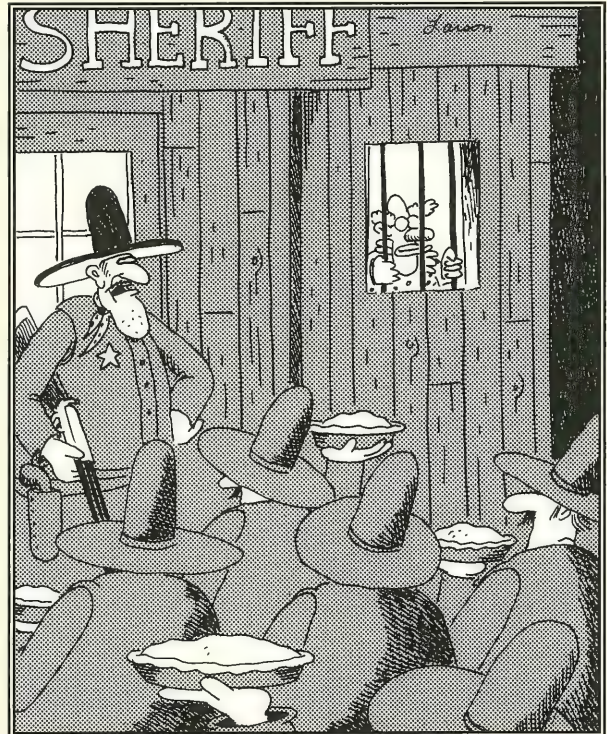
"Well, let's see—so far, I've got rhythm and I've got music. ... Actually, who could ask for anything more?"

2/19/88



One day, Irwin knew, he was just going to have to push that big button.

2/20/88



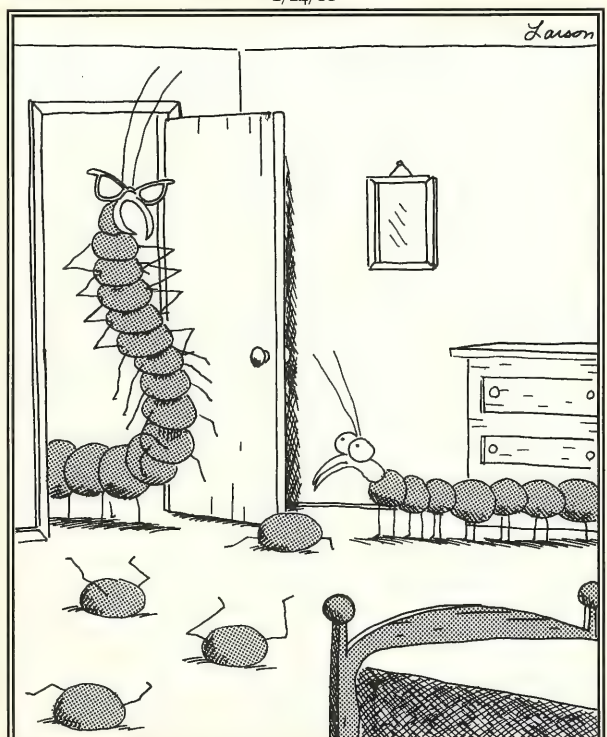
"Look, I know you folks are lookin' for revenge—but there'll be no 'pie-for-a-pie' justice in *my* town!"

2/22/88



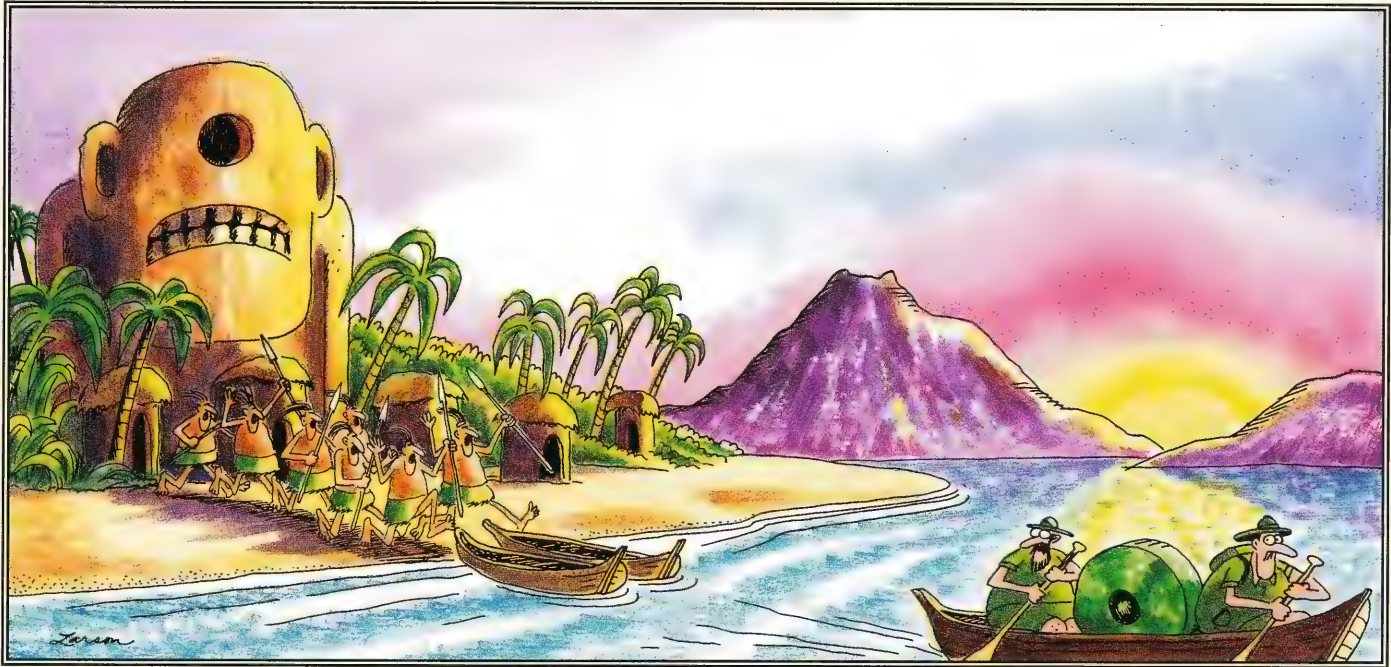
"Dollar to a doughnut it's them Cyclops brothers again."

2/24/88



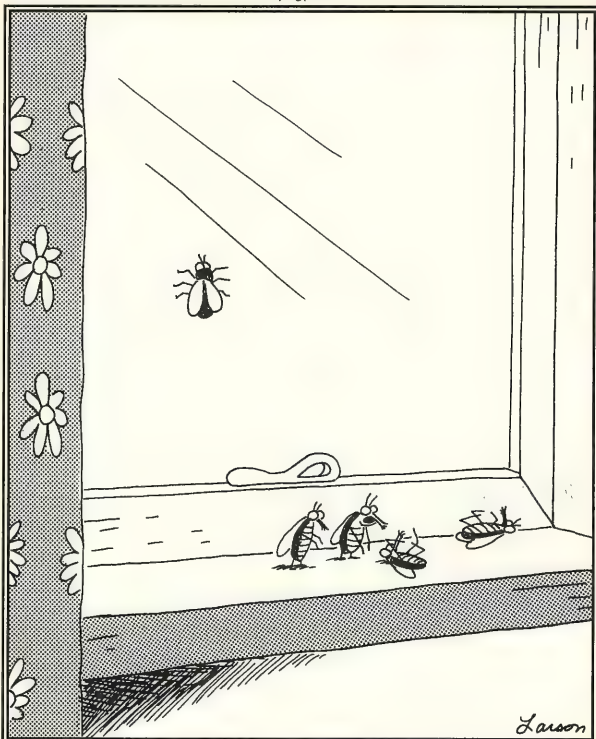
"Just look at this room—body segments everywhere!"

2/21/88



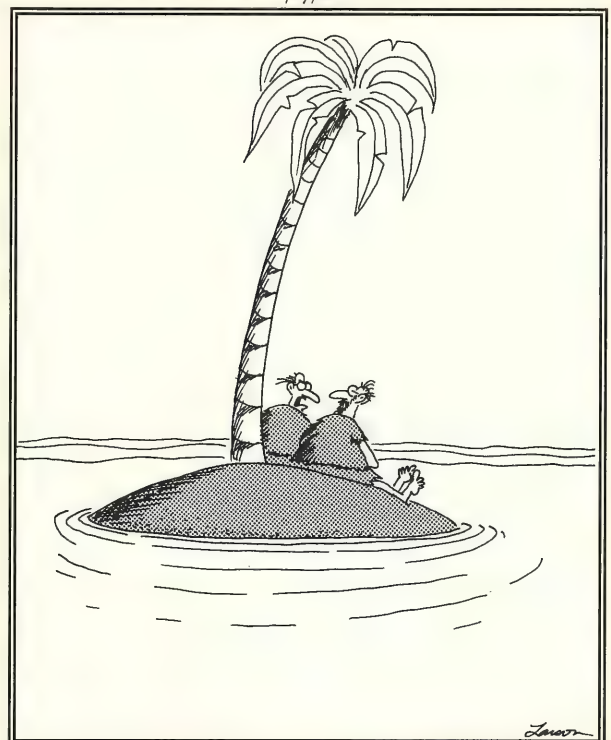
In the quiet of the early dawn, before the village had awakened, Frank and Vern removed the fire god's emerald eye and fled the island—not calculating how soon the inhabitants would notice their defiled temple.

2/25/88

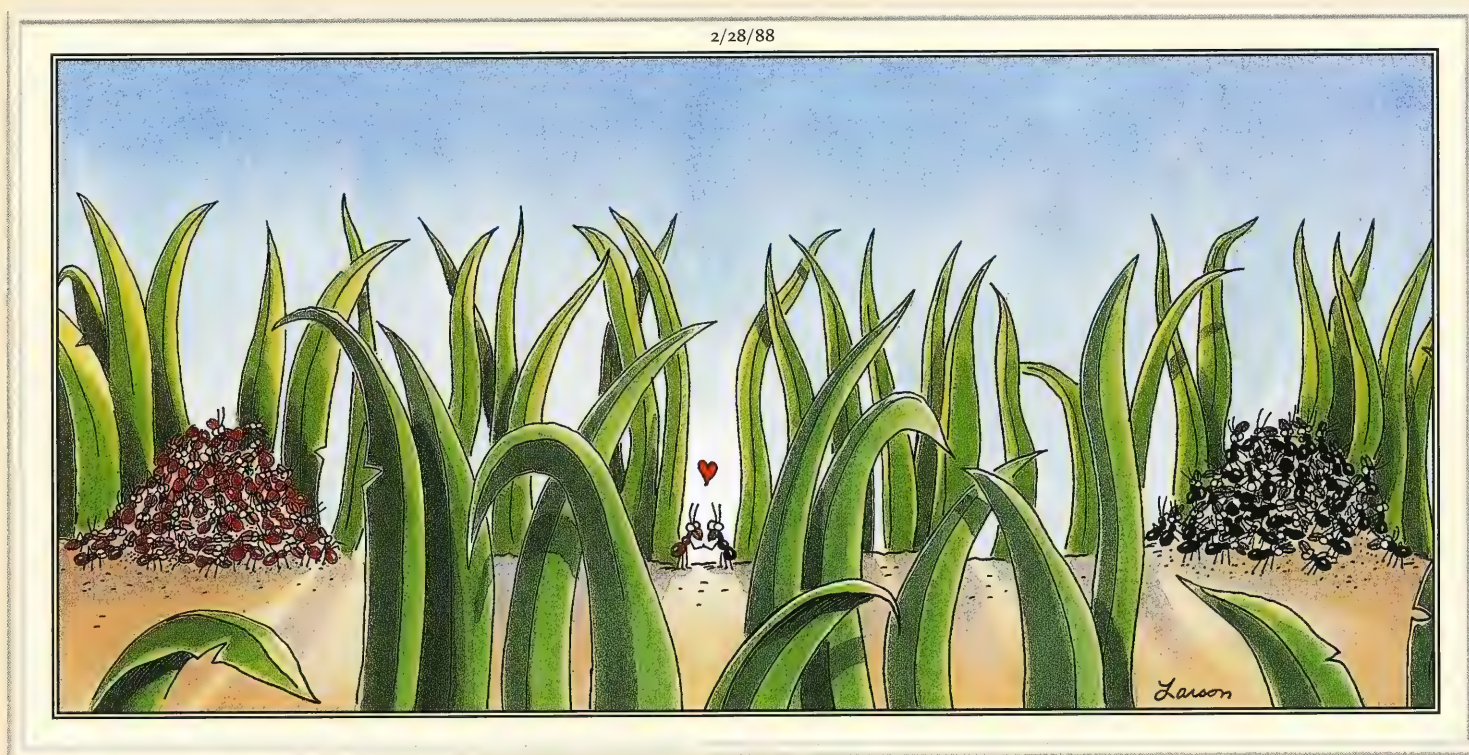


"Wow! Now Ed and Carl are gone. ... Seems like lately we've been dropping like ourselves."

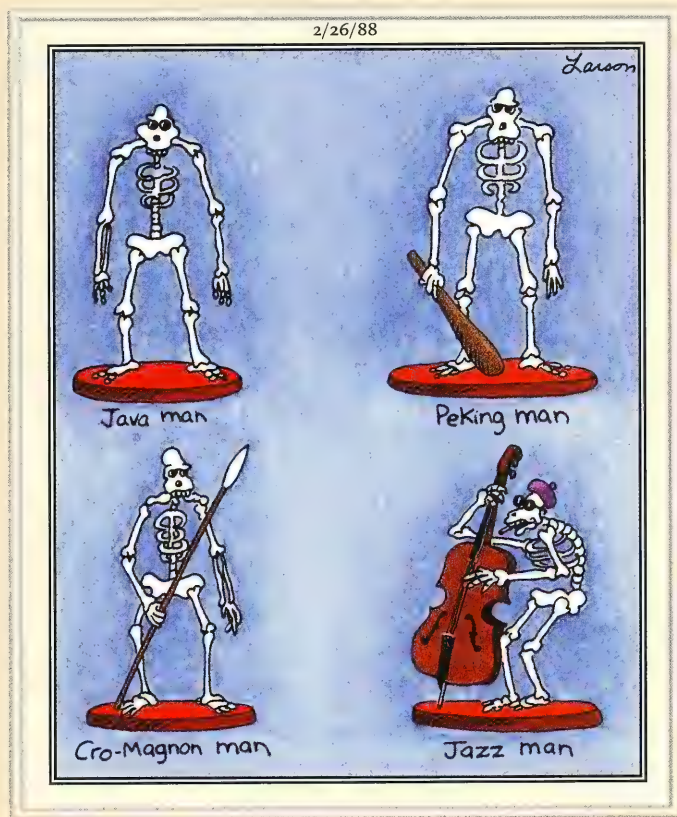
2/27/88



"I'm serious this time, Norton. ... Get the theme from *Mr. Ed* out of your system or I'll kill you as you sleep!"



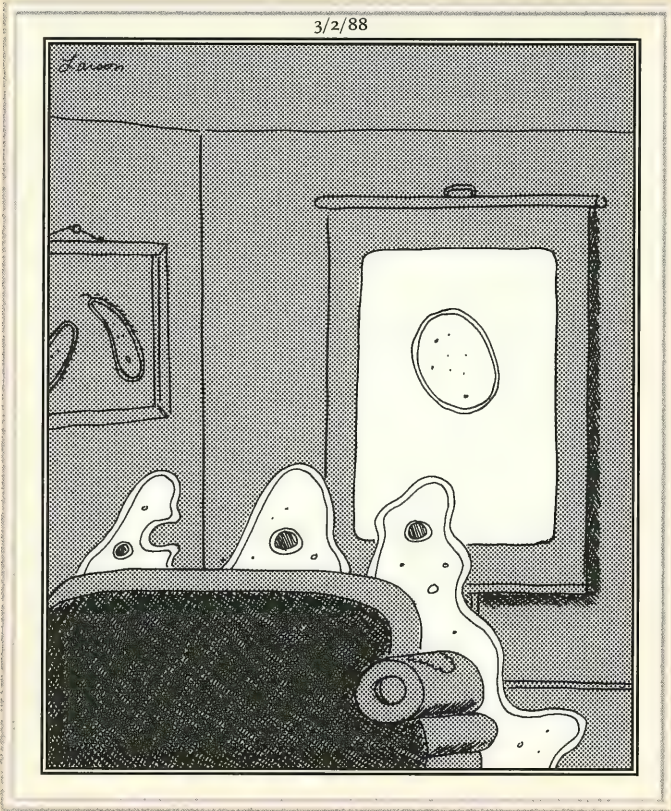
Romeo and Juliant



Hominid reconstructions



"Green blood? I hate green blood."



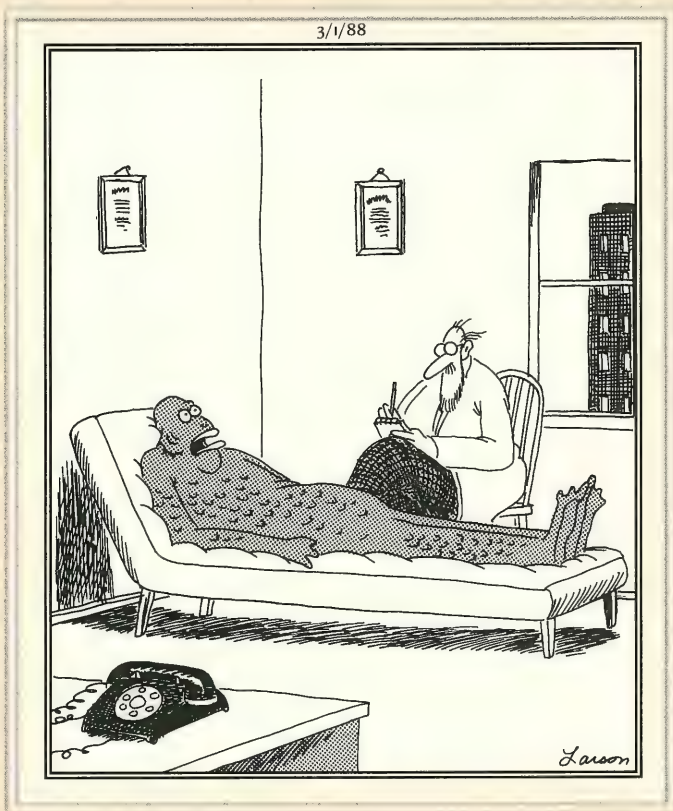
“No, wait! *That’s* not Uncle Floyd! Who is that? ...
Crimony, I think it’s just an air bubble!”



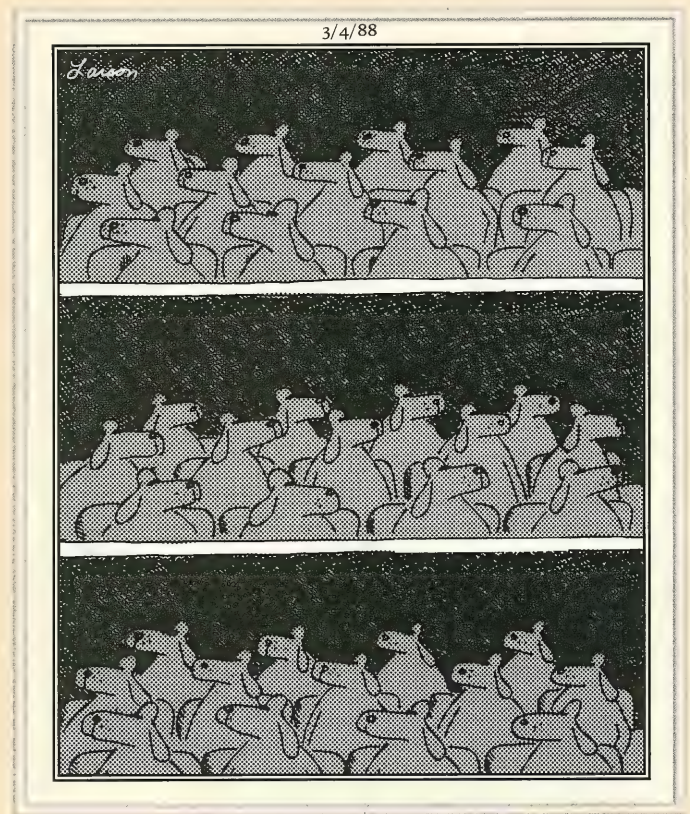
Although troubled as a child, Zorro, as is well known, ultimately found his niche in history.



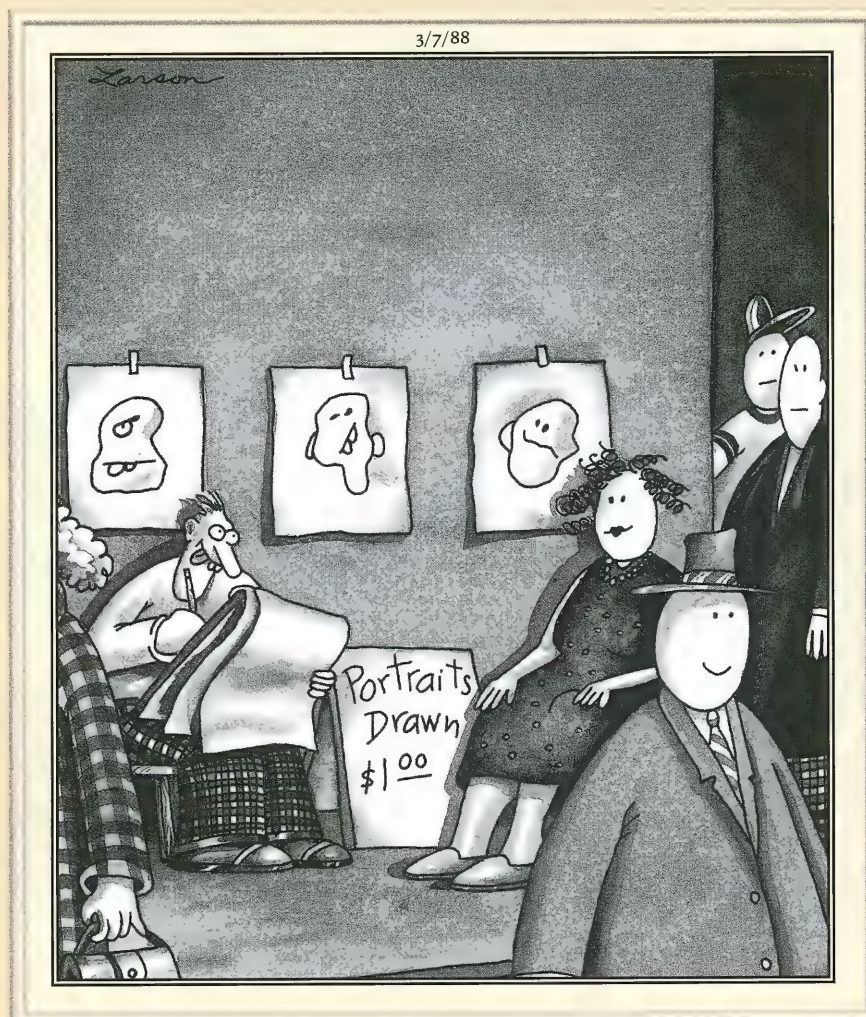
Elephant peer pressure

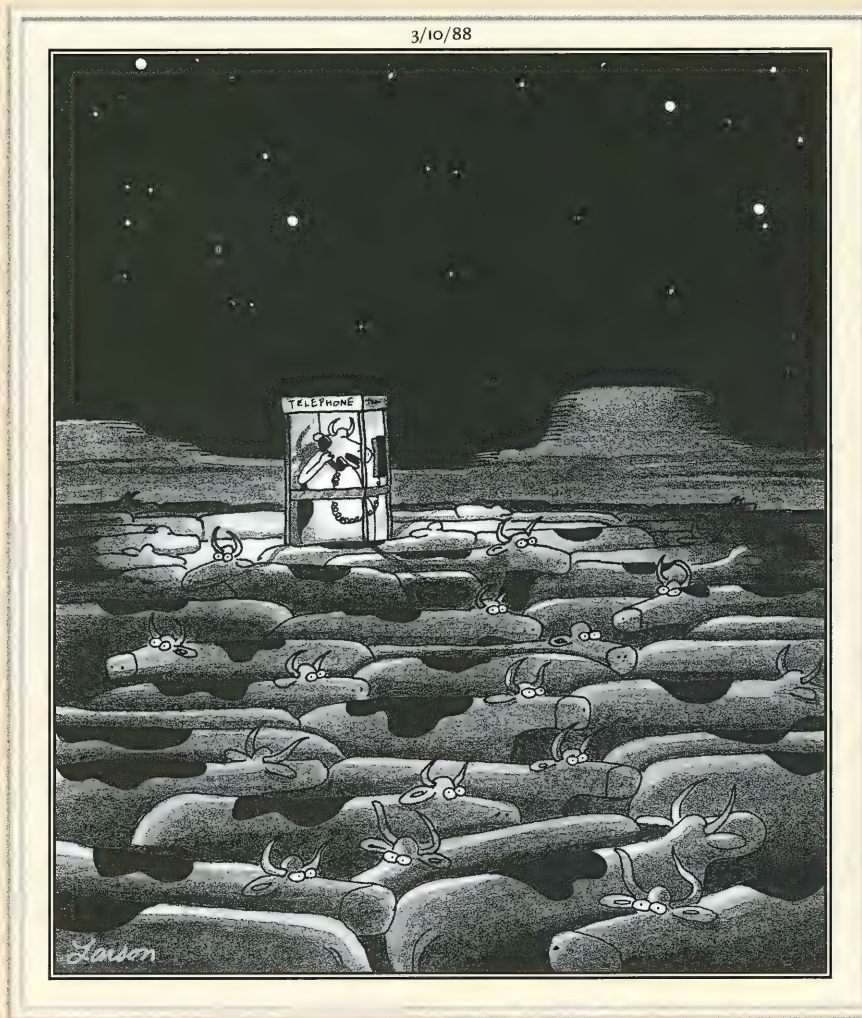


"Sure, I'm a creature—and I can accept that ...
but lately it seems I've been turning into
a miserable creature."

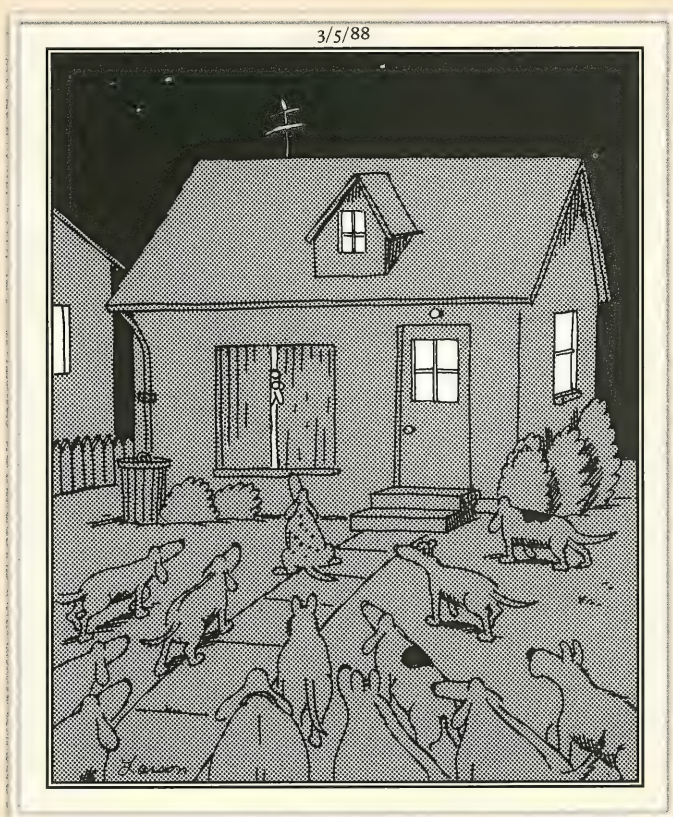


At the popular dog film *Man Throwing Sticks*

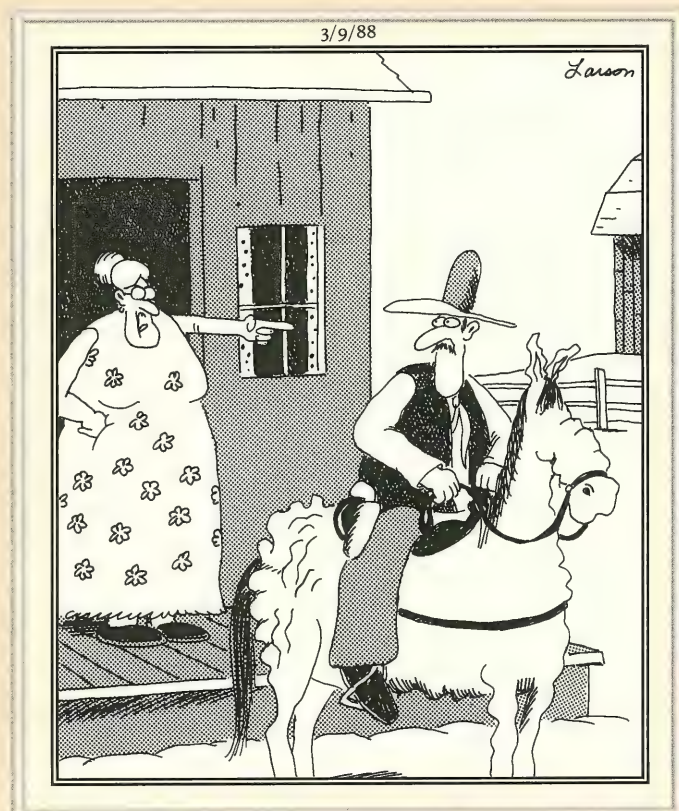




"Listen, Mom ... I just wanted you to know I'm okay. The stampede seems about over—although everyone's still a little spooked. Yeah, I know ... I miss the corral."

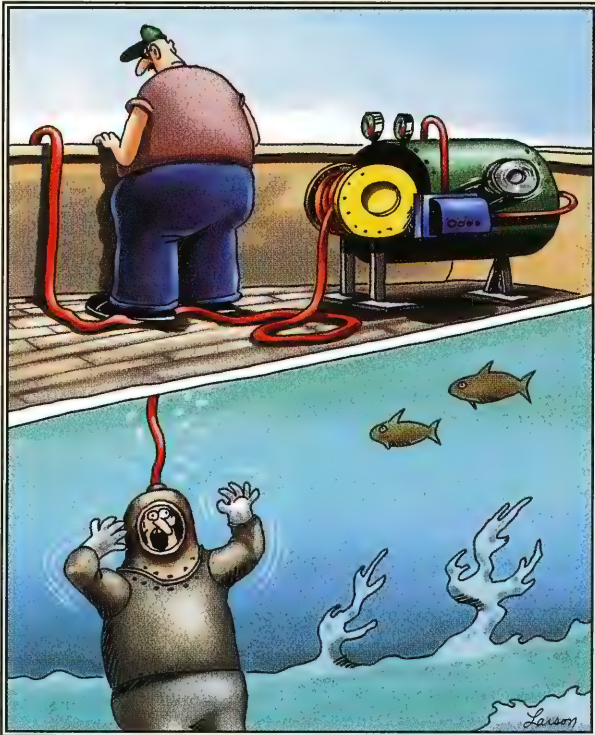


Like moths to a light, the neighborhood dogs were all drawn by Emile's uncontrollable fear.



"Hold it right there, Henry! ... You ain't plannin' on takin' that wrinkled horse into town, are you?"

3/8/88

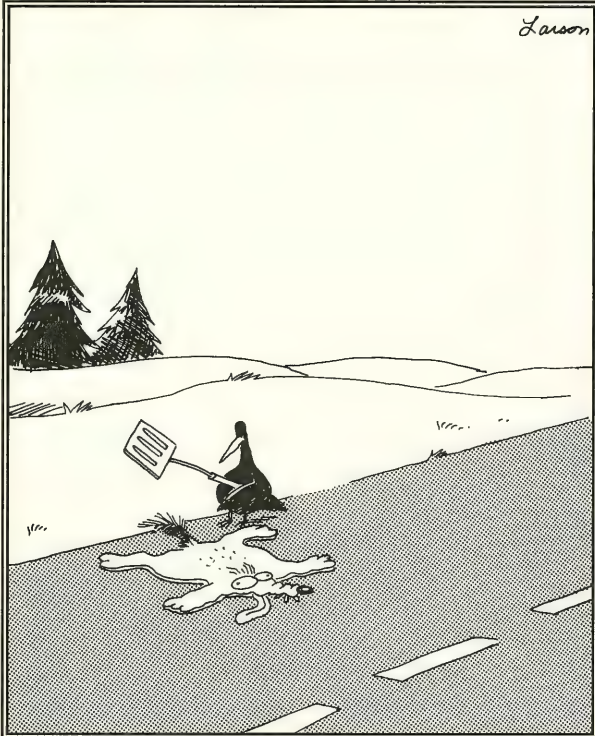


3/14/88



"Bob and Ruth! Come on in. ... Have you met Russell and Bill, our 1.5 children?"

3/11/88



Secret tools of the common crow

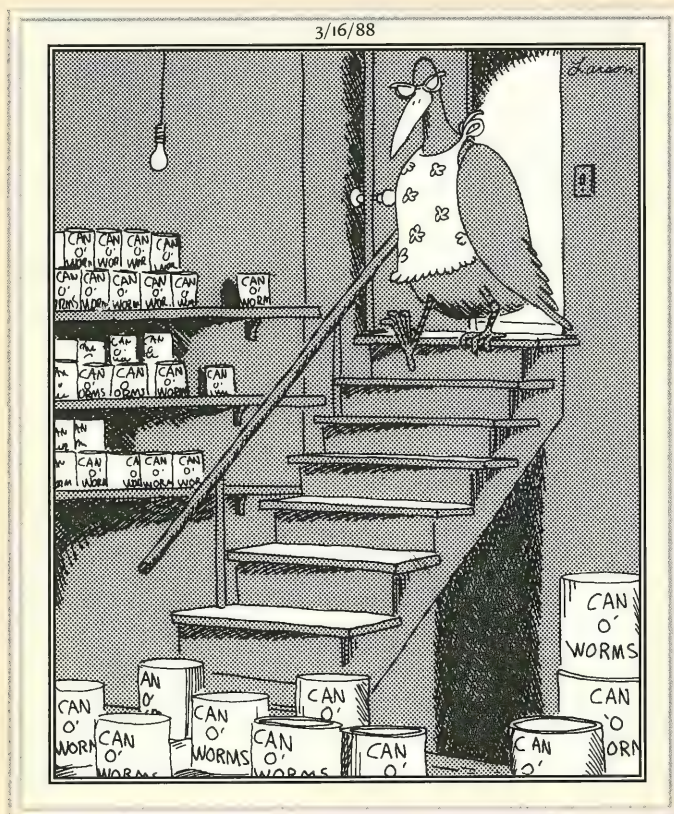
3/12/88



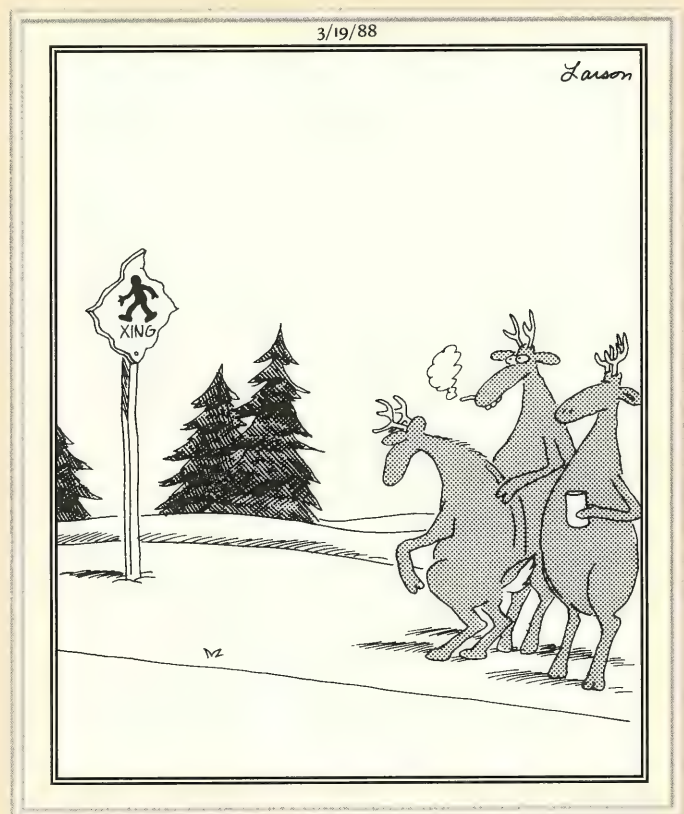
Whale dust baths



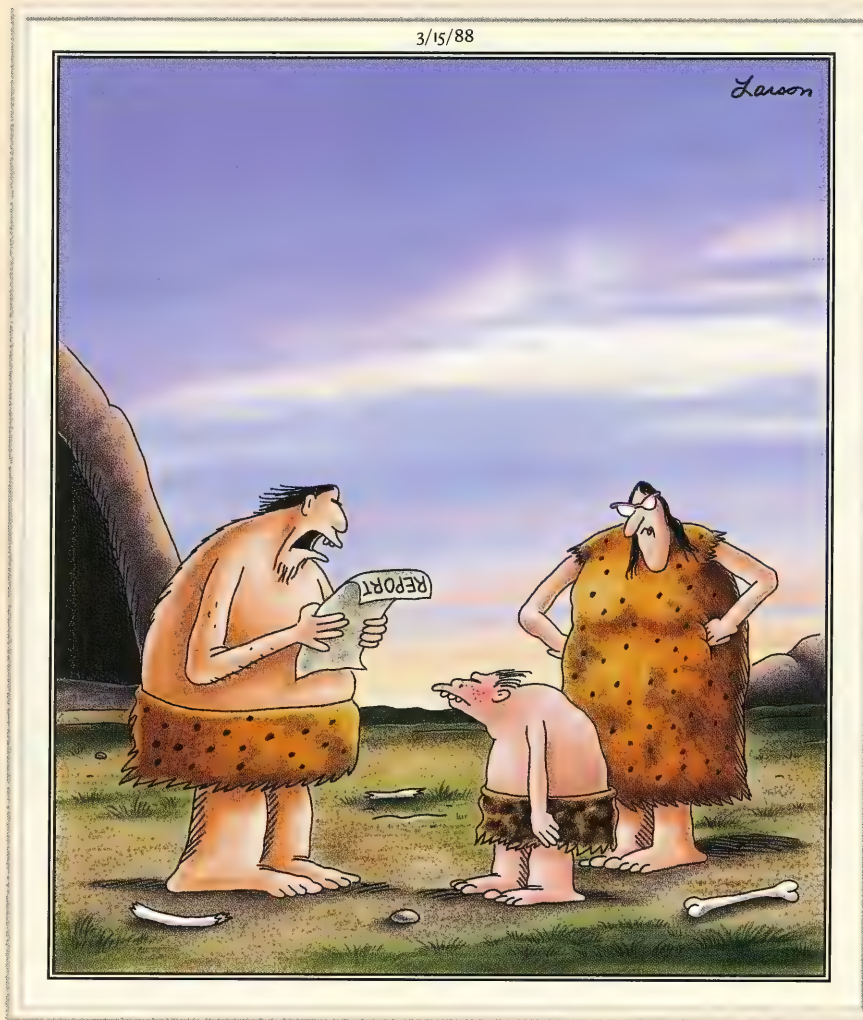
At the hospital for mothers whose children stepped on sidewalk cracks



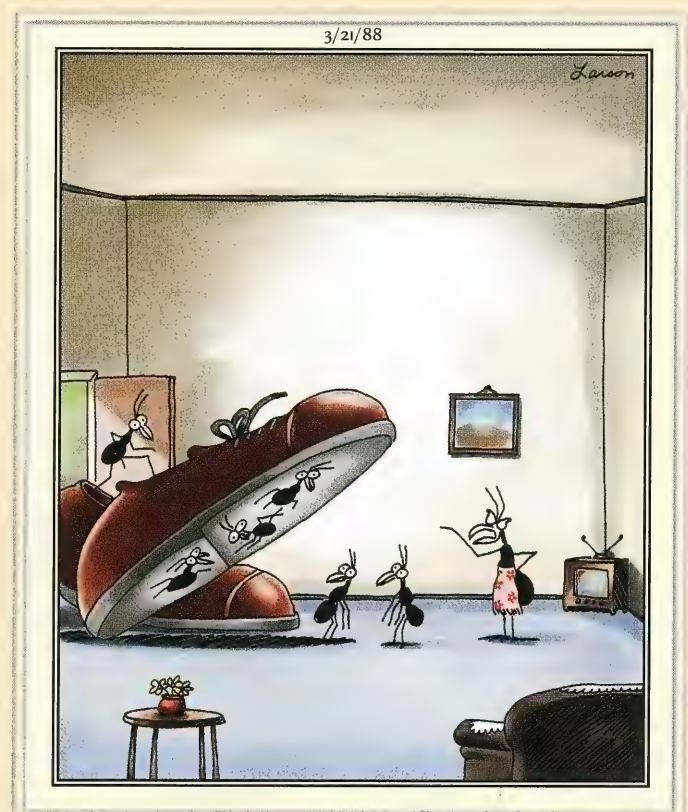
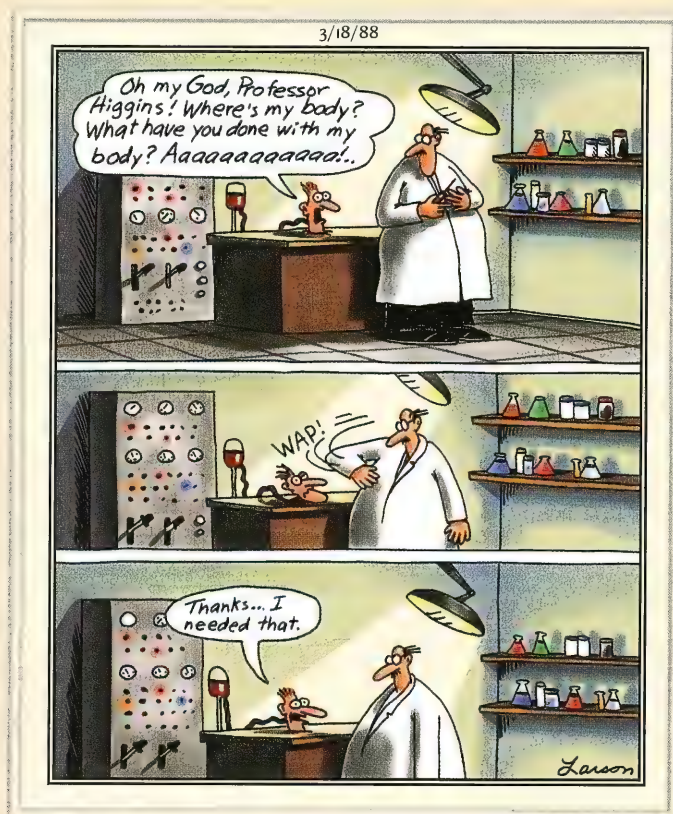
Bird cellars



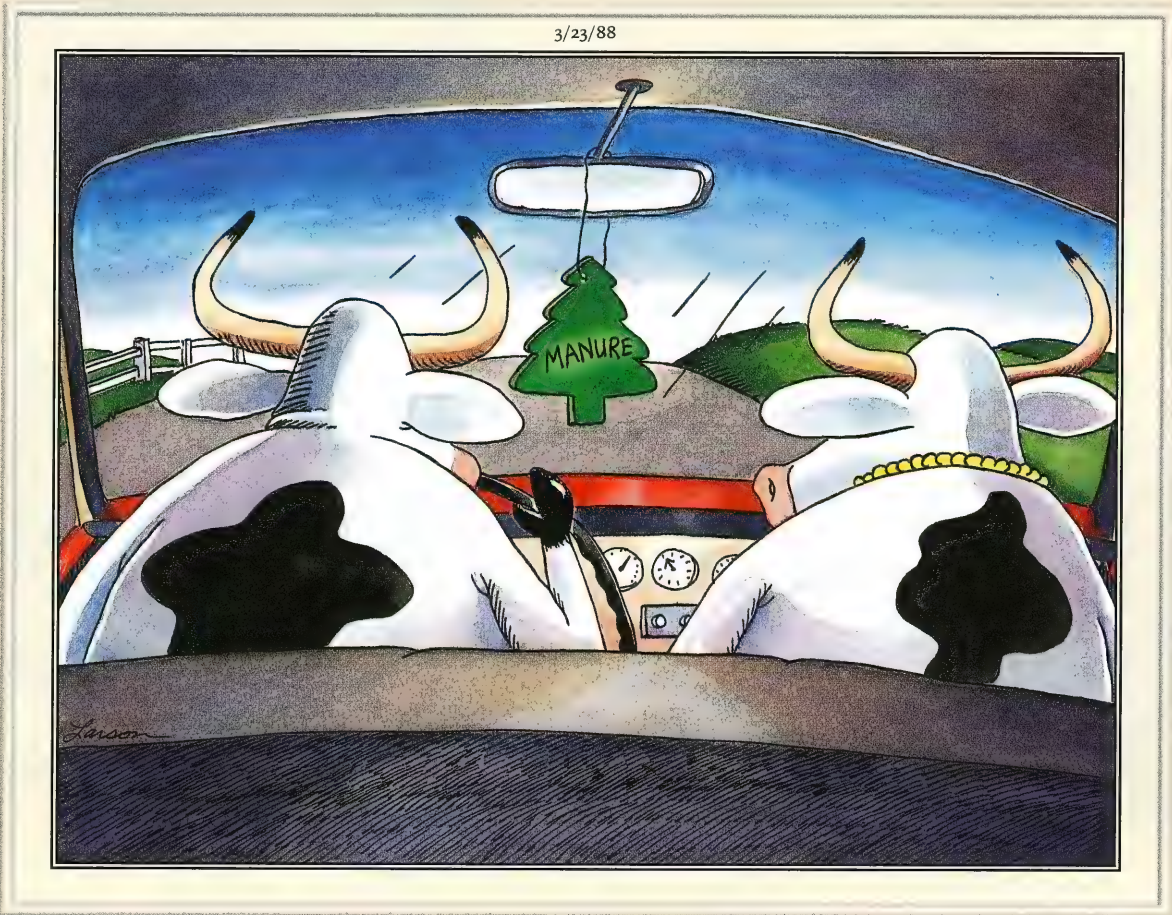
Deer vandals



"Oh, look, this get better ... 'F' in history!
You even flunk something not happen yet?"



"Ernie! Look what you're doing—take those
shoes off this instant!"



3/20/88



Dog heaven

3/26/88

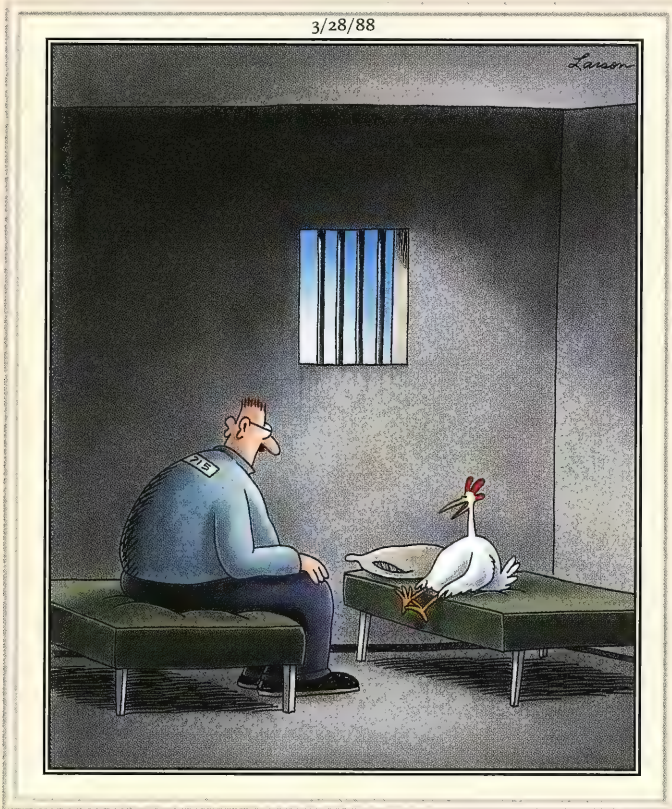


"Johnson, back off! It's an *Armandia lidderdalii*, all right—but it's rabid!"

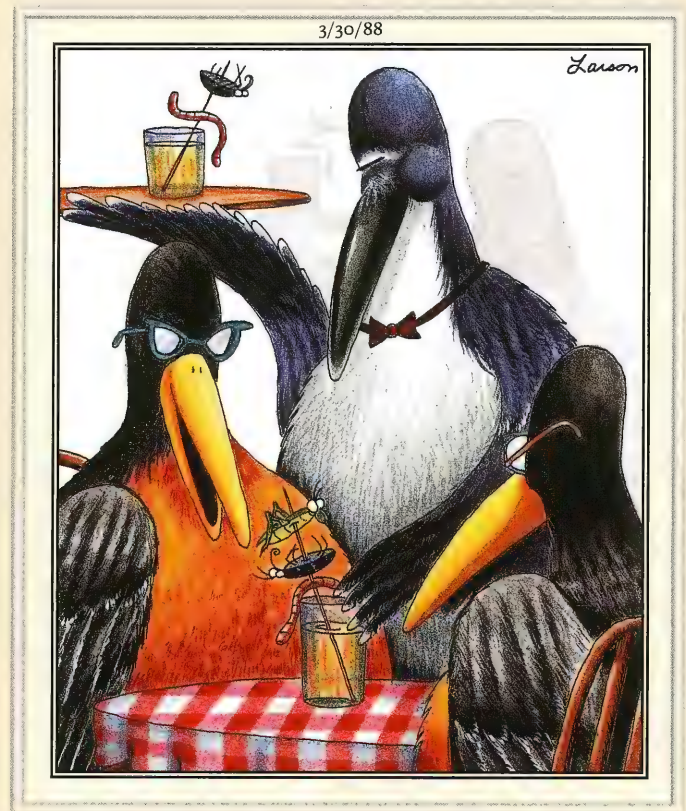
3/25/88



"Man, Larry, I don't know if we're up to this. ... I mean, this guy's got kneecaps from hell."



"So then, when Old MacDonald turned his back, I took that ax and with a whack whack here and a whack whack there, I finished him off."



"Oh, my! Aren't *these* fancy drinks!"

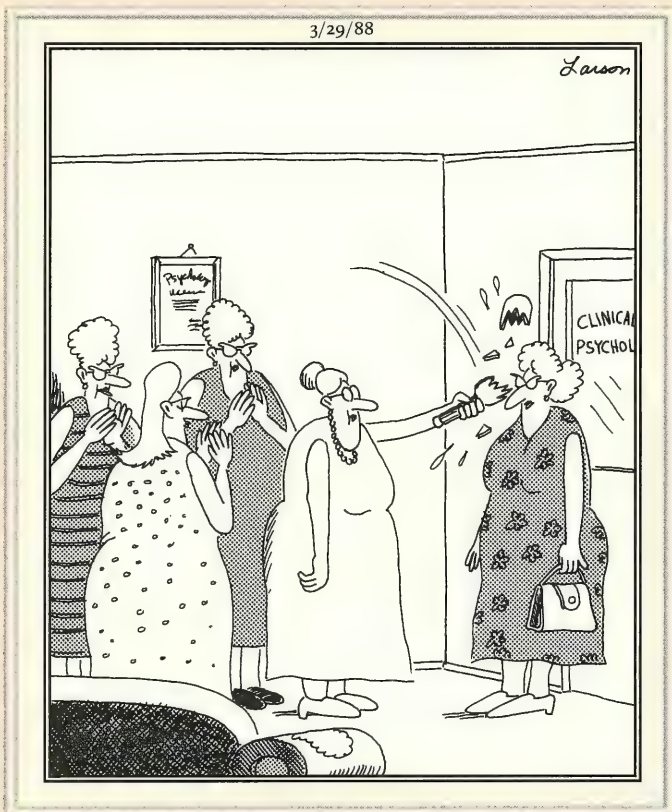




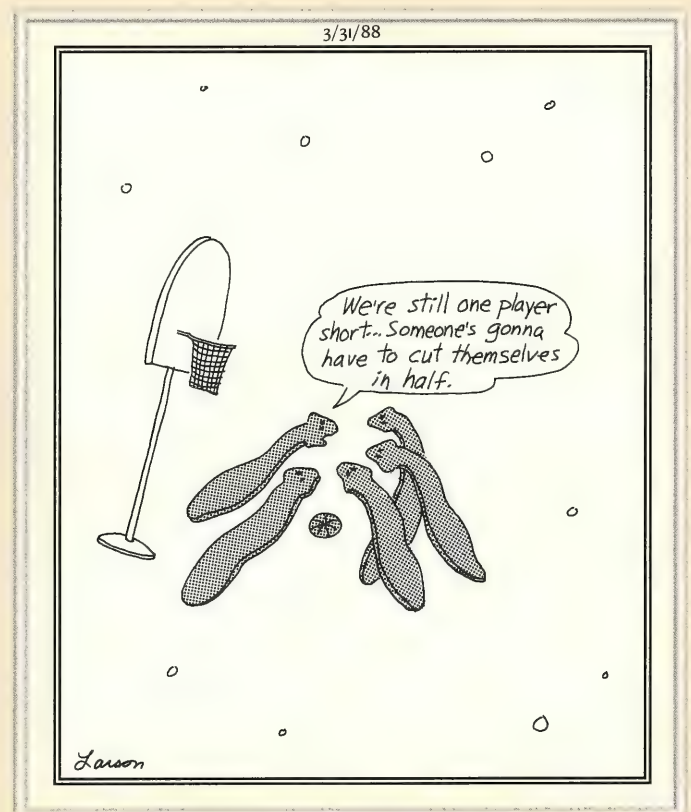
Cartoon readings



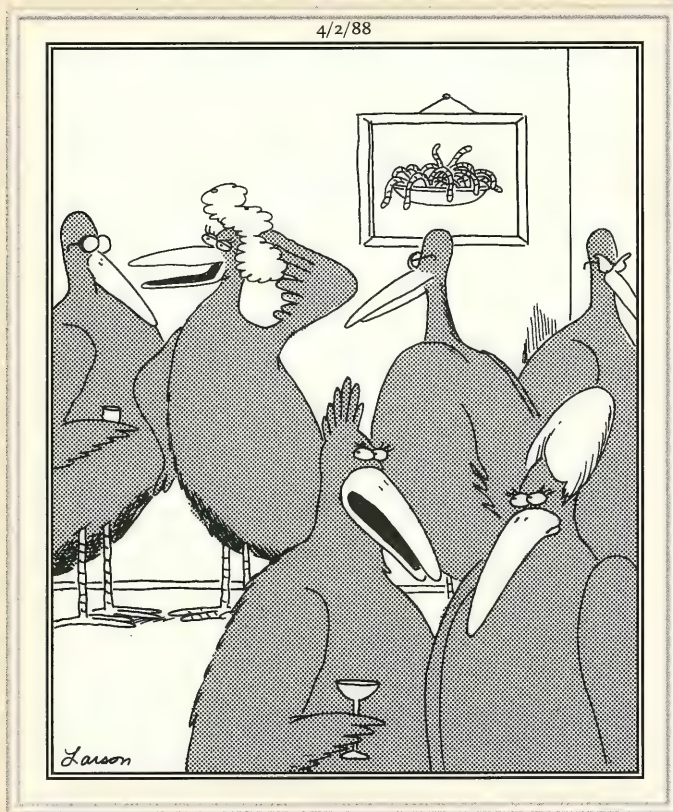
"Okay, here it is—I'm sick of your face, Ned."



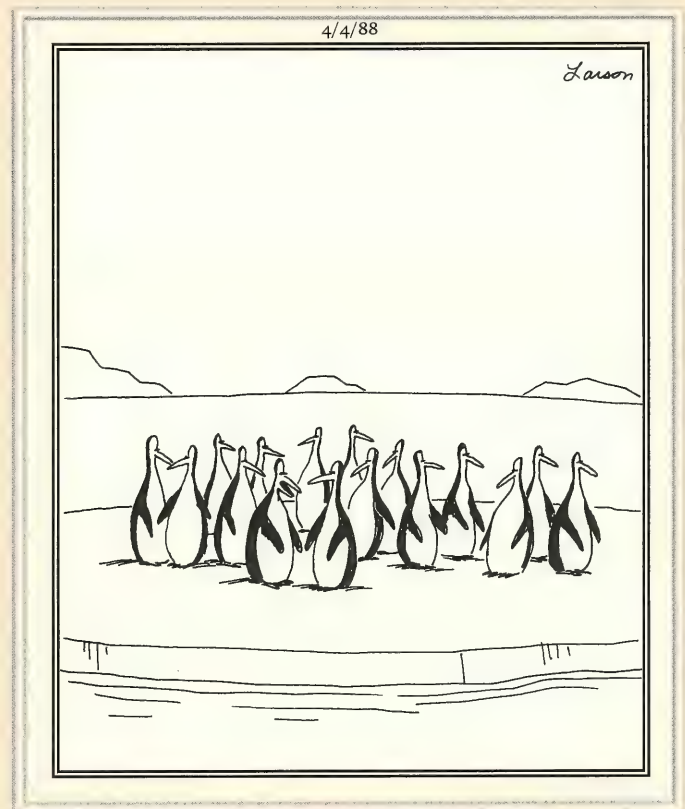
Amidst congratulatory applause, Cindy leaves the group.



Planaria sports



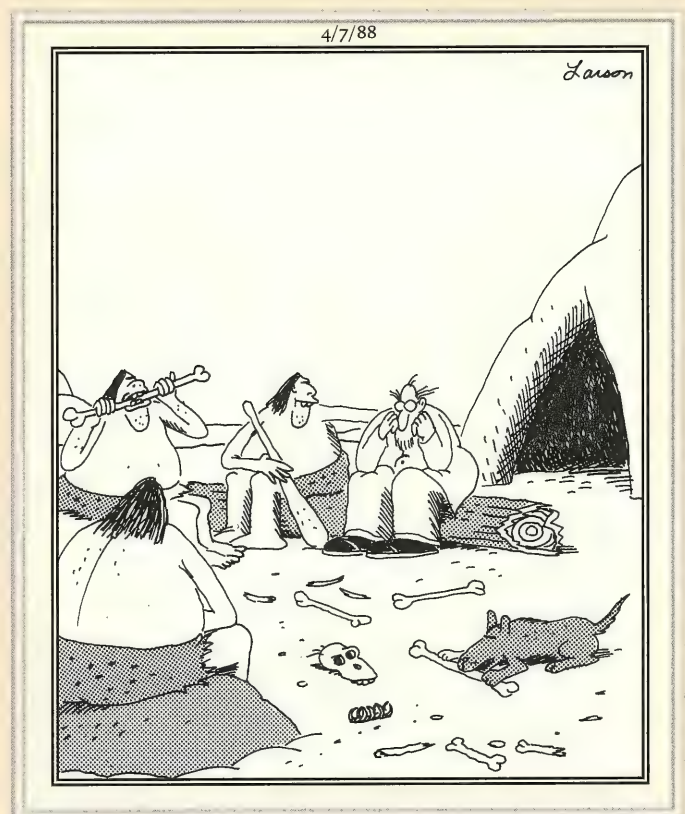
"Well, she's at it again ... that no-good nestwrecker."



"Well, that's an interesting bit of trivia—I guess I do only dream in black and white."



"You moron! From a hundred yards back I was screaming, 'Hellhole! Hellhole!'"



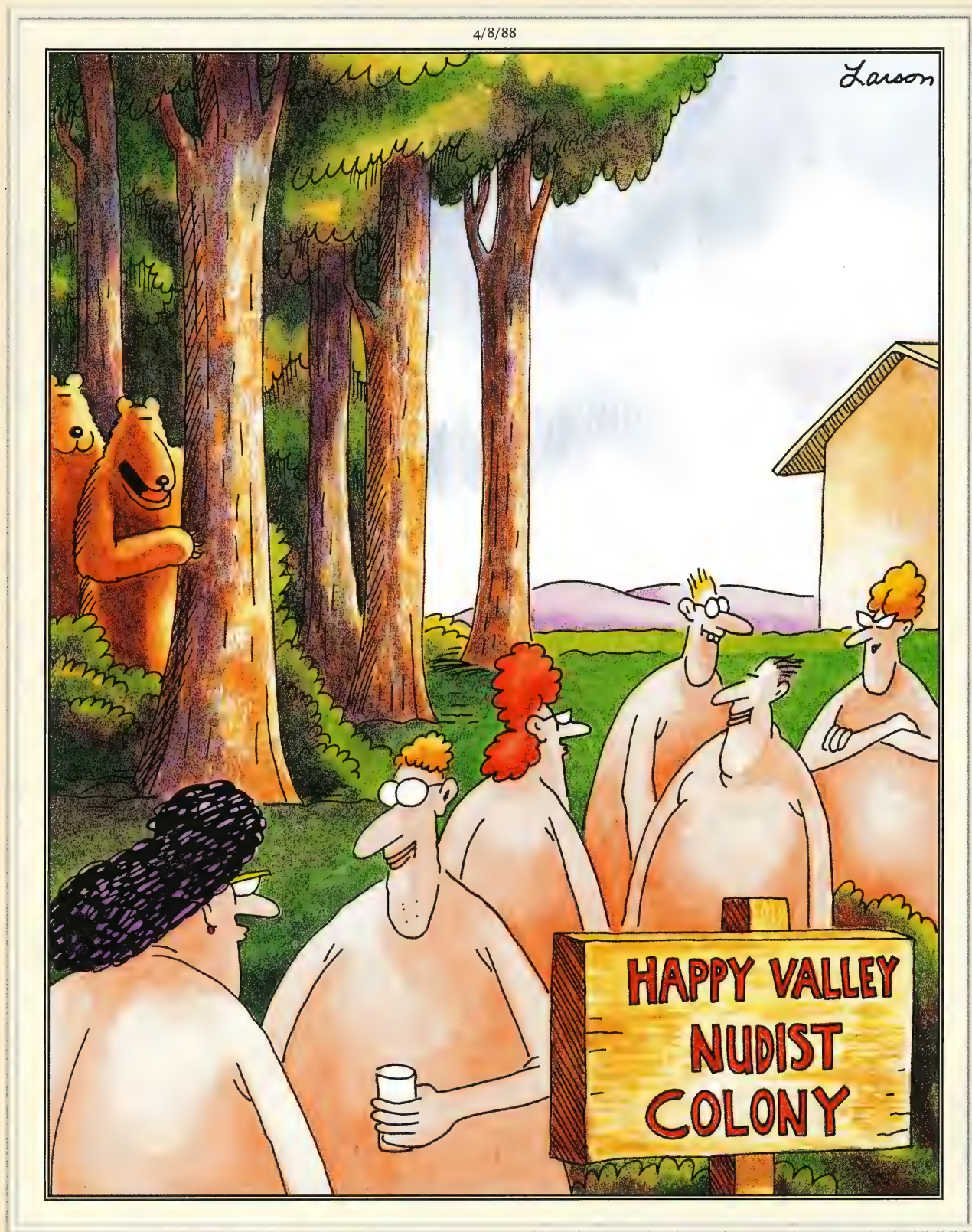
Professor Feldman, traveling back in time, gradually succumbs to the early stages of nonculture shock.



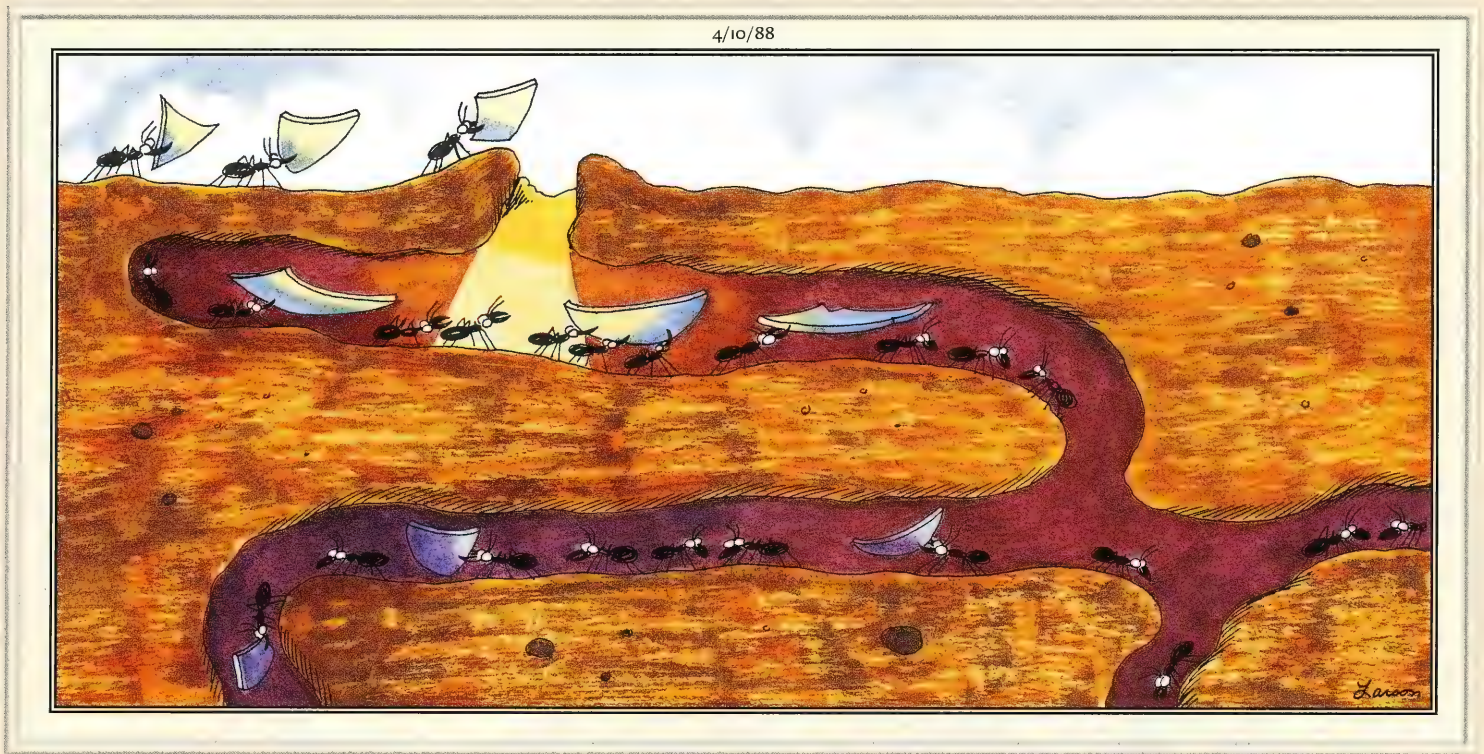
“For God’s sake, hurry, driver! ... She’s dropping babies all over the place!”



Nightmare on Oak Street



"Well, there goes *my* appetite."



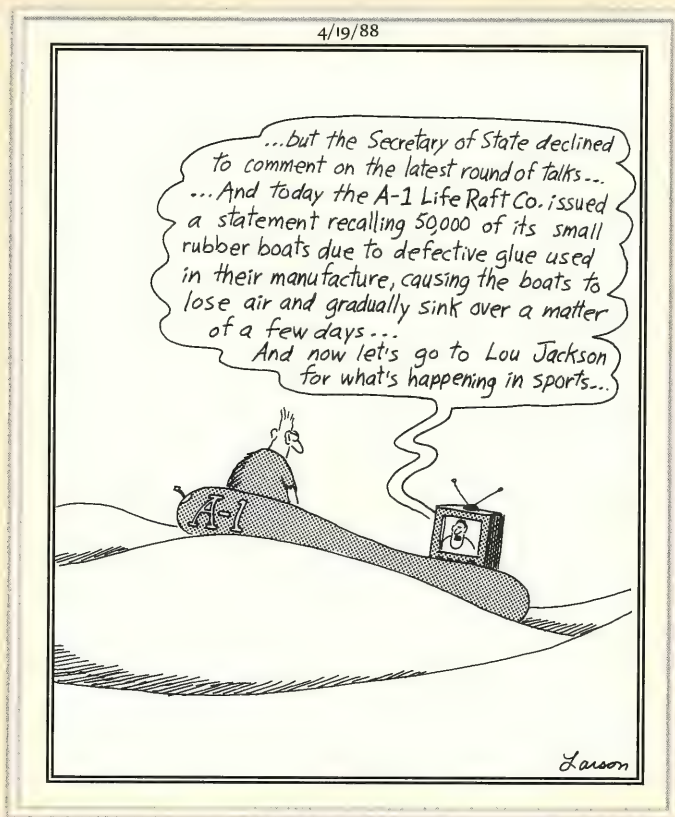
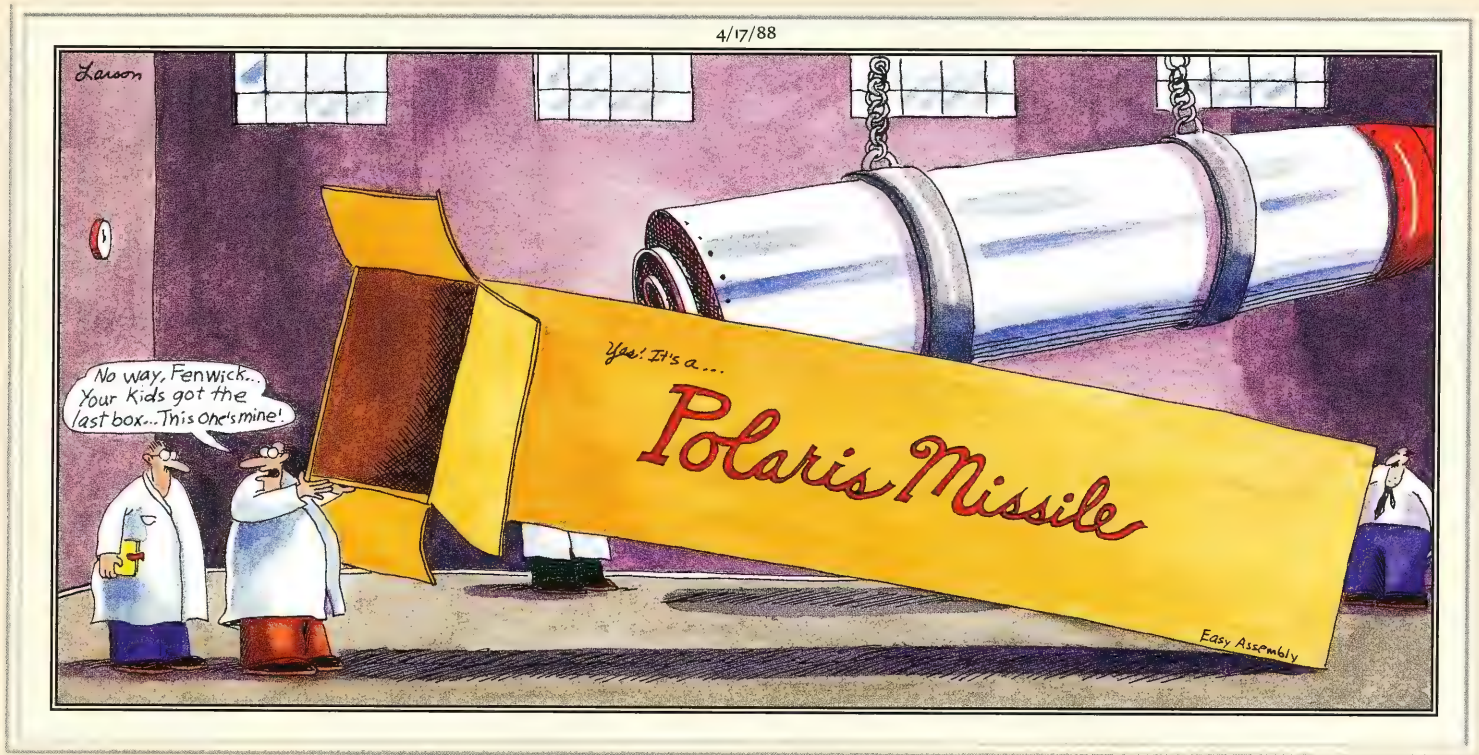
Humpty's final resting place



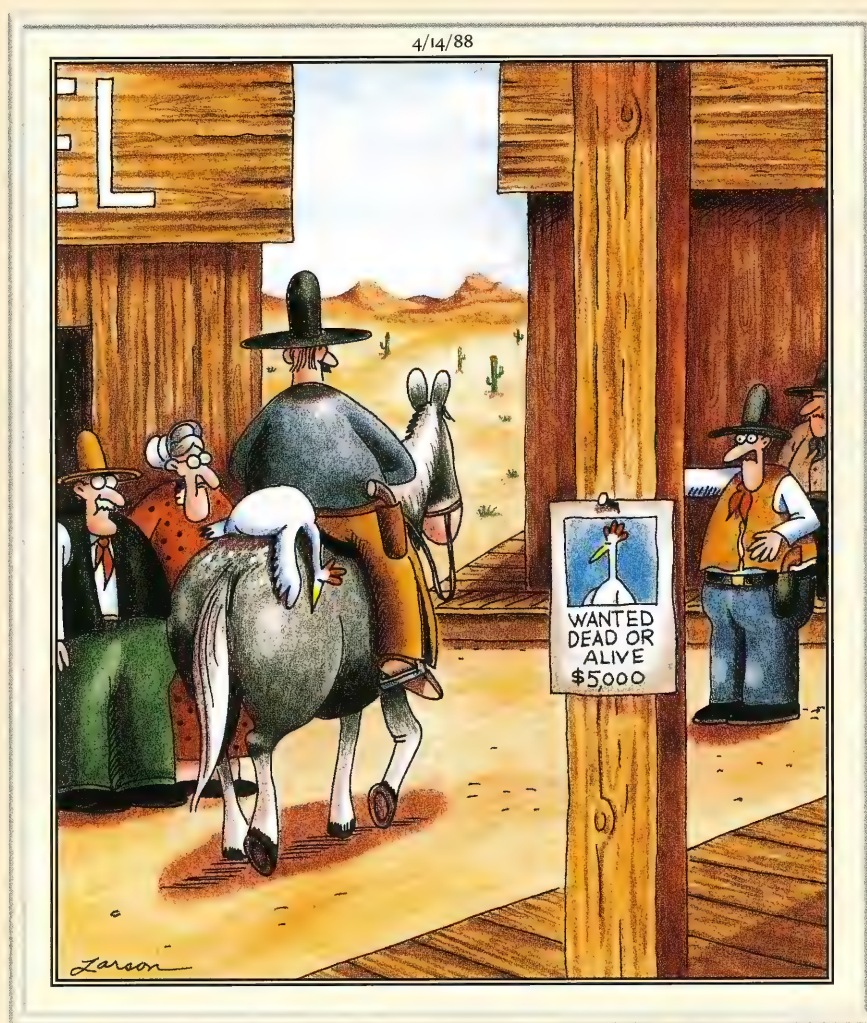
Mankind arrives on Earth



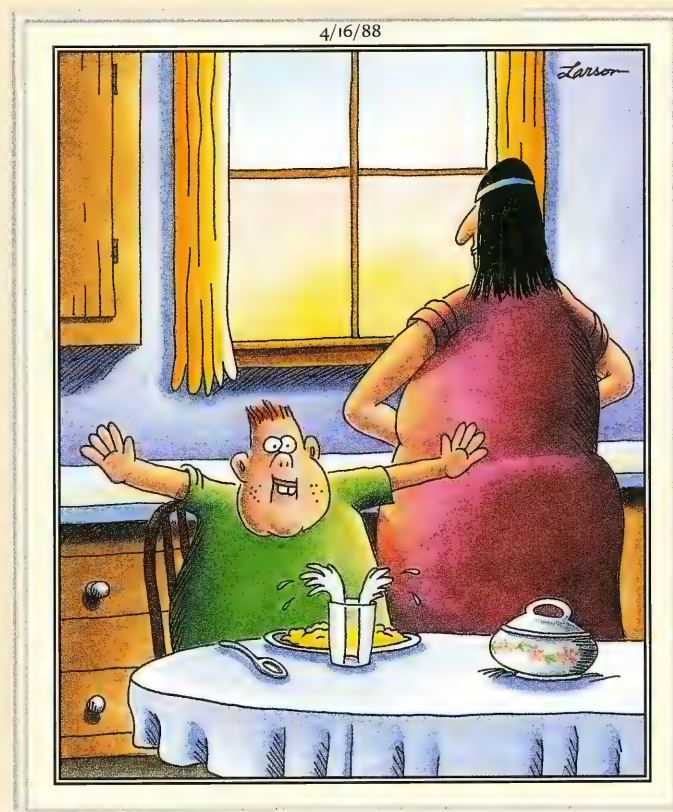
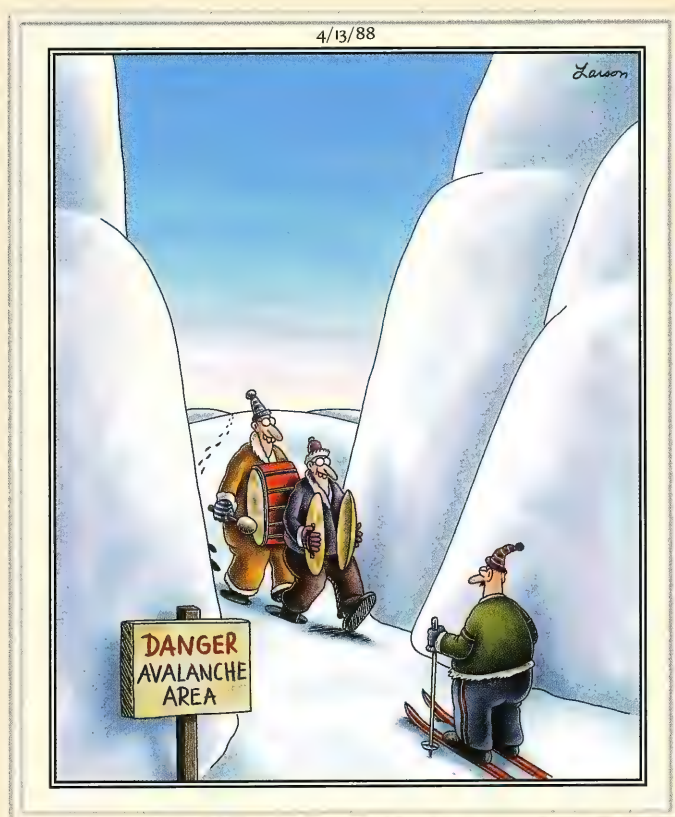
"Look—I never would have married him in the first place, but the jerk used a cattle prod."



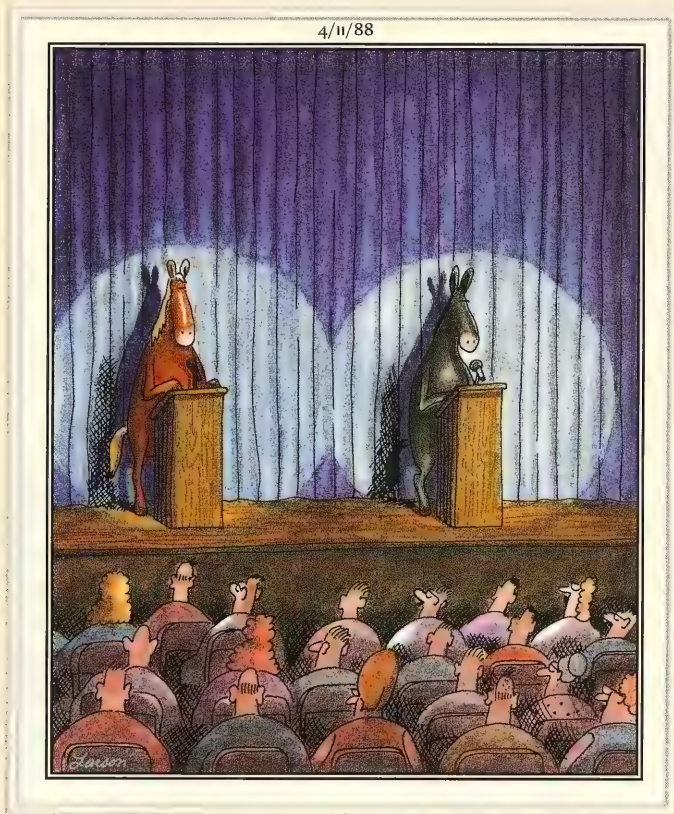
Seconds before his ax fell, Farmer Dale suddenly noticed the chicken's tattoo—the tattoo that marked them both as brothers of an ancient Tibetan order sworn to loyalty and mutual aid.



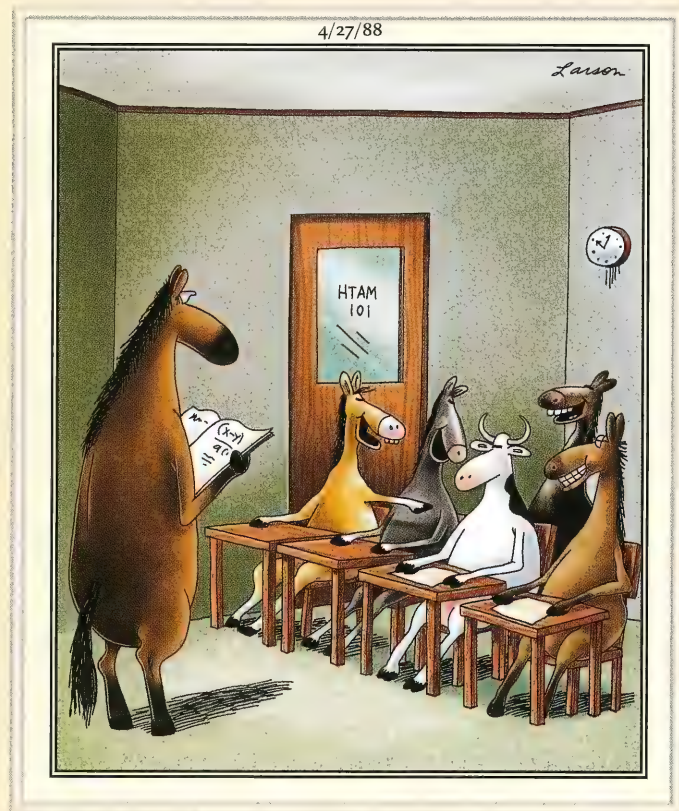
The townsfolk all stopped and stared; they didn't know the tall stranger who rode calmly through their midst, but they did know the reign of terror had ended.



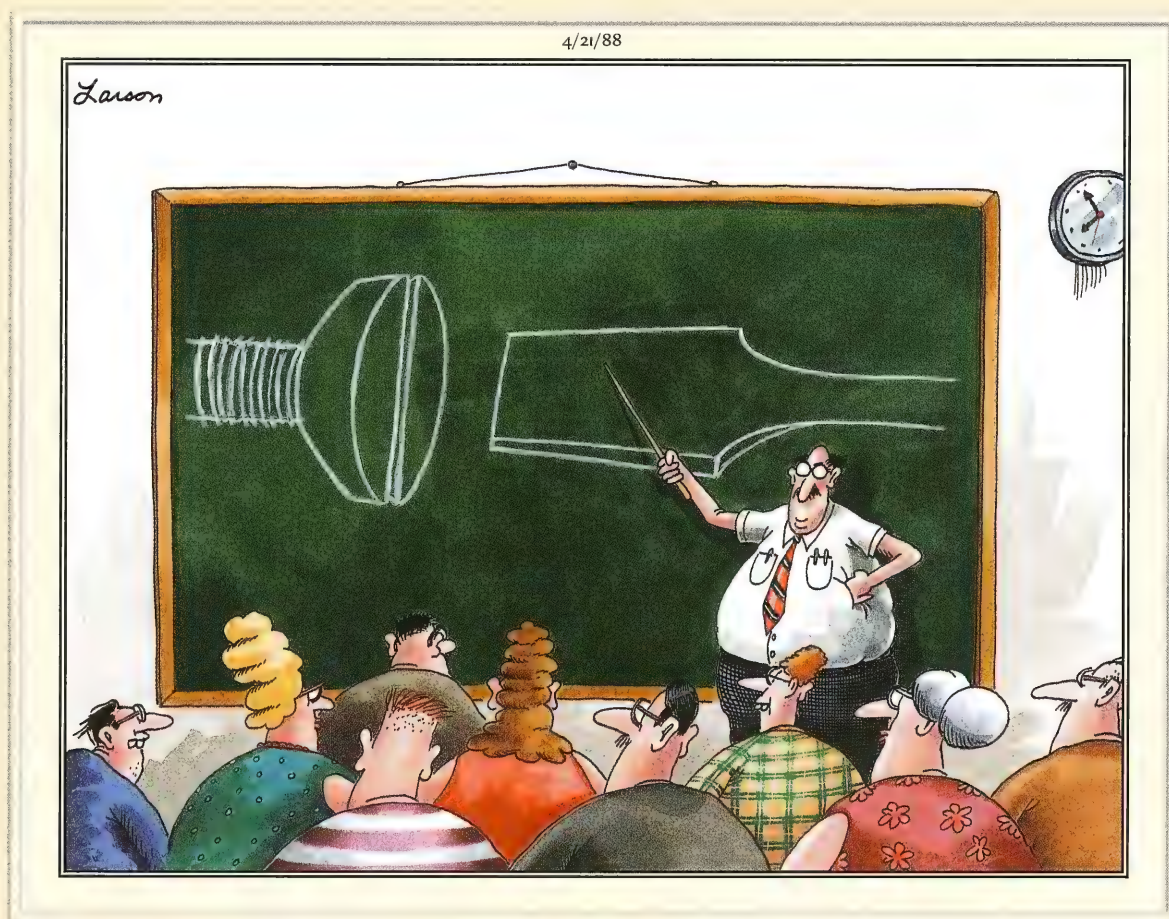
Moses as a kid



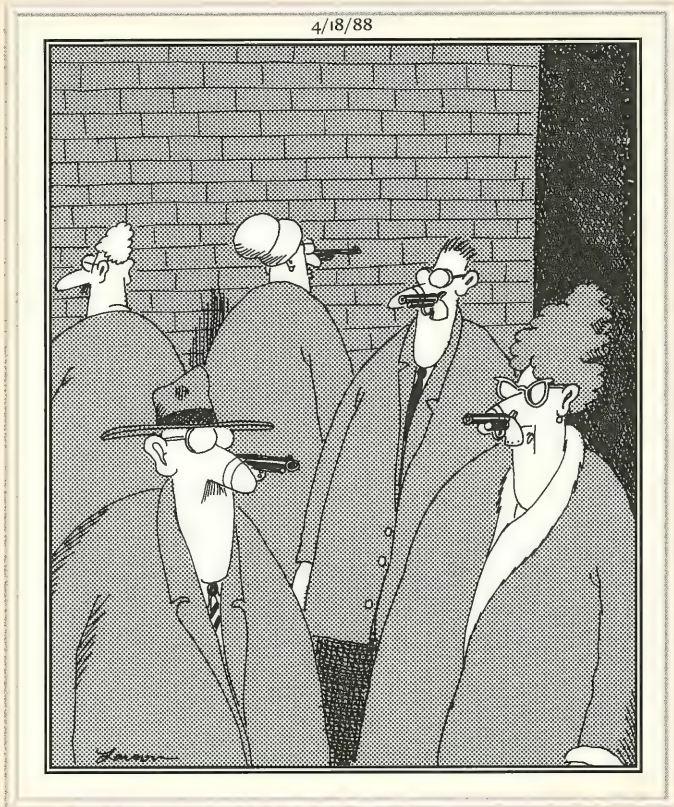
The famous "Mr. Ed vs. Francis the Talking Mule" debates



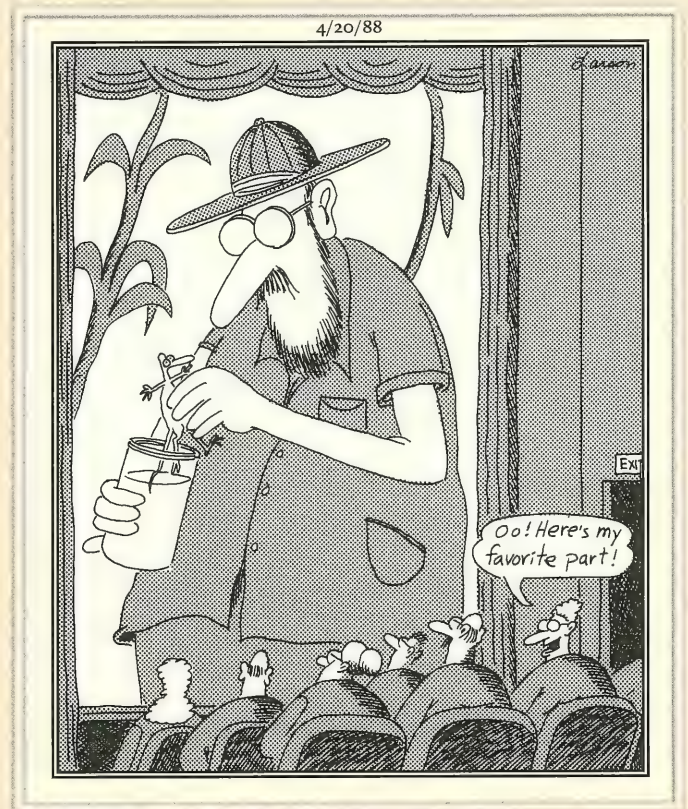
Her answer off by miles, Sheila's "cow sense" was always a target of ridicule.



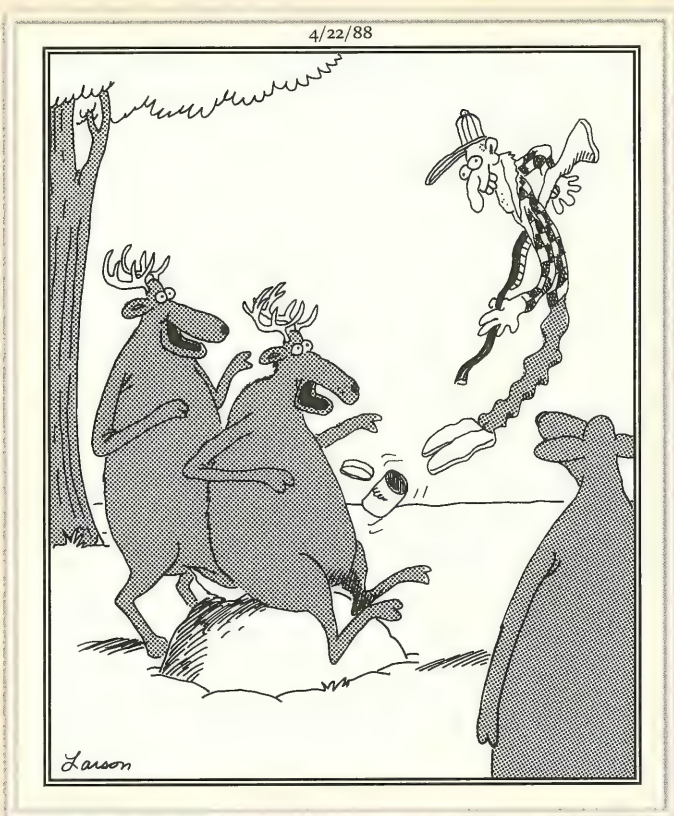
School for the mechanically declined



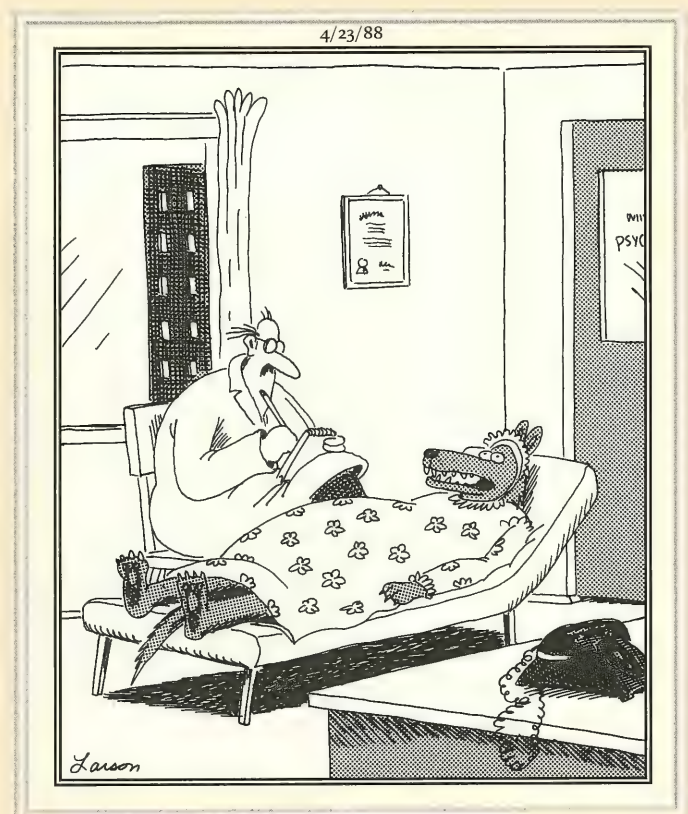
The tragic proliferation of noseguns



Scene from *Bring 'Em Back Preserved*



Animal joke gifts

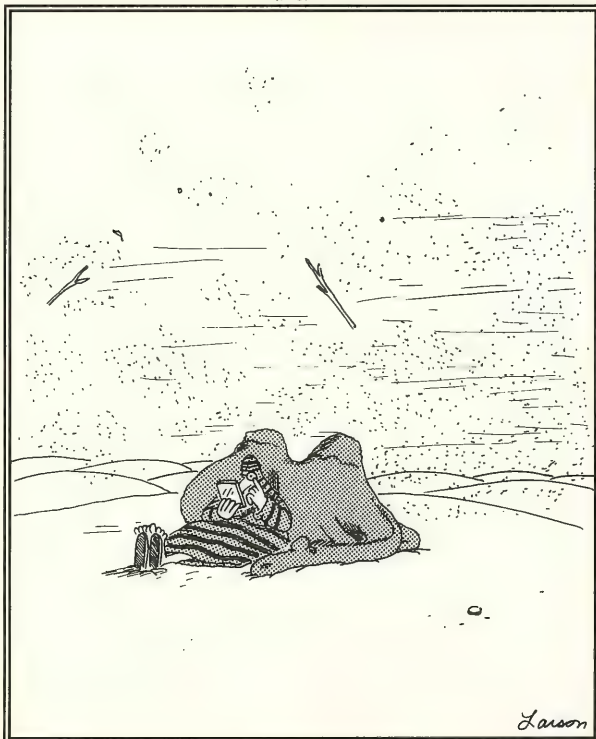


"You know, it was just supposed to be a way to trick this little girl ... but off and on, I've been dressing up as a grandmother ever since."

4/24/88

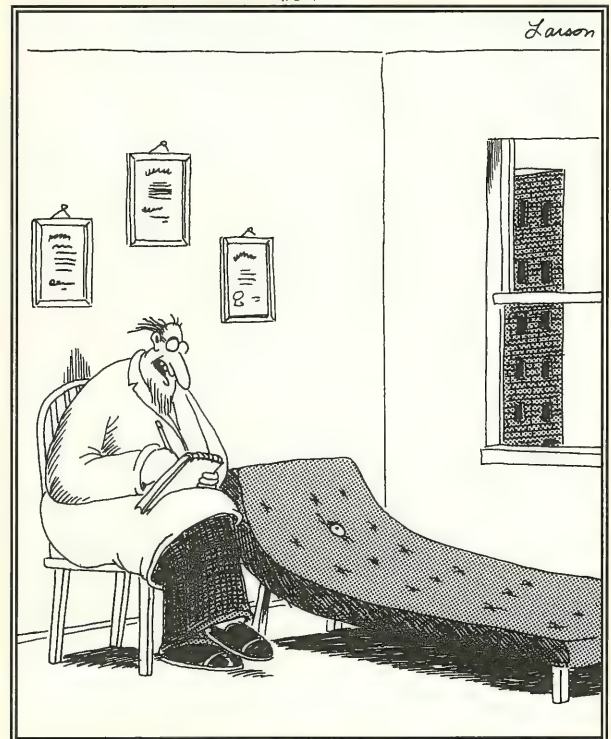


4/25/88



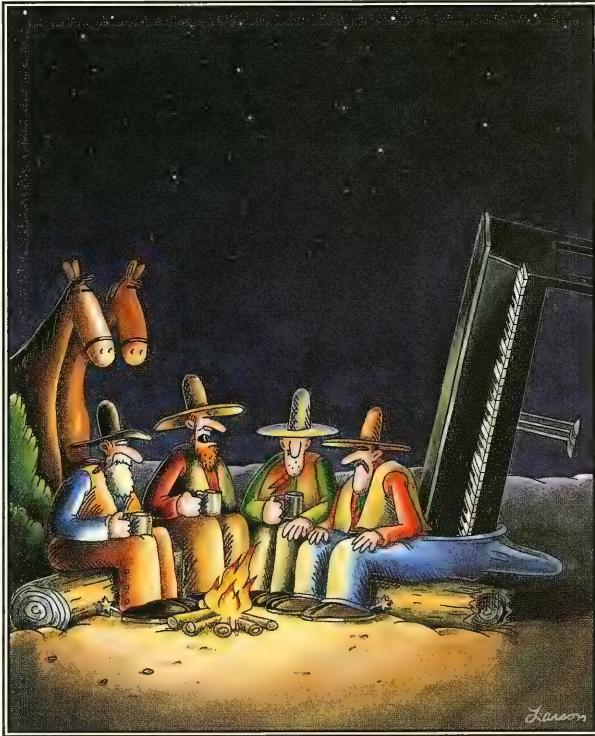
Times and places never to insert
your contact lens

4/30/88



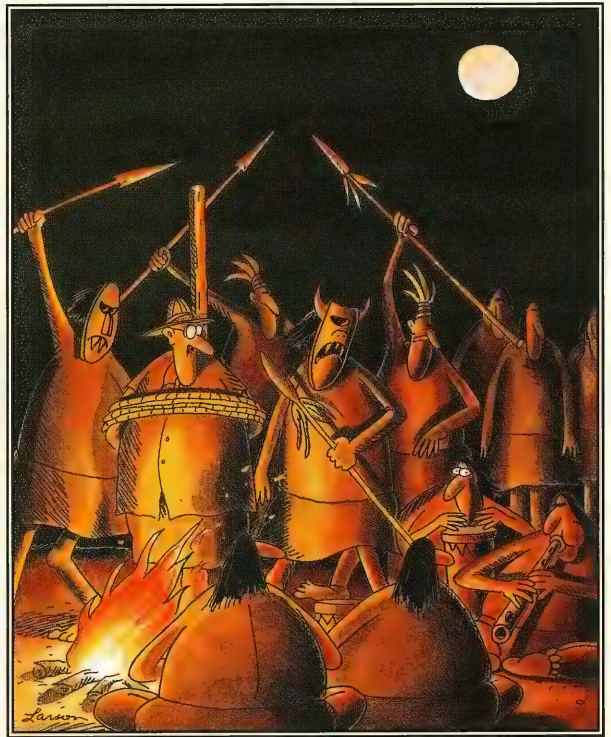
"Frankly, you've got a lot of anger toward
the world to work out, Mr. Pembrose."

4/26/88



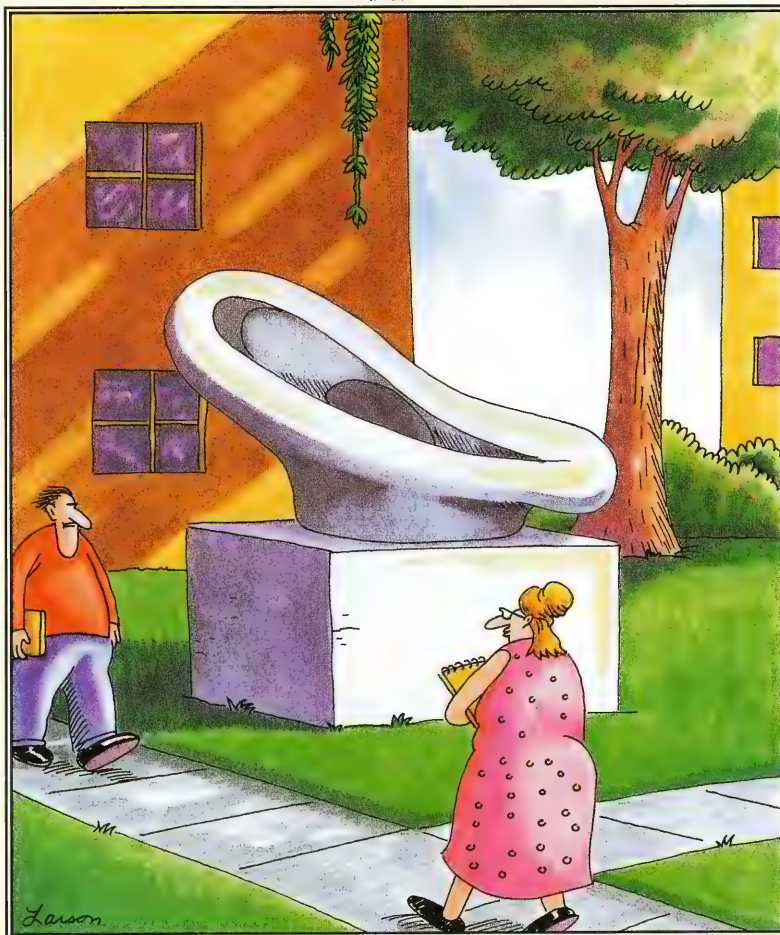
"Say, Will—why don't you pull that thing out and play us a tune?"

4/28/88



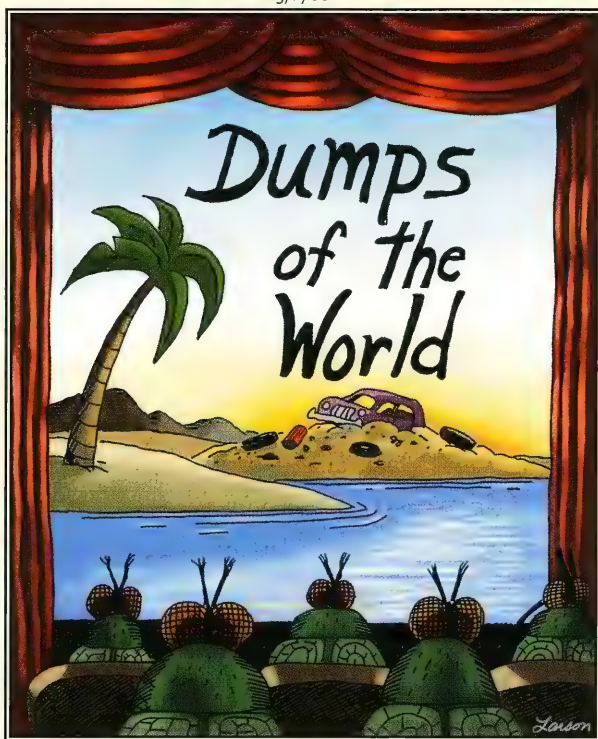
Suddenly, throwing the festivities into utter confusion, Ujang begins to play "Stardust."

4/29/88



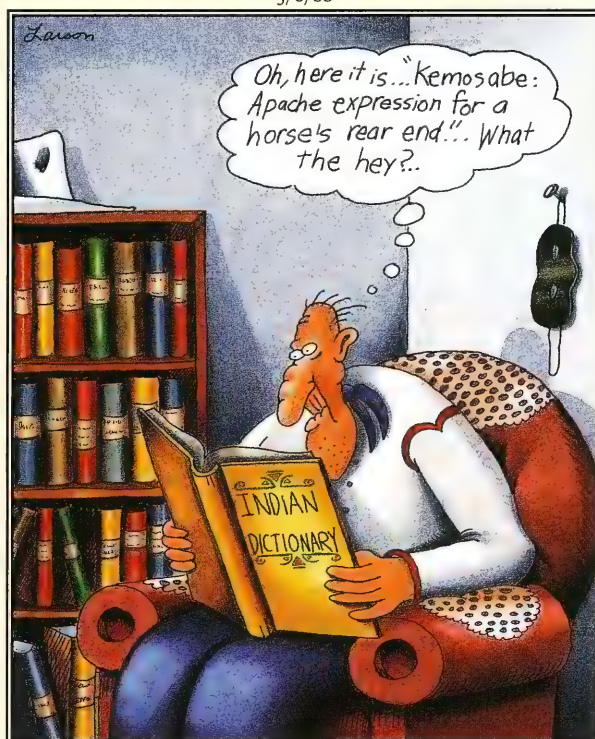
At the Vincent van Gogh School of Art

5/2/88



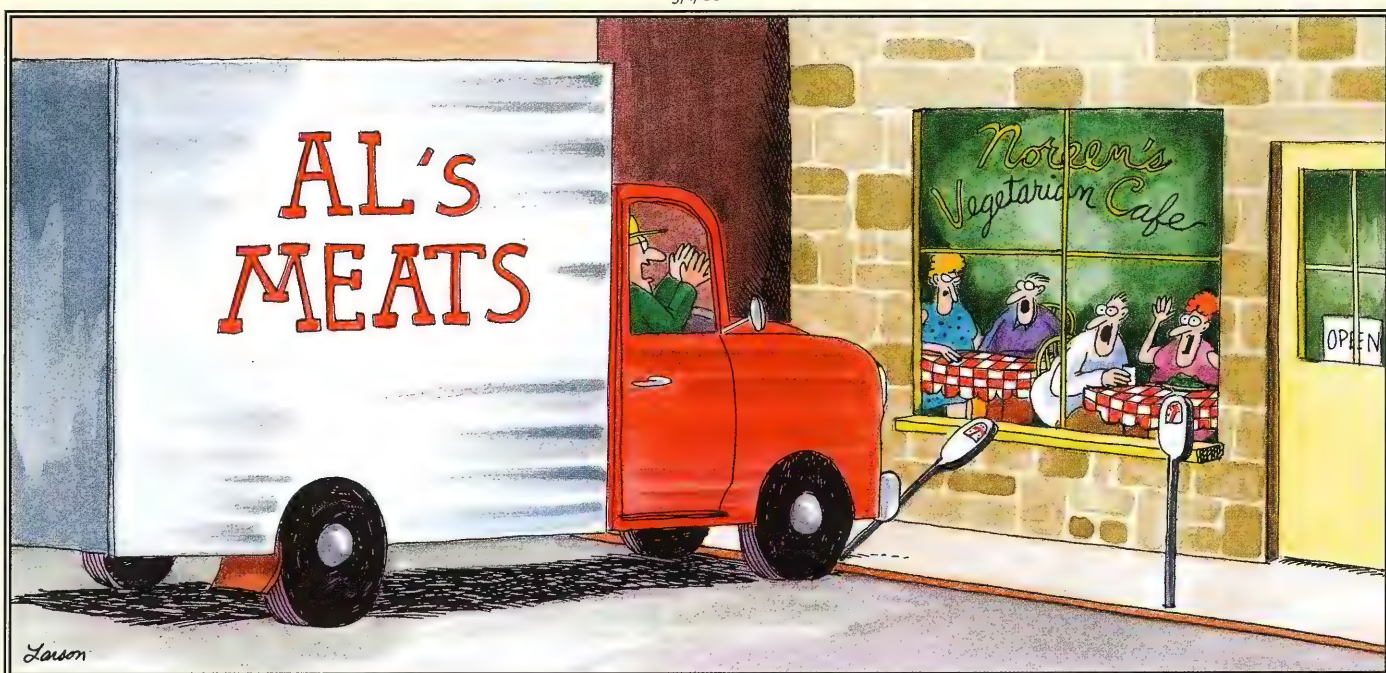
Fly travelogues

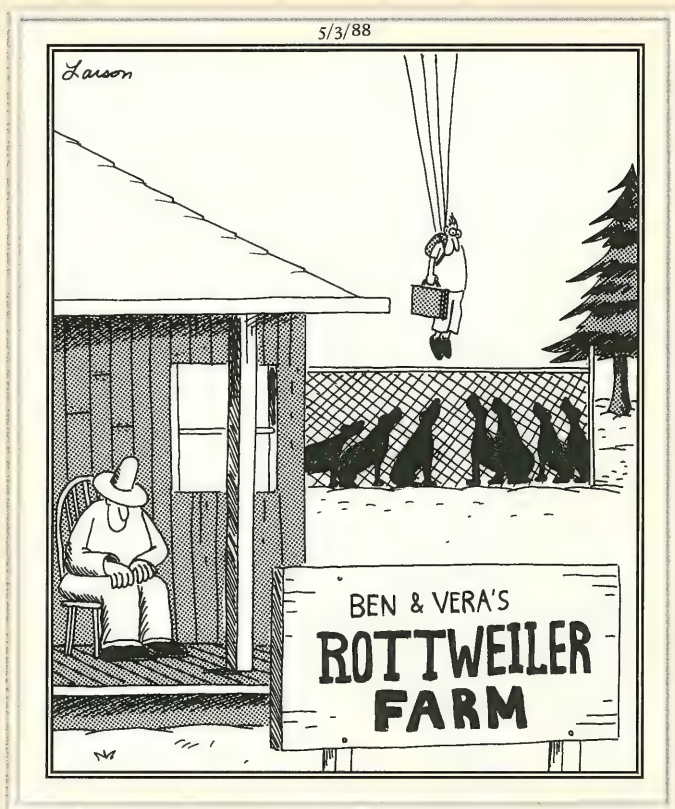
5/6/88



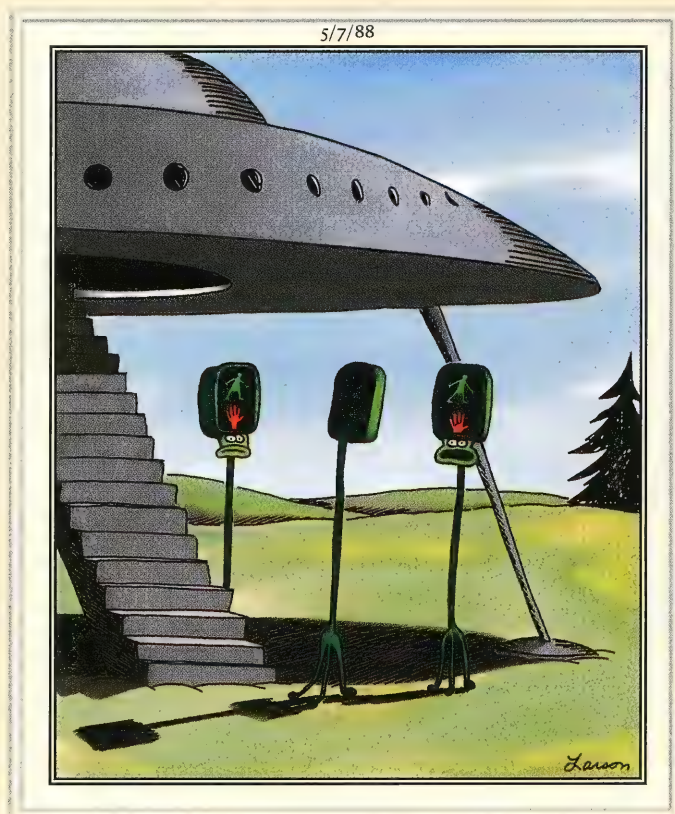
The Lone Ranger, long since retired, makes an unpleasant discovery.

5/1/88

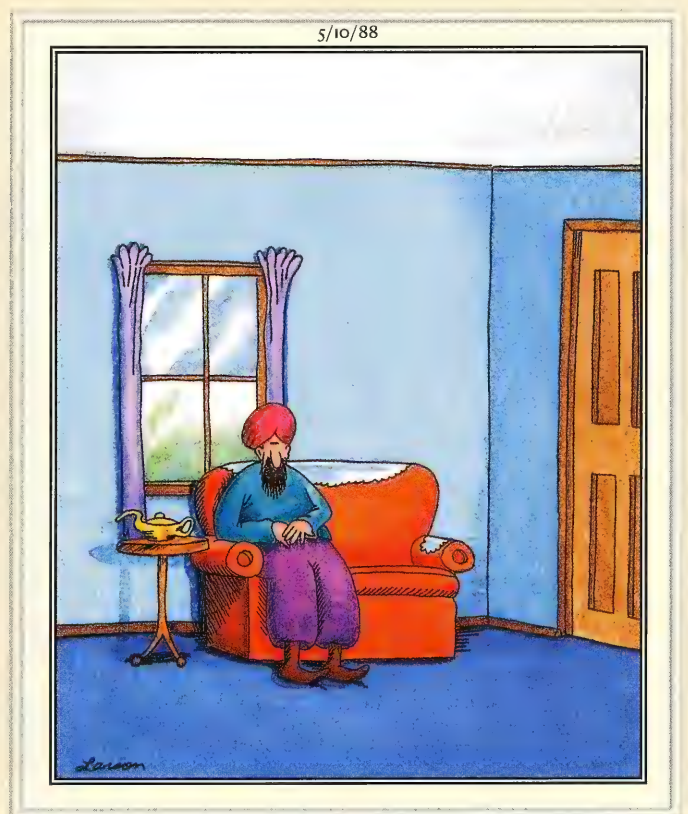




The untold ending of D. B. Cooper



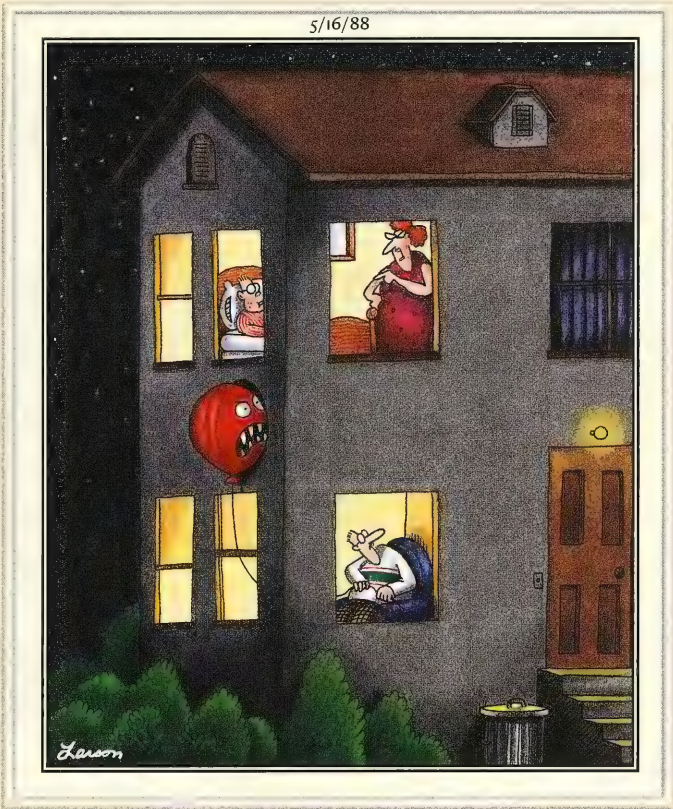
"Our people are positioned on every street corner, commander. ... Shall we commence with our plan to gradually eliminate these creatures?"



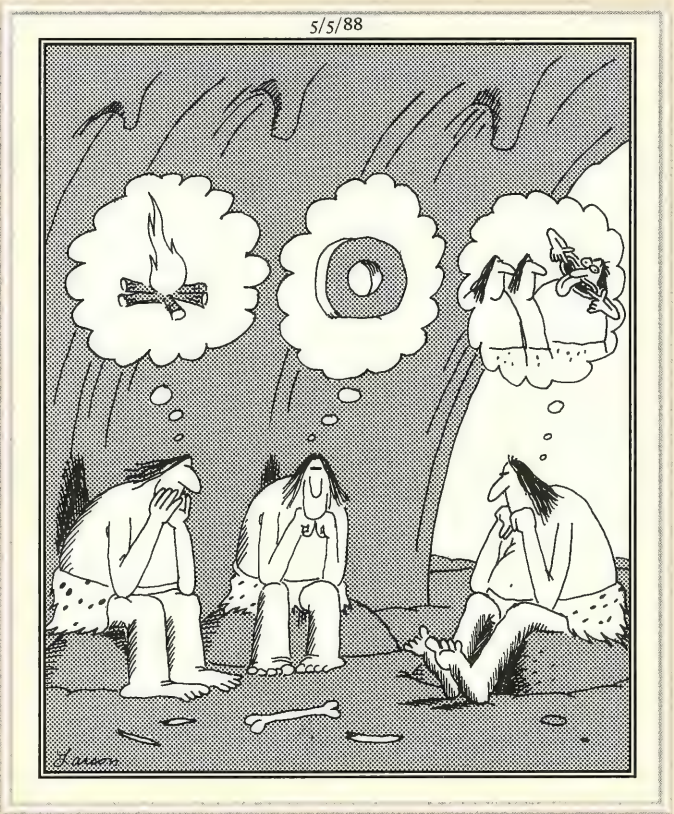
Aladdin's lamp, end table, and sofa



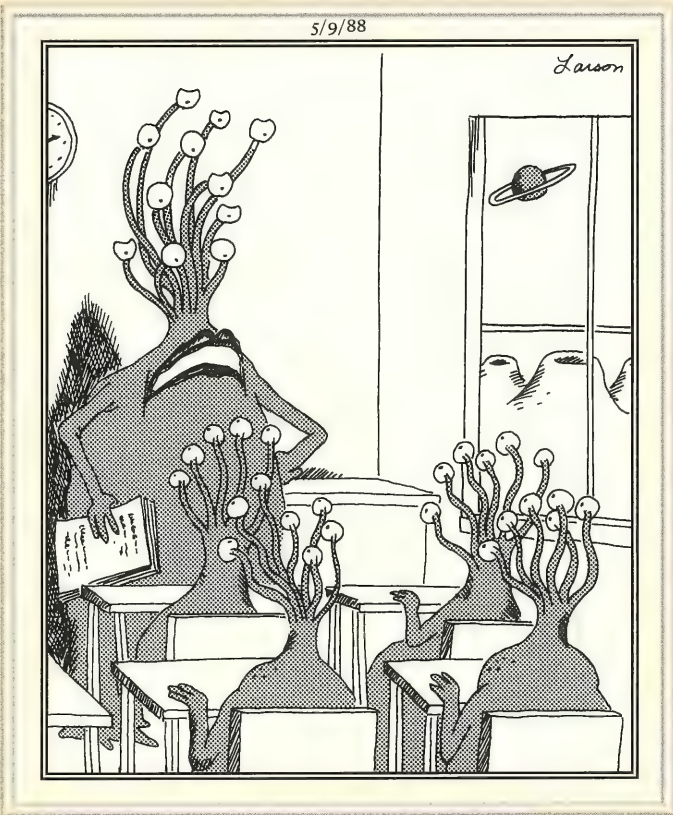
The rural professional and his cowphone



“Now go to sleep, Kevin—or once again I’ll have to knock three times and summon the Floating Head of Death.”



Primitive think tanks

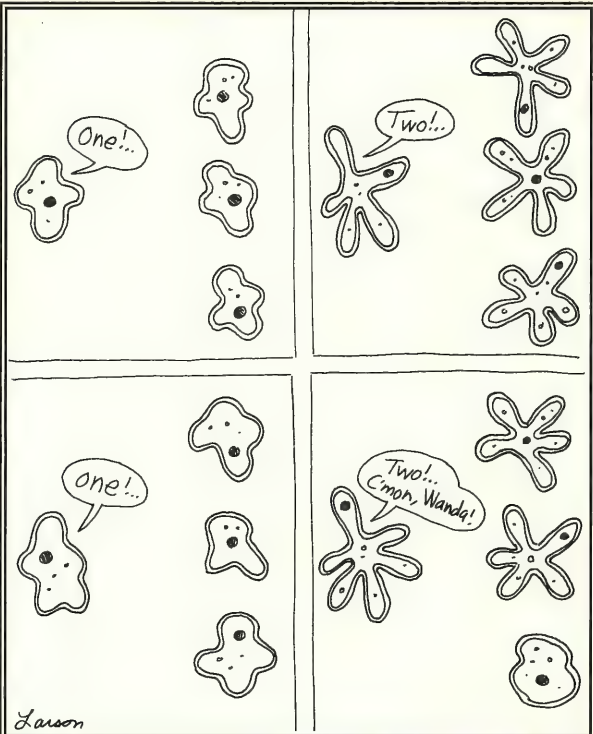


“And one final warning before we begin the exam—any stray eyeballs will be immediately thumped.”

5/8/88



5/12/88



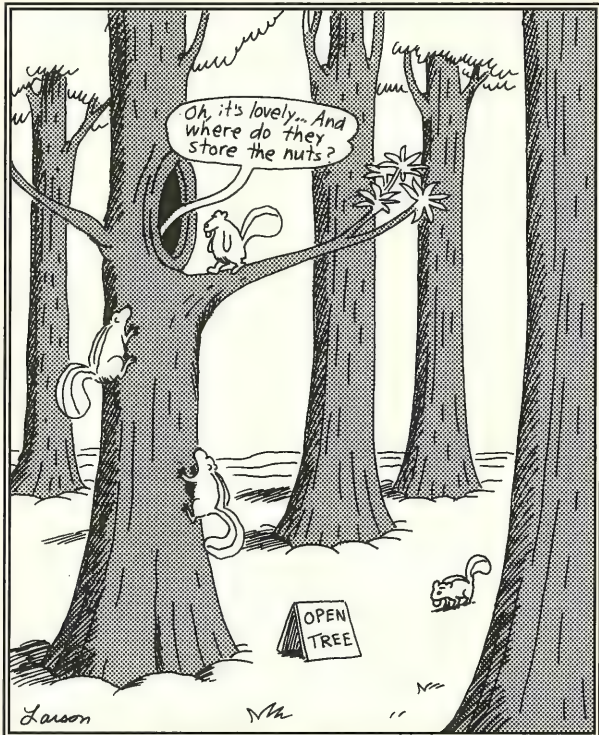
Amoeba aerobics

5/13/88



Primitive fraternities

5/14/88

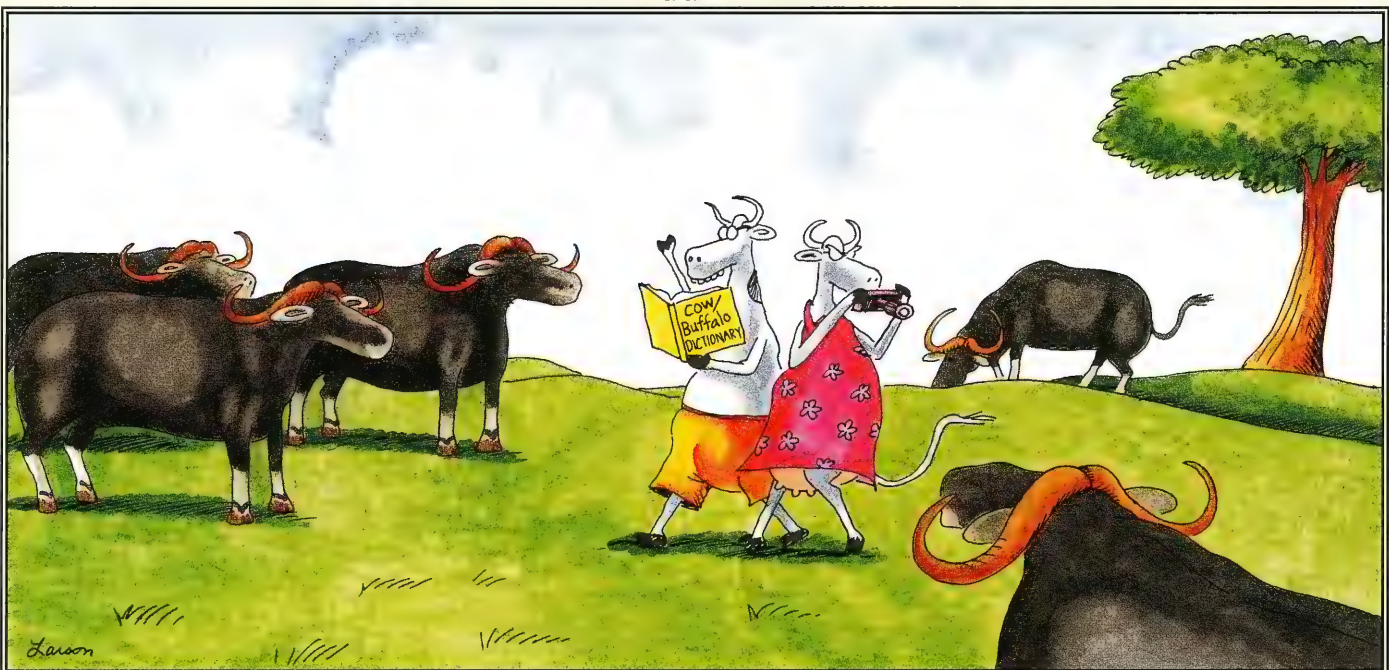


5/17/88



When Irish setters go to work

5/15/88



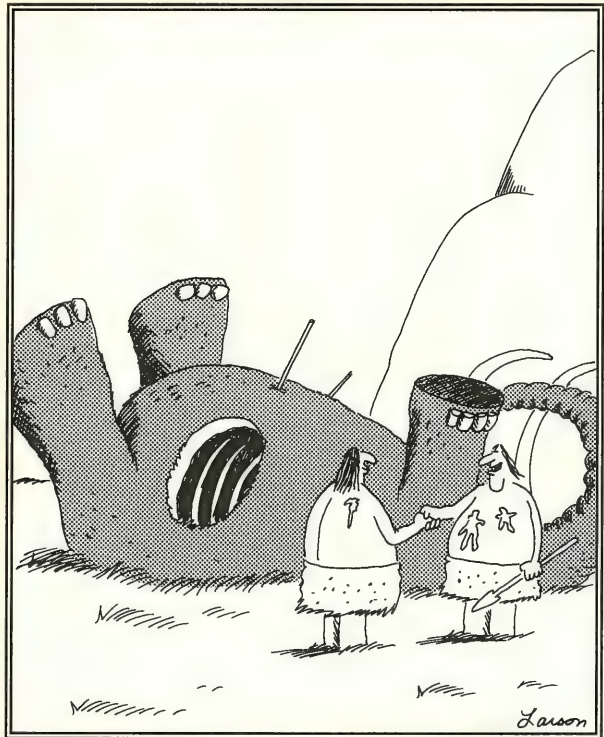
Cow tourists

5/19/88



"No more flies, Arnold, until you've eaten some of your fertilizer."

5/21/88



"So! ... Let's do this again real soon."

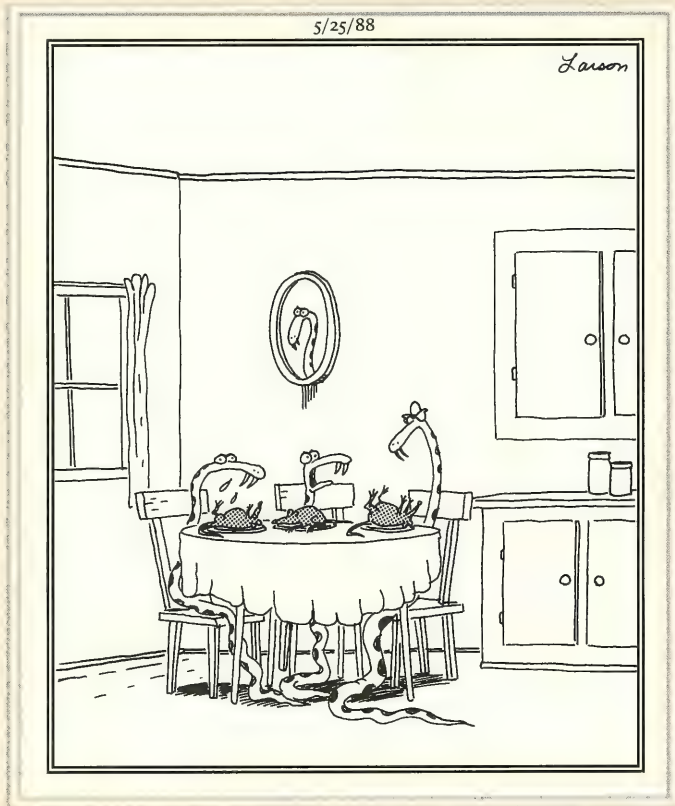
5/23/88



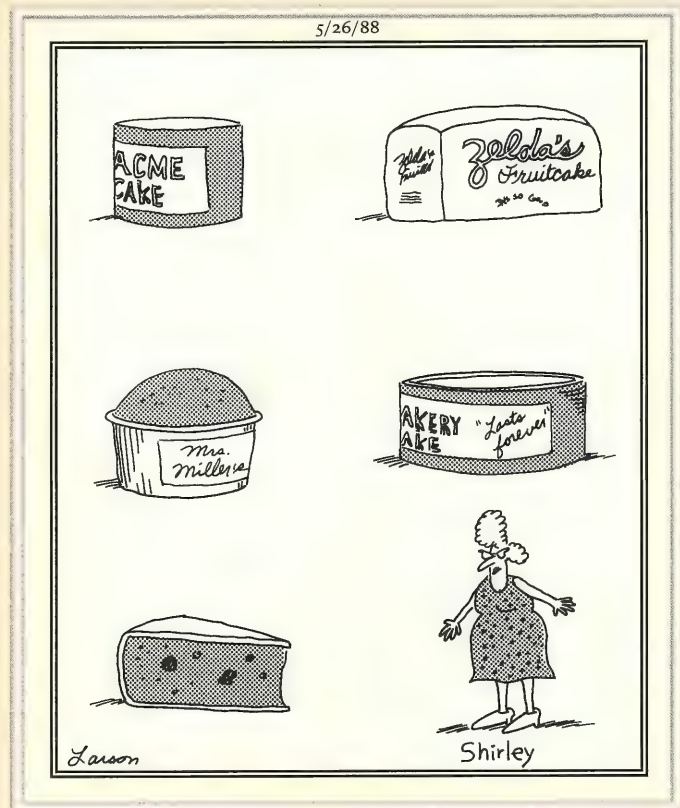
5/24/88



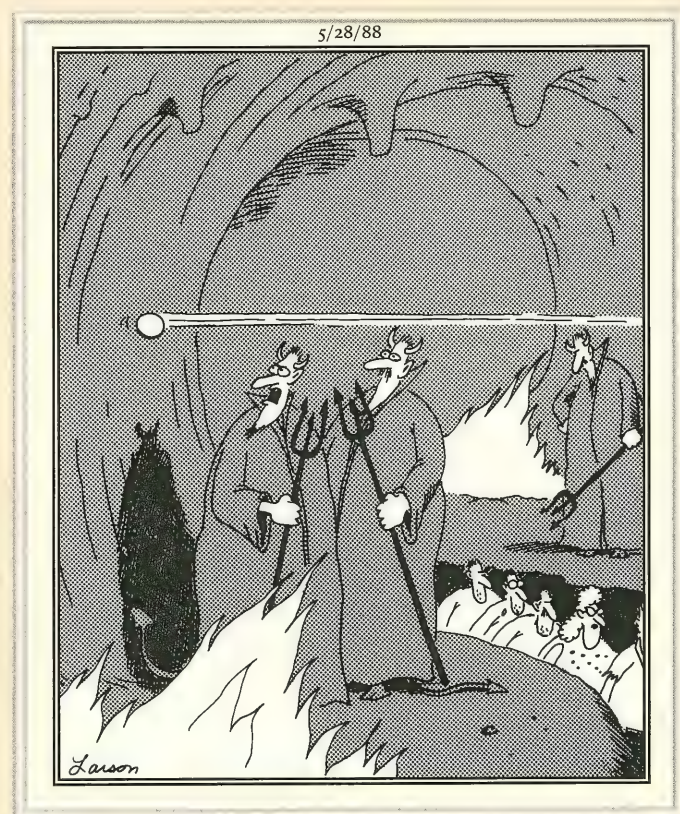
At the Old Cartoonists' Home



"Mom! Randy sneezed poison all over my rat!"



Fruitcakes of the World



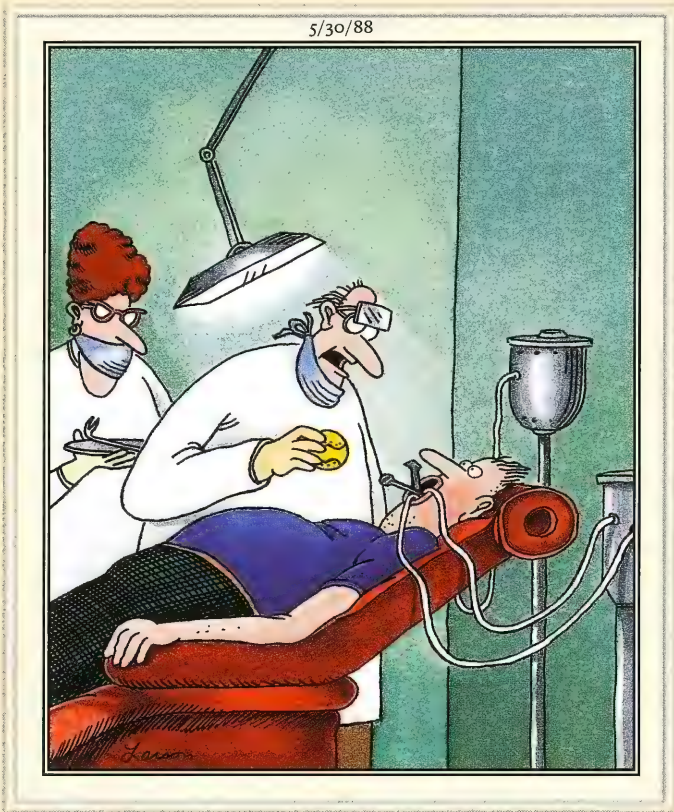
"Look, Sid! Another snowball! ... I tell you, this place is slipping."



"Oh, for heaven's sake, Miss Carlisle! ...
They're only cartoon animals!"



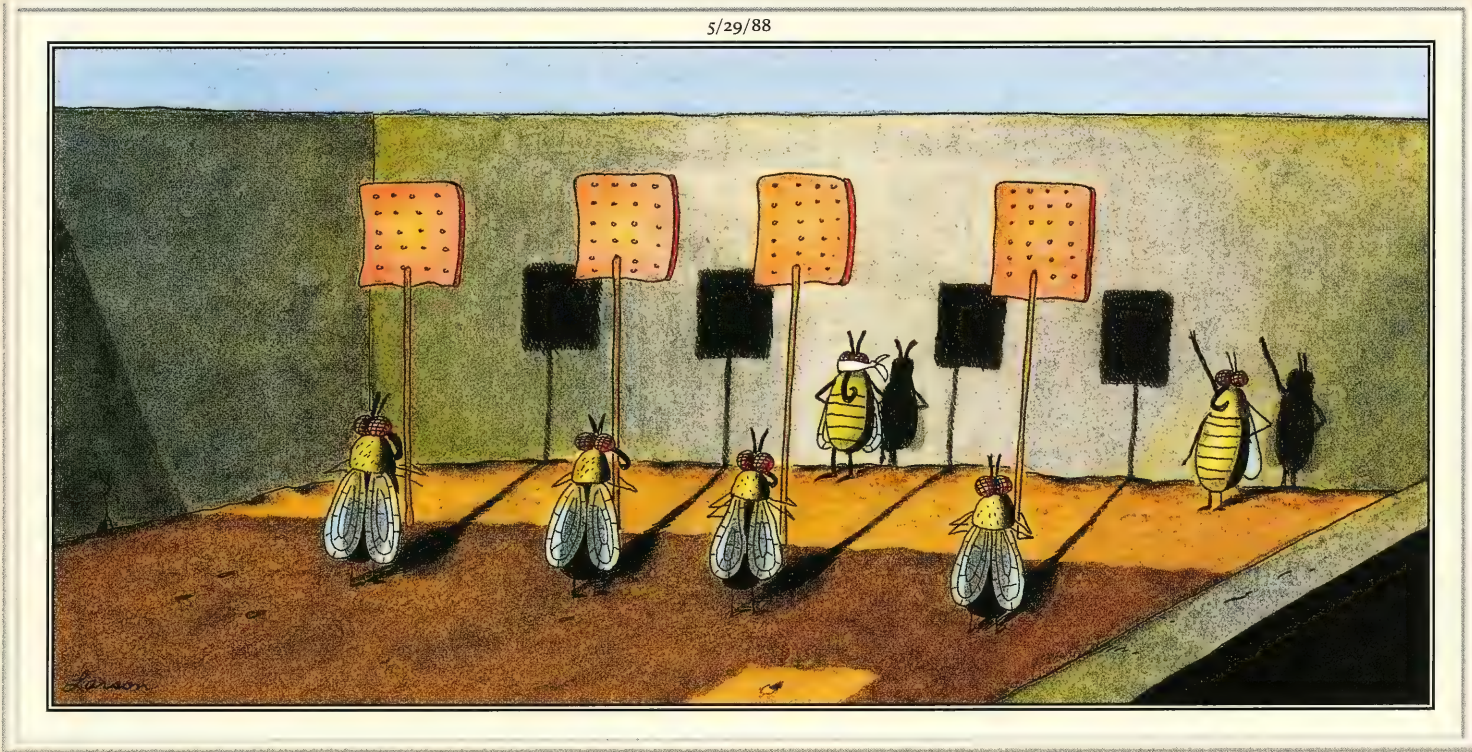
Although skilled with their pillow arsenal, the Wimpodites were favorite targets of Viking attacks.



"Now open even wider, Mr. Stevens. ... Just out of curiosity, we're going to see if we can also cram in this tennis ball."



Cowmen Miranda

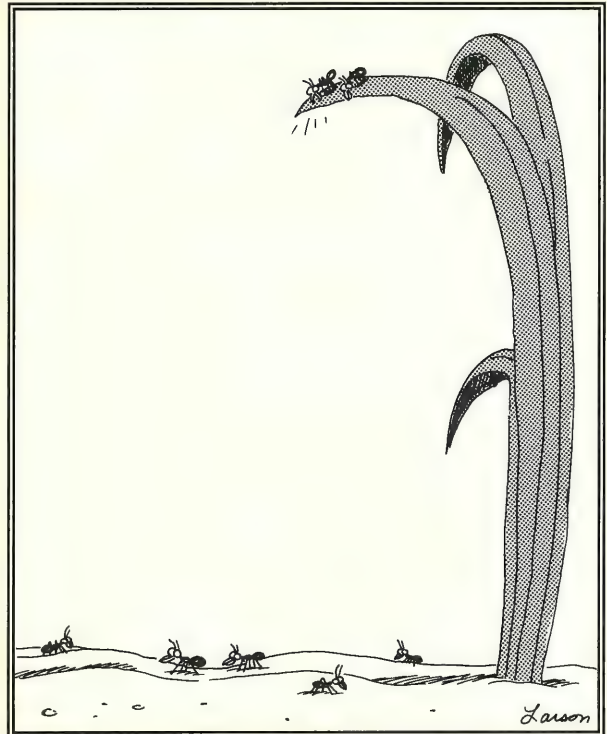


6/2/88



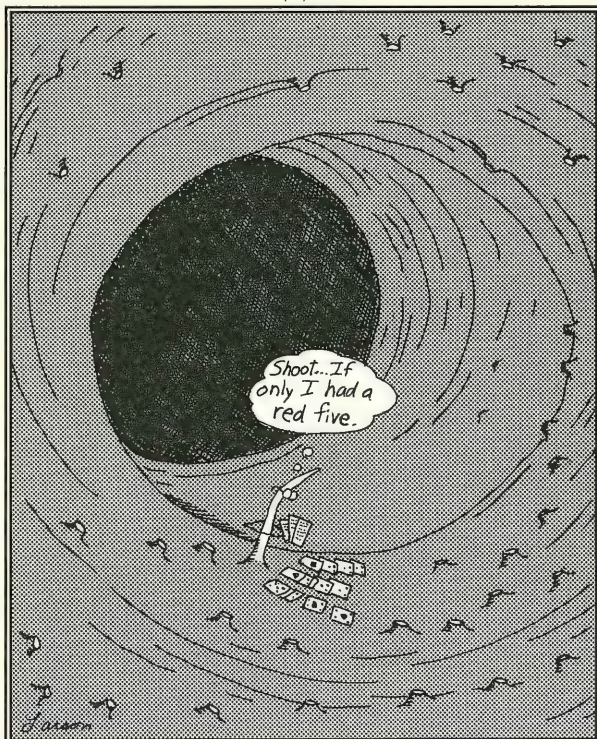
Suddenly, through forces not yet fully understood, Darren Belsky's apartment became the center of a new black hole.

6/4/88



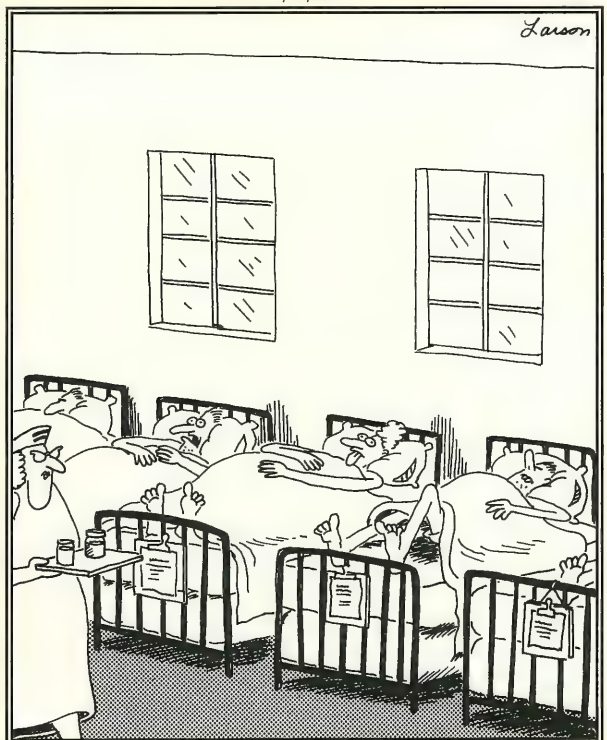
"Man, from way up here, we *really* look like ants."

6/8/88



The last cilium on a smoker's lung

6/10/88



Babette's Botulism: The Sequel

6/1/88



When the monster came, Lola, like the peppered moth and the arctic hare, remained motionless and undetected. Harold, of course, was immediately devoured.

6/5/88



6/3/88

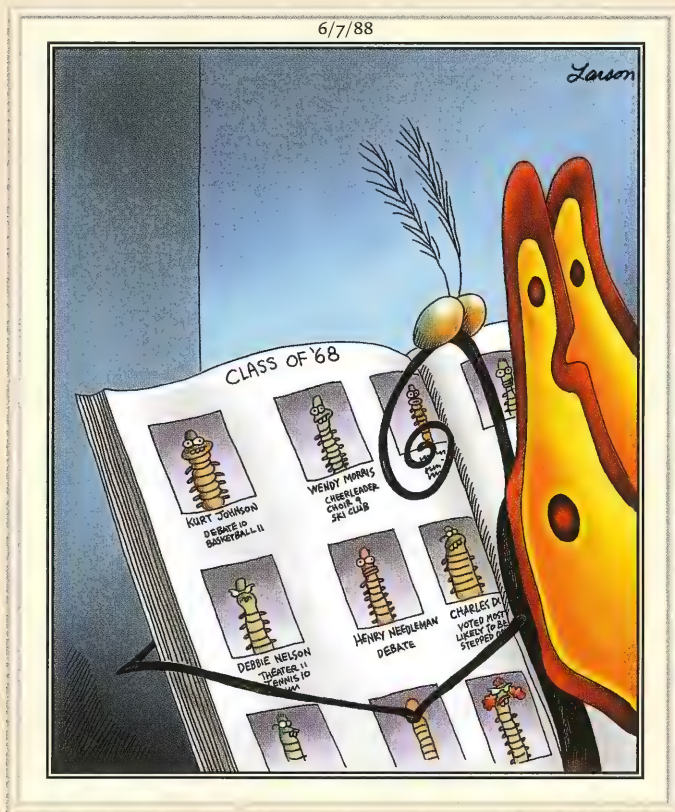


Becoming a rogue in his later years,
Dumbo terrorized the world's flyways.

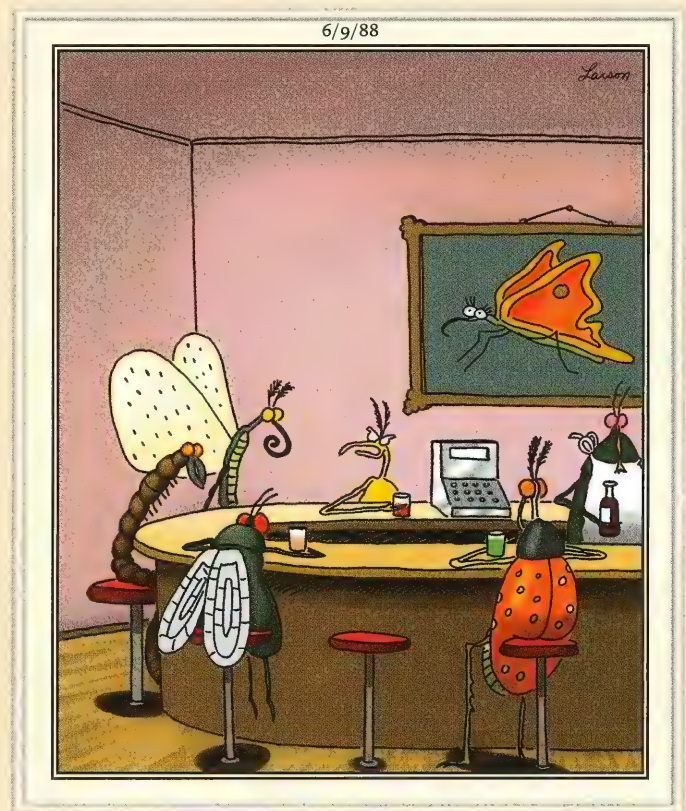
6/6/88



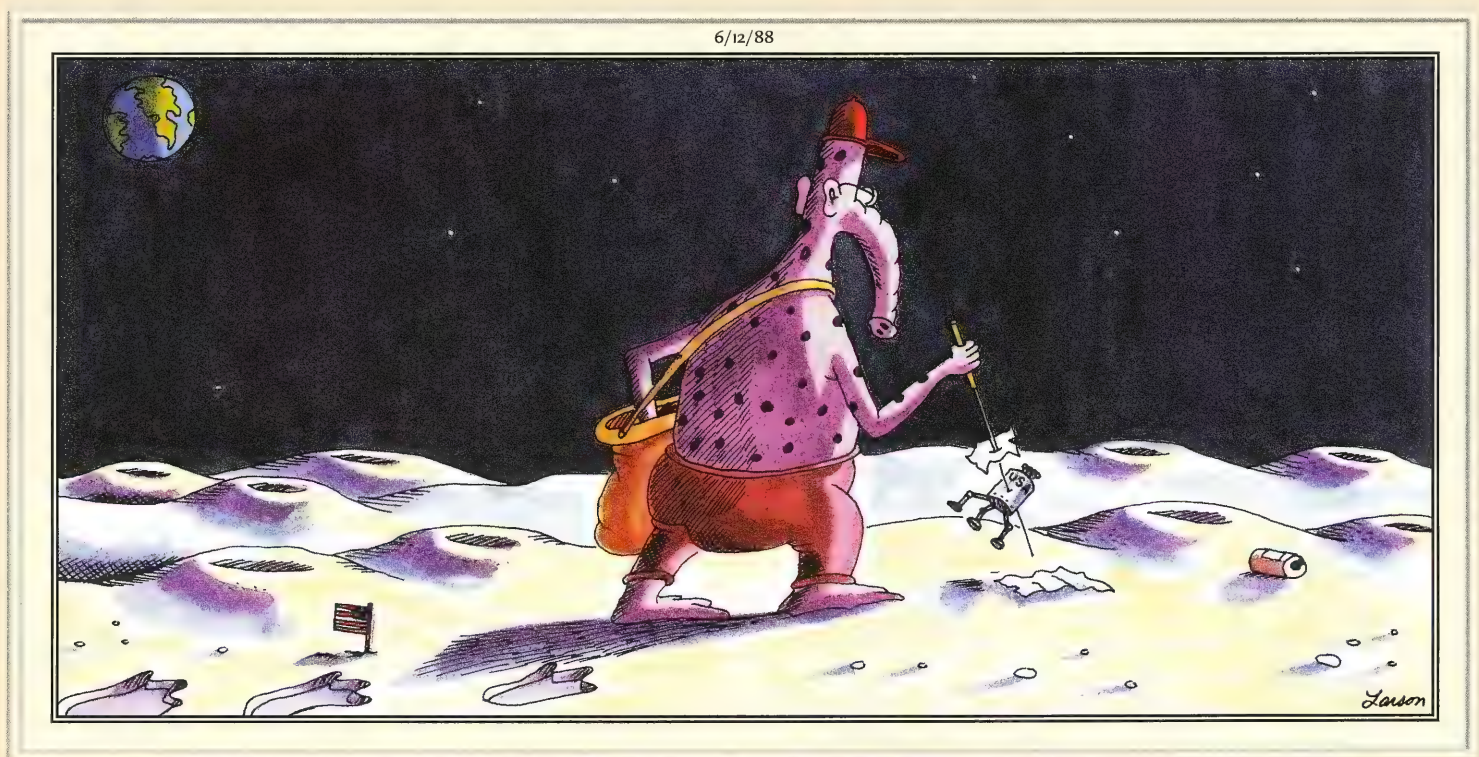
Hummingbirds on vacation



Butterfly yearbooks

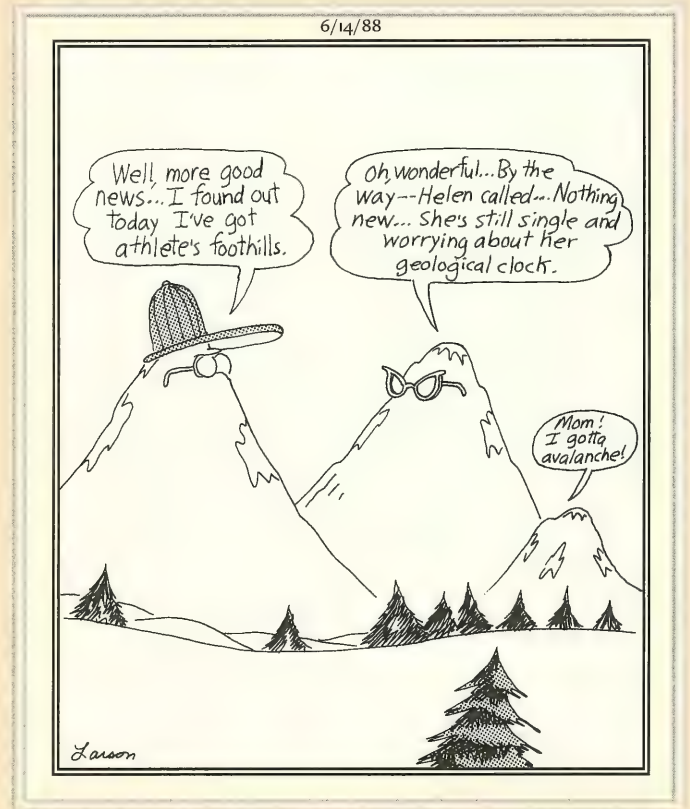


"Yeah, yeah, buddy, I've heard it all before: You've just metamorphosed and you've got 24 hours to find a mate and breed before you die. ... Well, buzz off!"

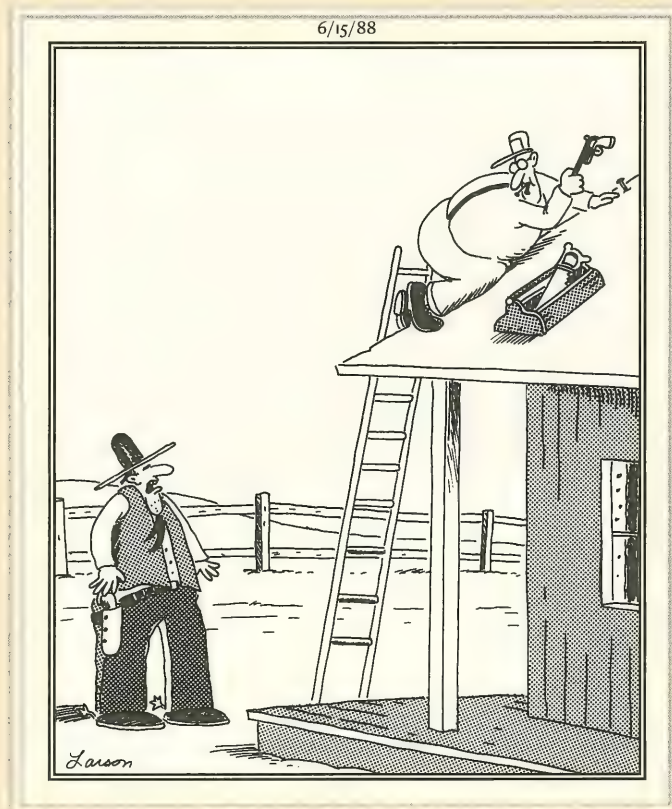




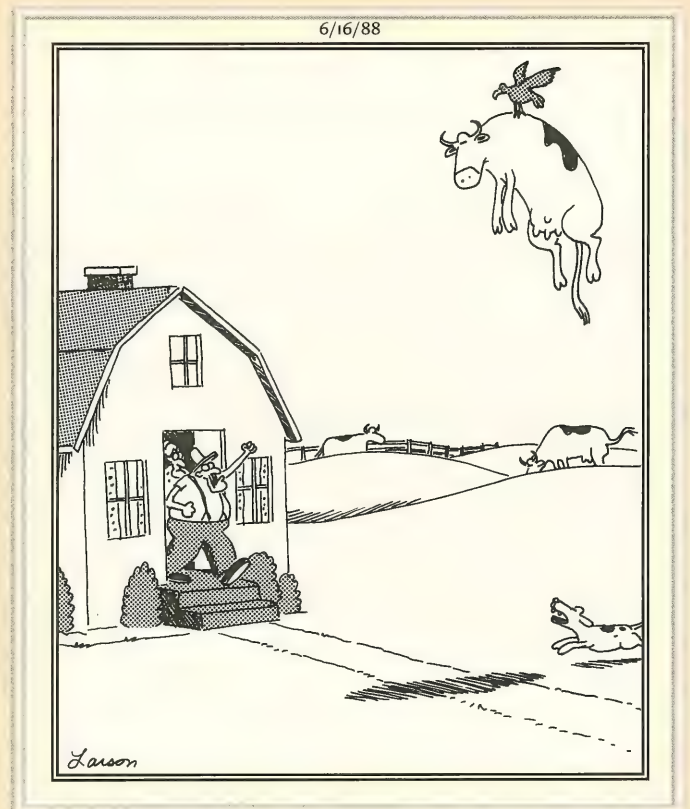
"Crimony! ... Seems like I just cleaned out that fixture last week."



Mountain families



"So ... they tell me you're pretty handy with a gun."



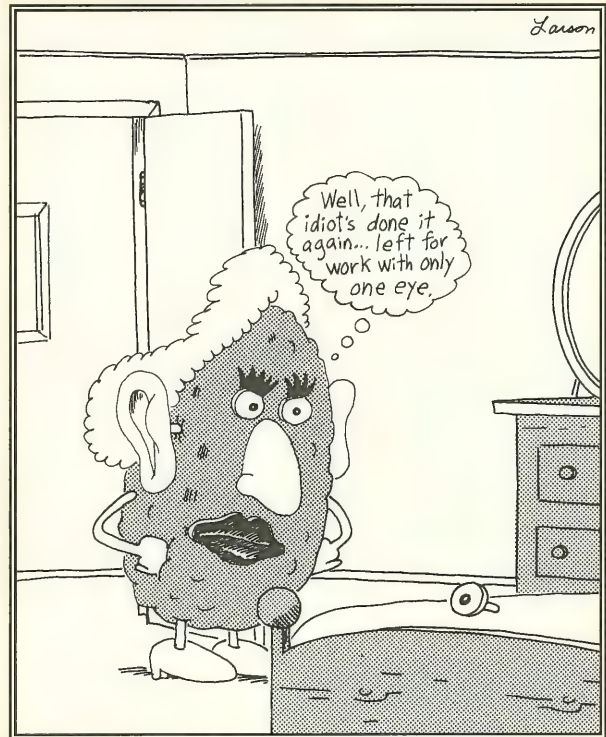
"Dang! ... That cowhawk's back."

6/17/88



"I'm coming! I'm coming! ... Keep your skin on!"

6/23/88

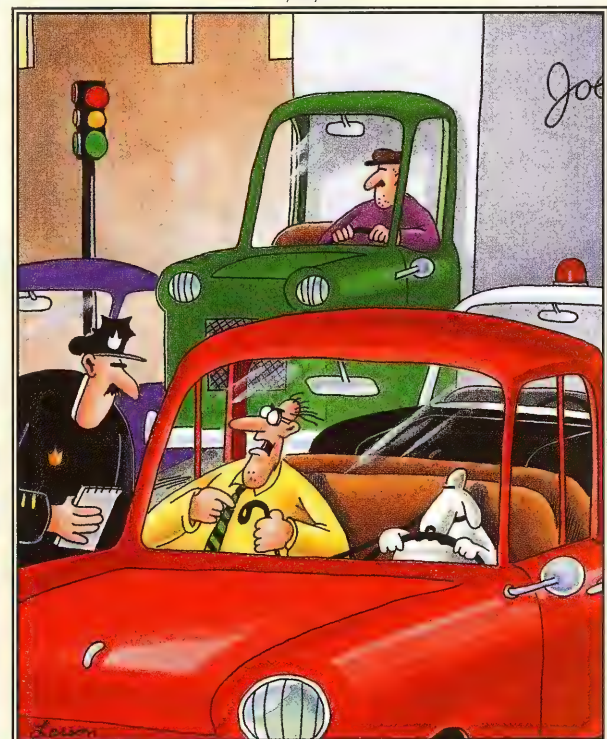


6/11/88



"First of all, this is going straight back—and I'll just have a little chat with whoever placed the order."

6/20/88



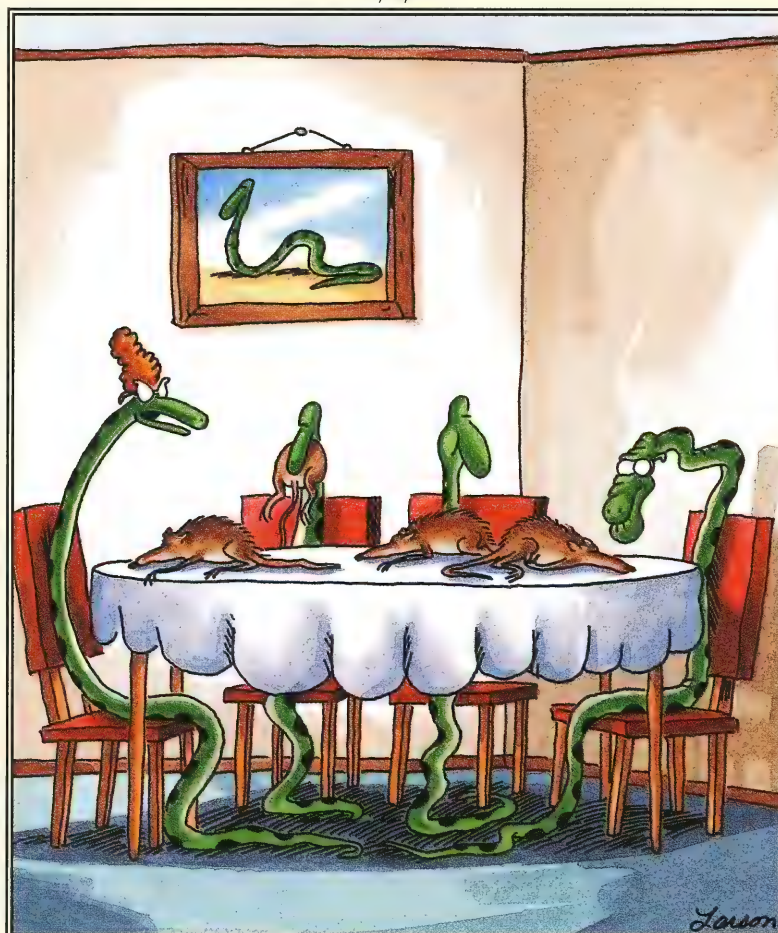
"Hey, I'm not *crazy*. ... Sure, I let him drive once in a while, but he's never, *never* off this leash for even a second."

6/19/88



Hell's Chipmunks

6/22/88



"Bobby, please jiggle Grandpa's rat so it looks alive."

6/27/88



"You know, Vern ... the thought of what this place is gonna look like in about a week just creeps me out."

6/28/88

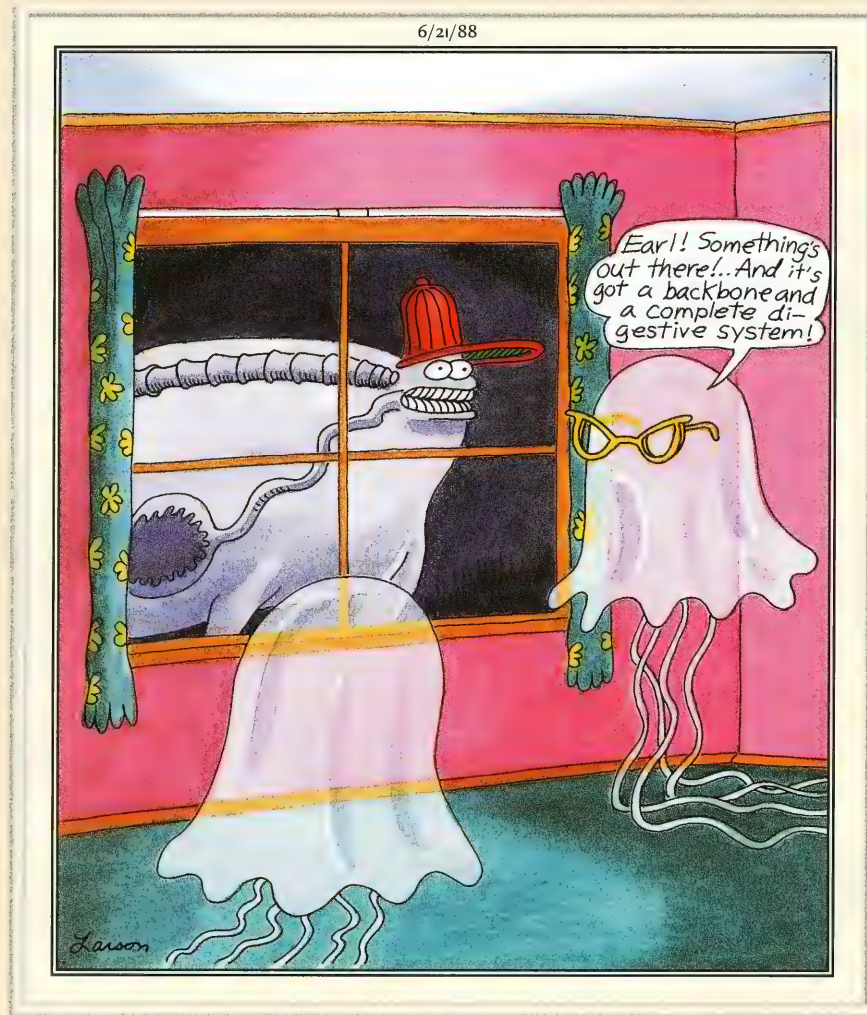


"I don't know if this is such a wise thing to do, George."

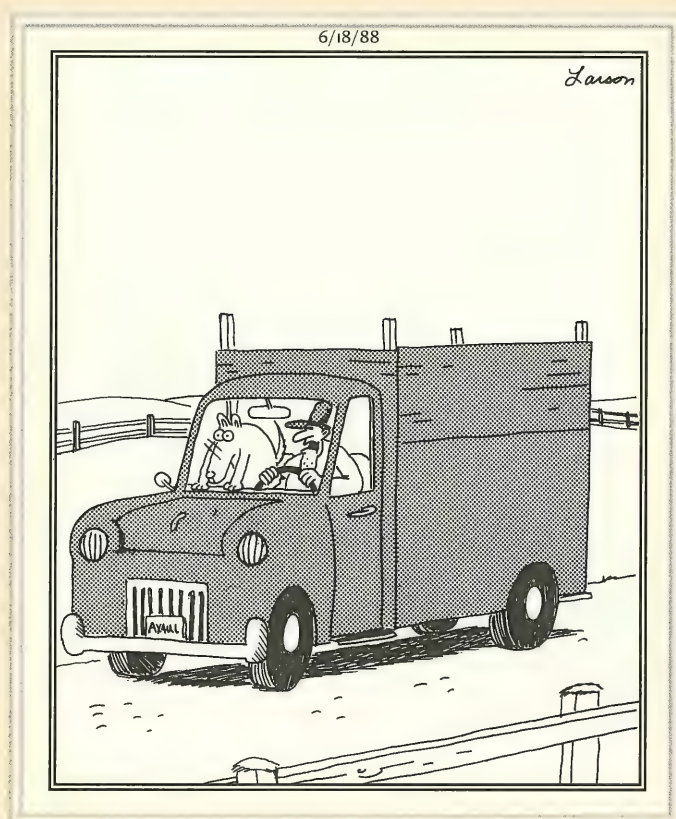
6/26/88



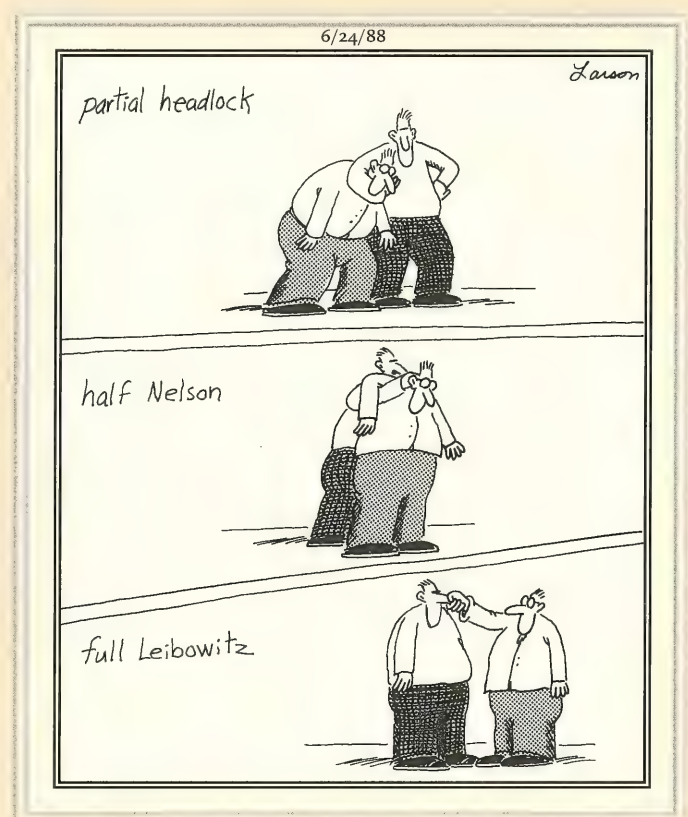
Historical note: According to some researchers, the final signer of the Declaration of Independence would have been Iggy Fenton if the pen hadn't suddenly gone dry.



Life in the primordial soup



"Somethin' dead in the road up ahead. ... Is that a cat? Too dang big for a cat. ... Calf, maybe. ... Sure do look like a cat, though."

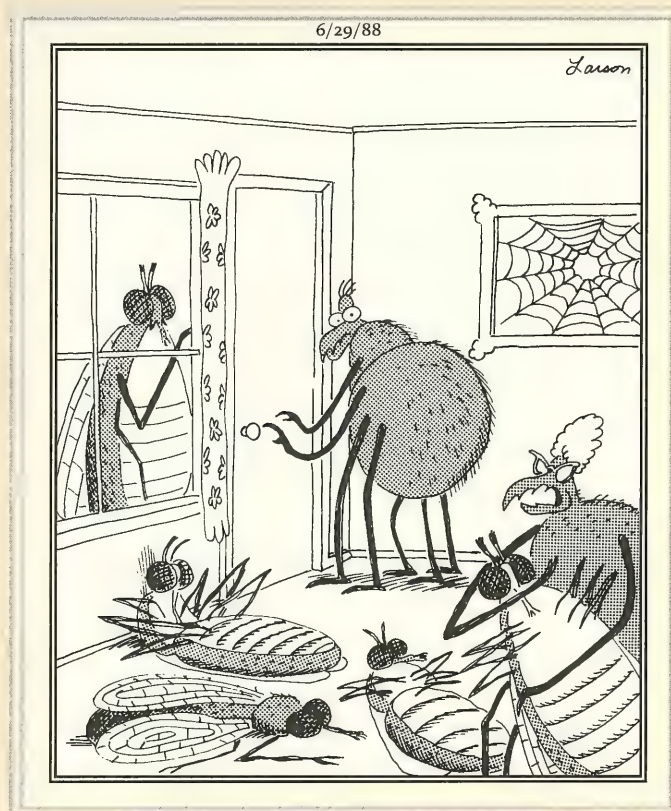




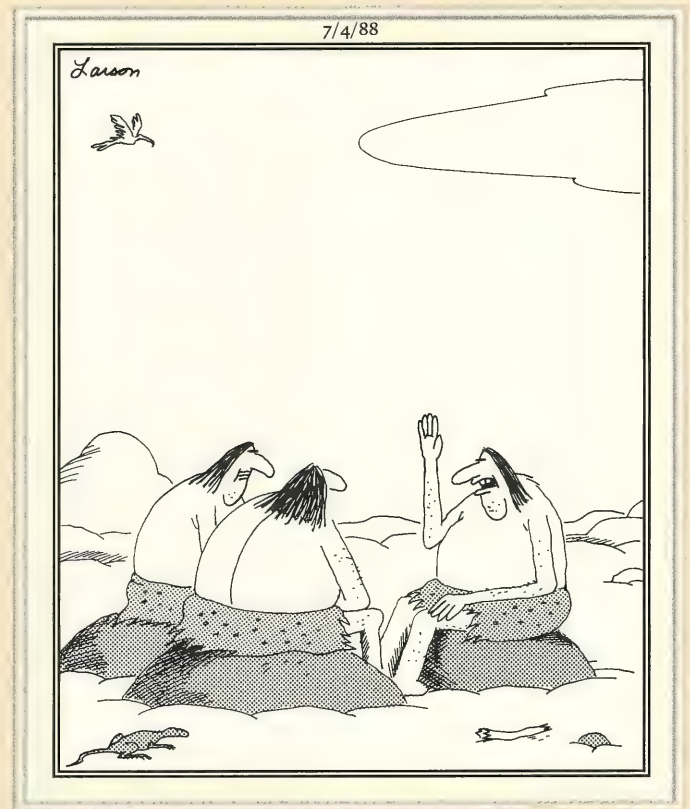
What really happened to Elvis



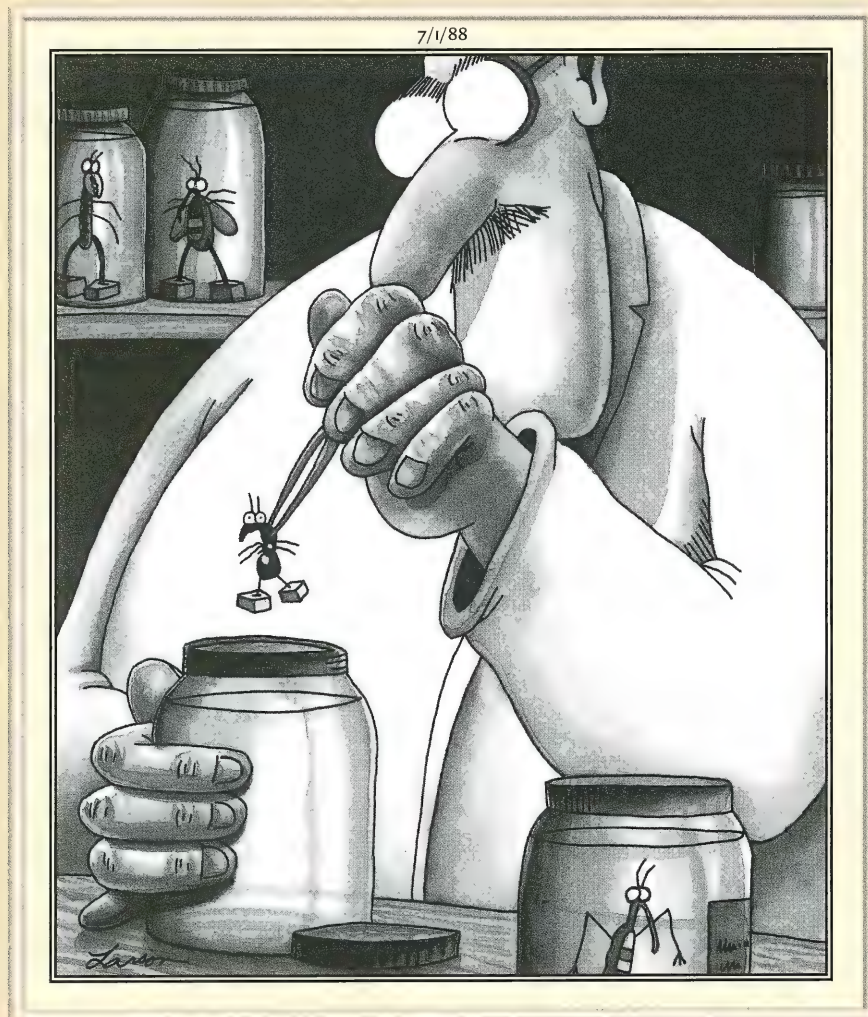
Folks came from miles around to see the Herringtons' ink smudge.



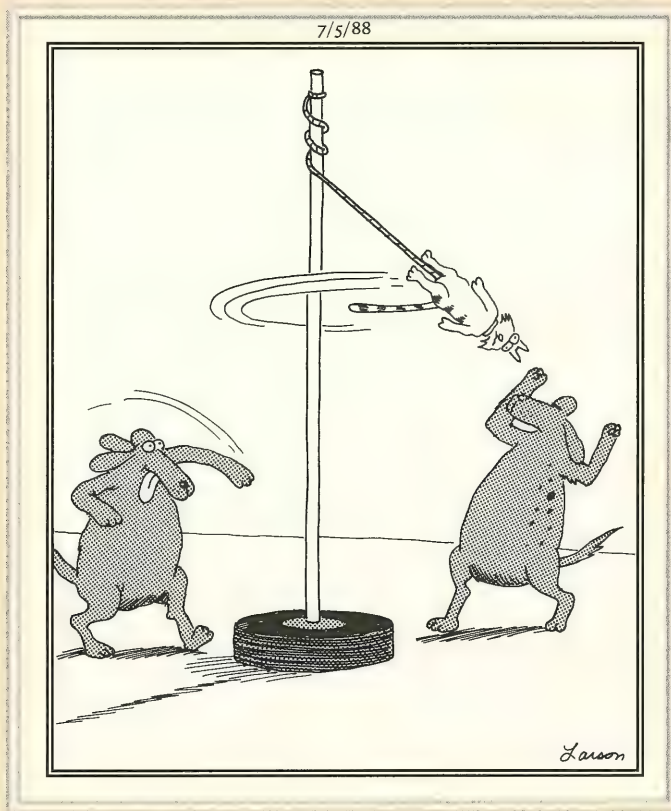
"Wait, you idiot! Let me first get rid of these exoskeletons!"



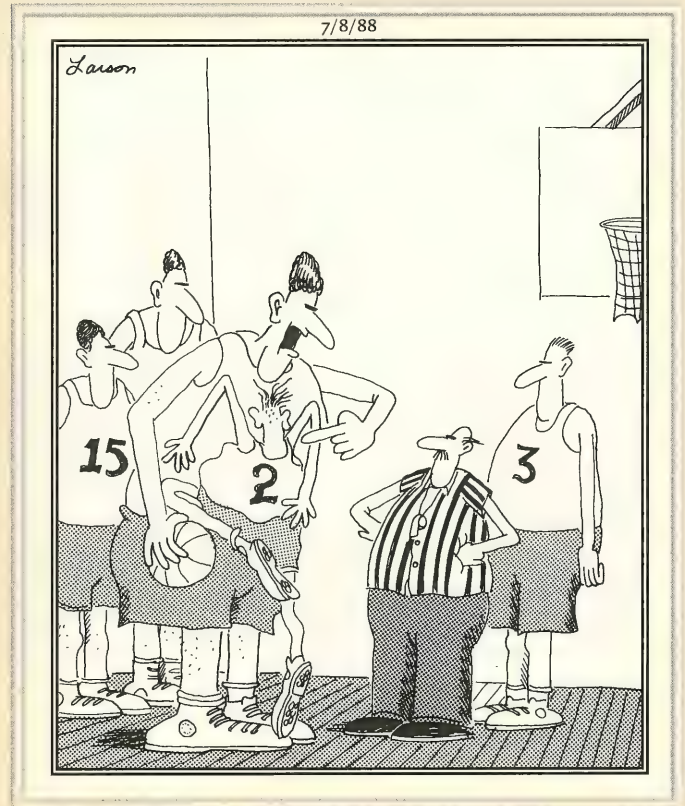
"Sure it's true! ... Cross my heart and hope to die, stick a sharp chunk of obsidian in my eye."



Scenes from the entomology underworld



Tethercat



"Offensive foul? *Offensive* foul? Are you crazy? ...
He was *moving*!"



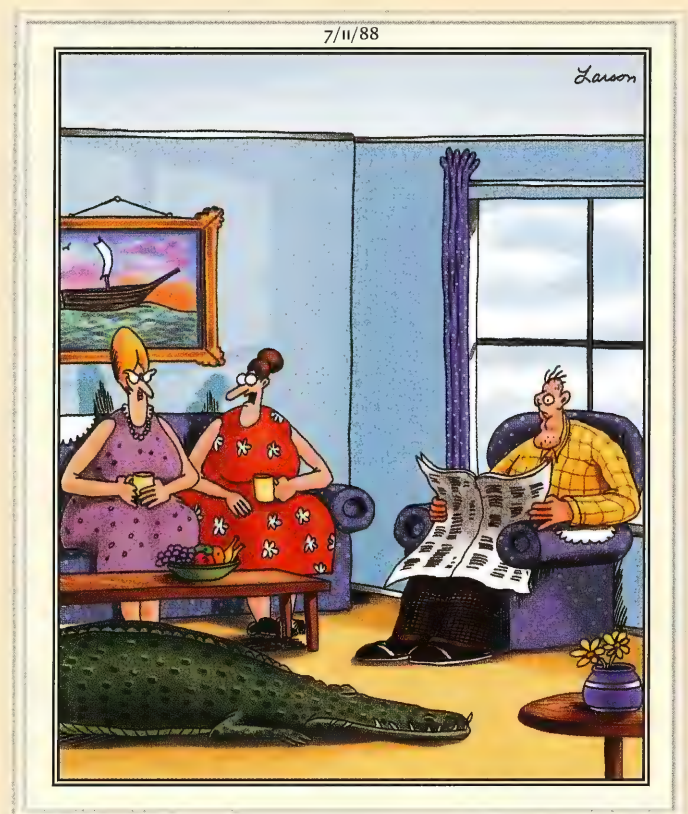
Infamous moments in jazz



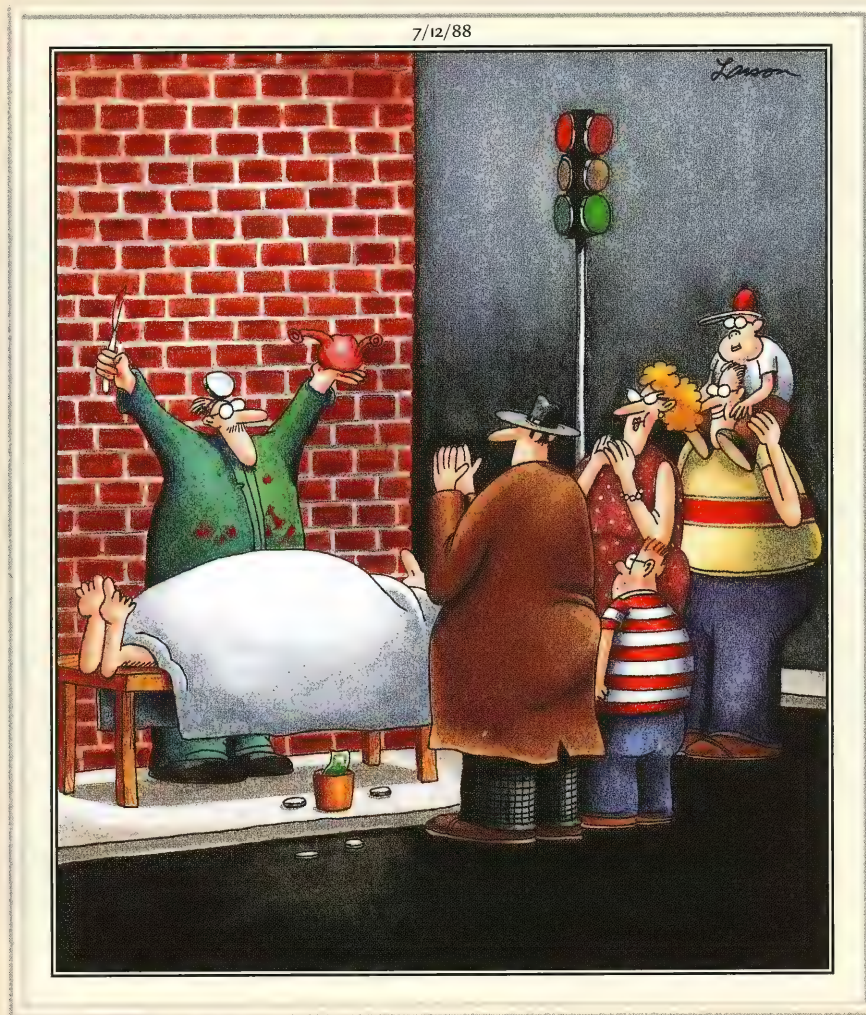
When dogs go to work



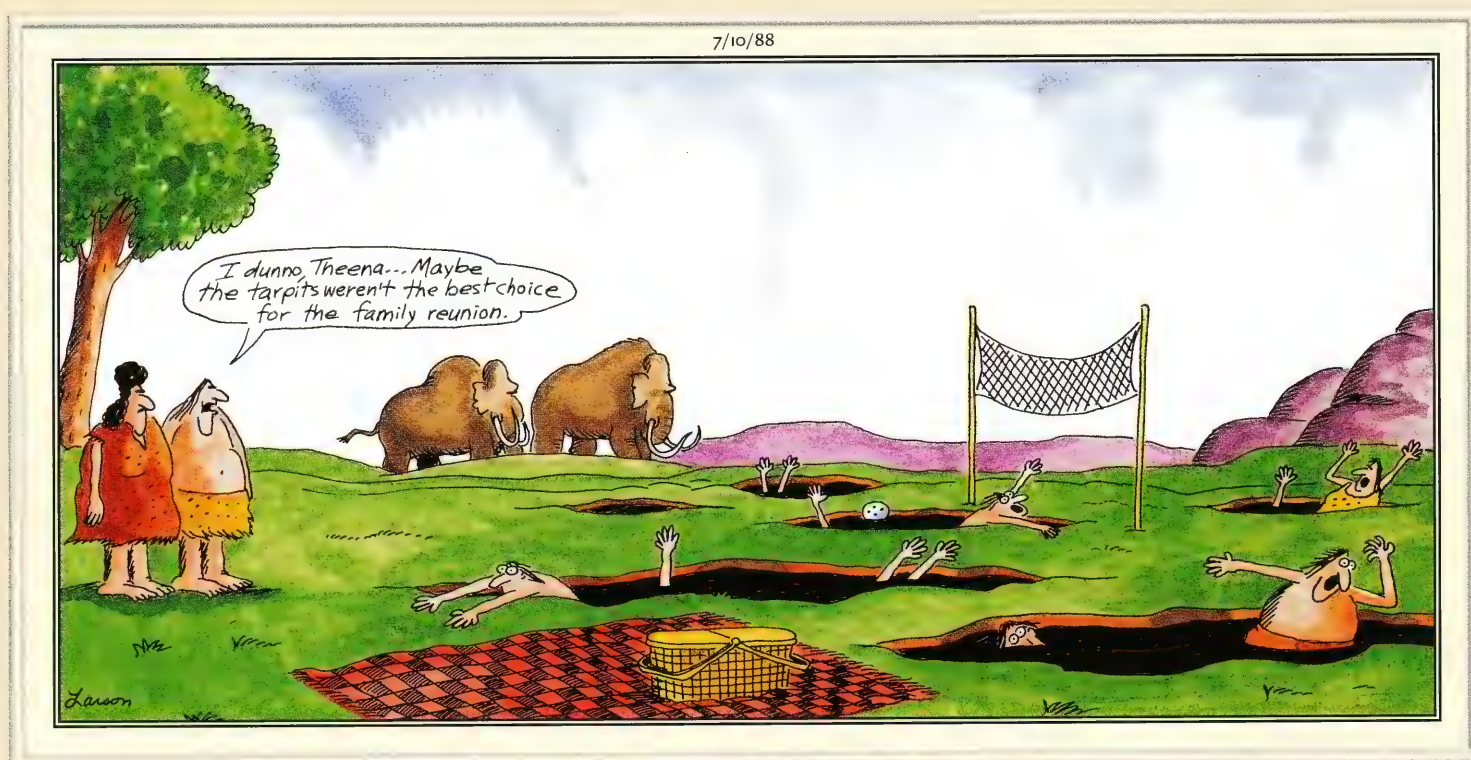
Embedded in Styrofoam "shoes," Carl is sent to "sleep with the humans."



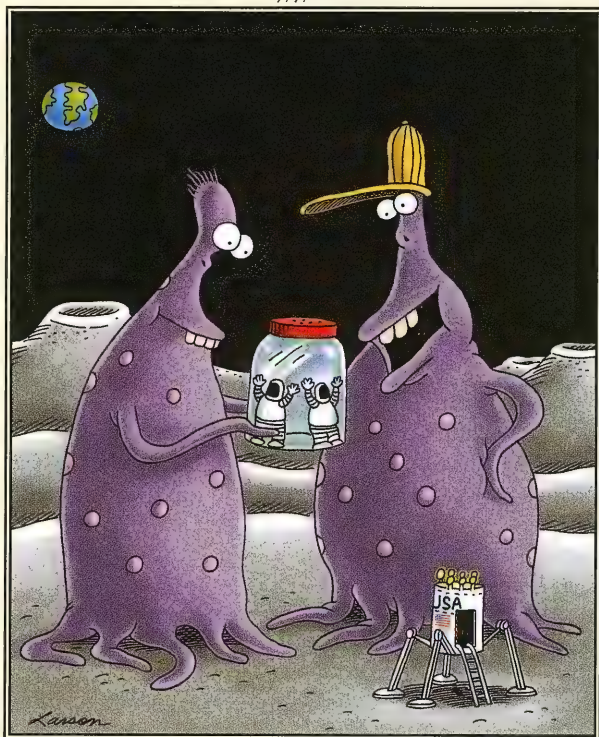
"No, they're not real exciting pets—mostly they just lie around and wait to be fed—although a couple years ago Charles tried teachin' him to take a cookie from his mouth."



Street physicians

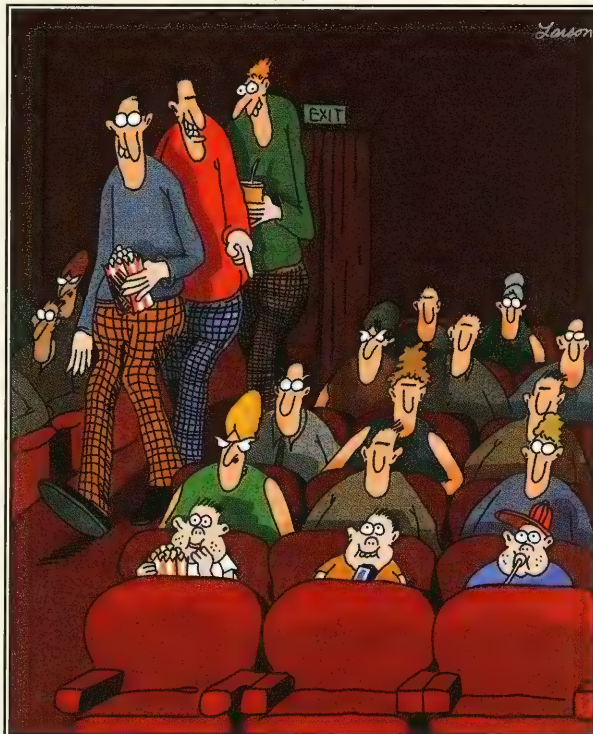


7/7/88

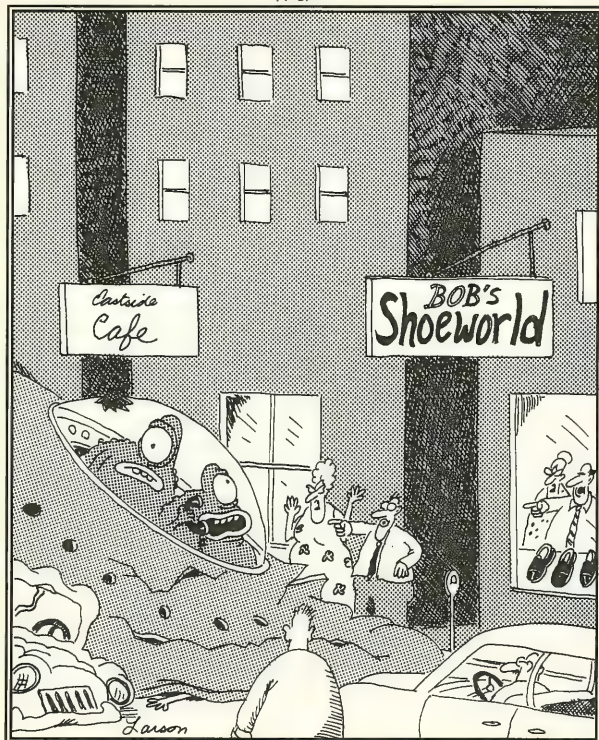


"Pretty cool, Dewey. ... Hey! Shake the jar and see if they'll fight!"

7/14/88



7/13/88



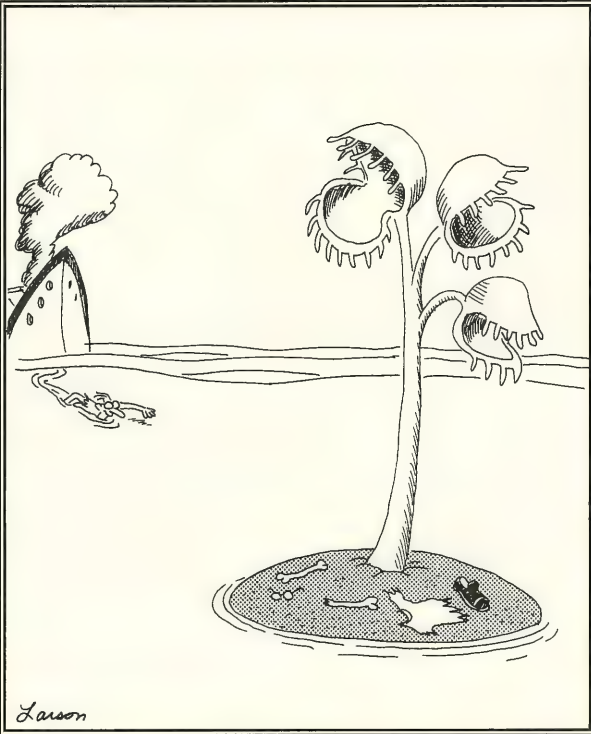
"Listen! Just follow our distress beacon and send some help! ... We're in quadrant 57 of the Milky Way—on a planet called 'Bob's Shoeworld.'"

7/15/88

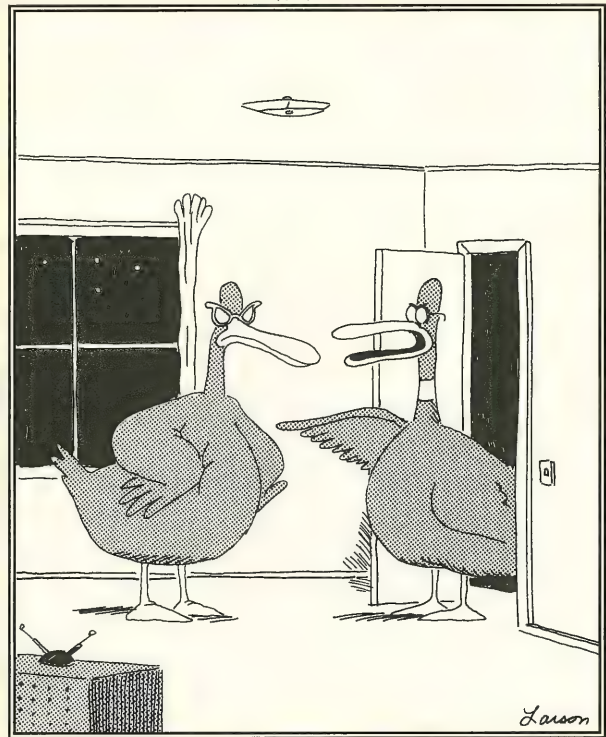


"Hey! Jack and Paula! You made it! ... Now, quickly: Keep one hand across your throat and put the other one confidently down on Bruno's head—stupid dog's going to get Agnes and me into a giant lawsuit one day."

7/16/88



7/21/88



"Yeah? Well, I'll tell you who your friend saw me with—a decoy! That's who!"

7/18/88



7/19/88

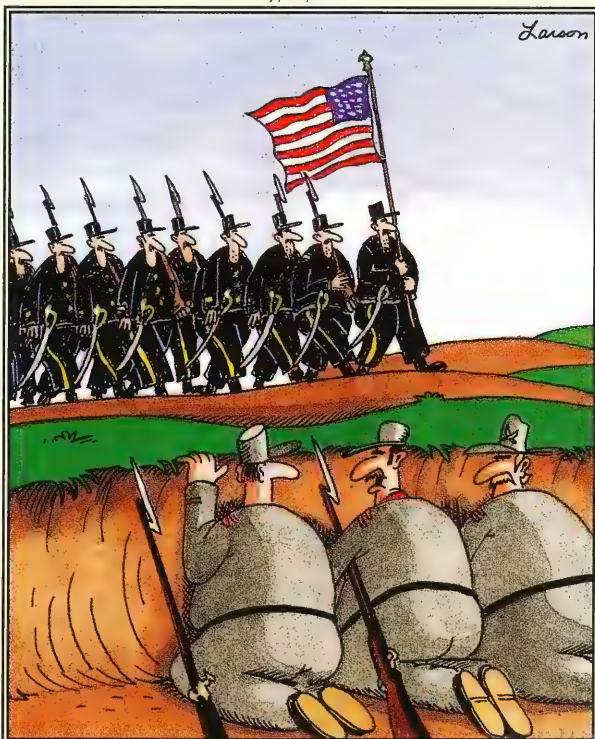


"I built the forms around him just yesterday afternoon when he fell asleep, and by early evening I was able to mix and pour."

7/17/88

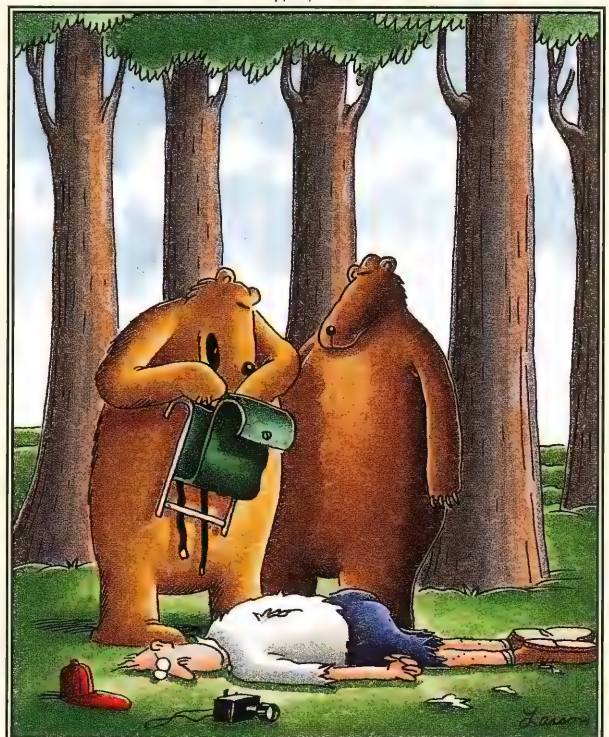


7/20/88

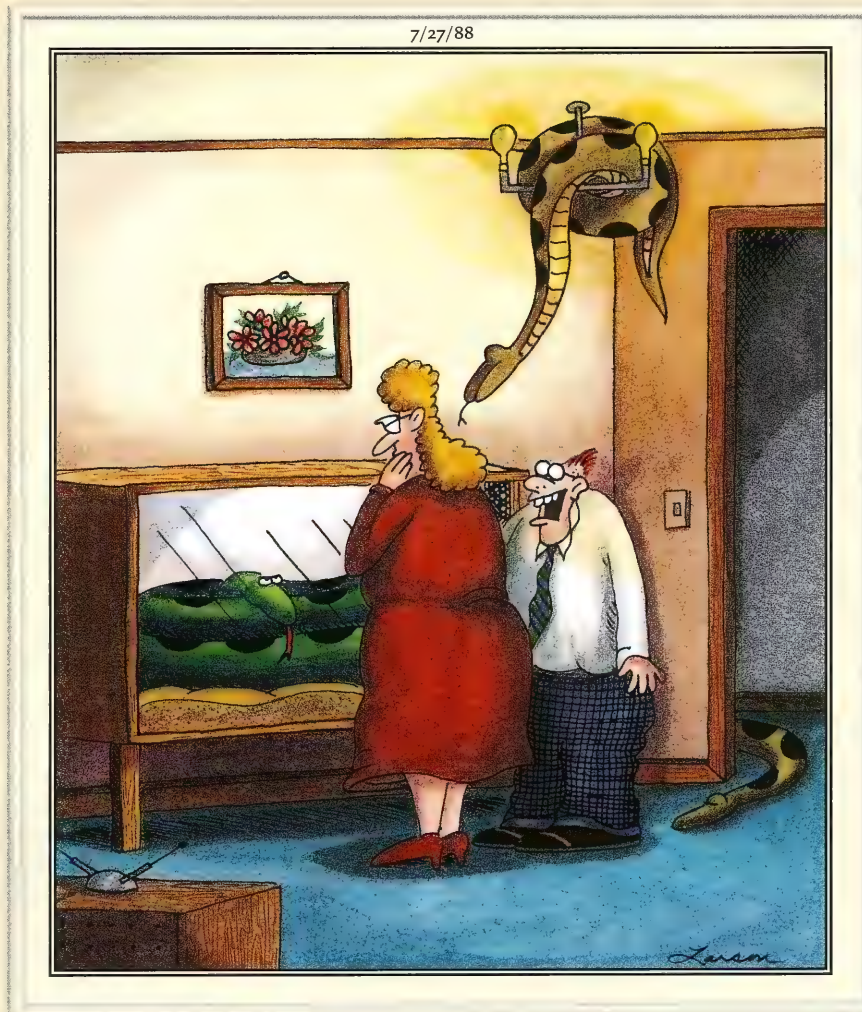


"I wasn't just whistling 'Dixie'! ... Sam, were you just whistling 'Dixie'?"

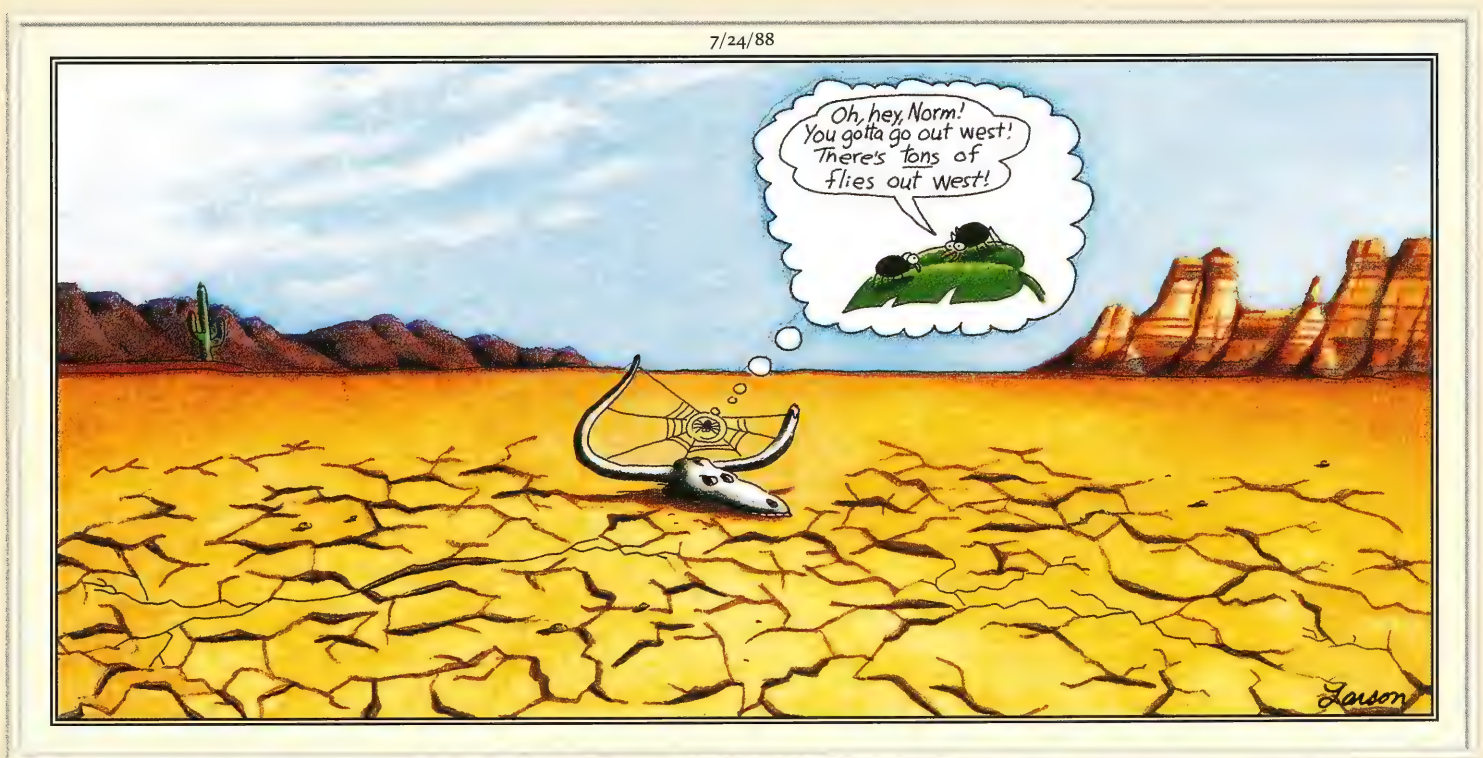
7/22/88

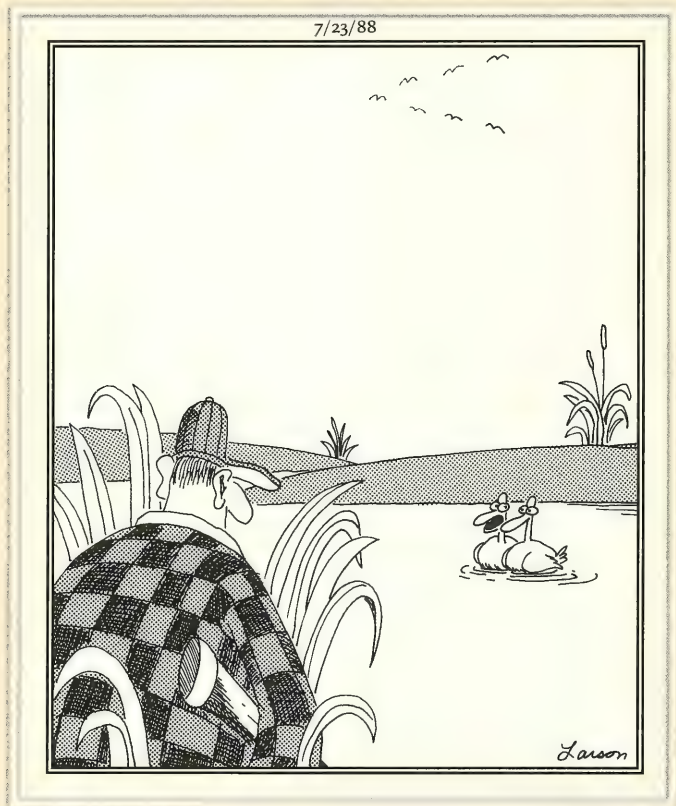


"I can't believe it! This is impossible! Nothing here but—wait! Wait! I see something! ... Yes! There they are—granola bars!"

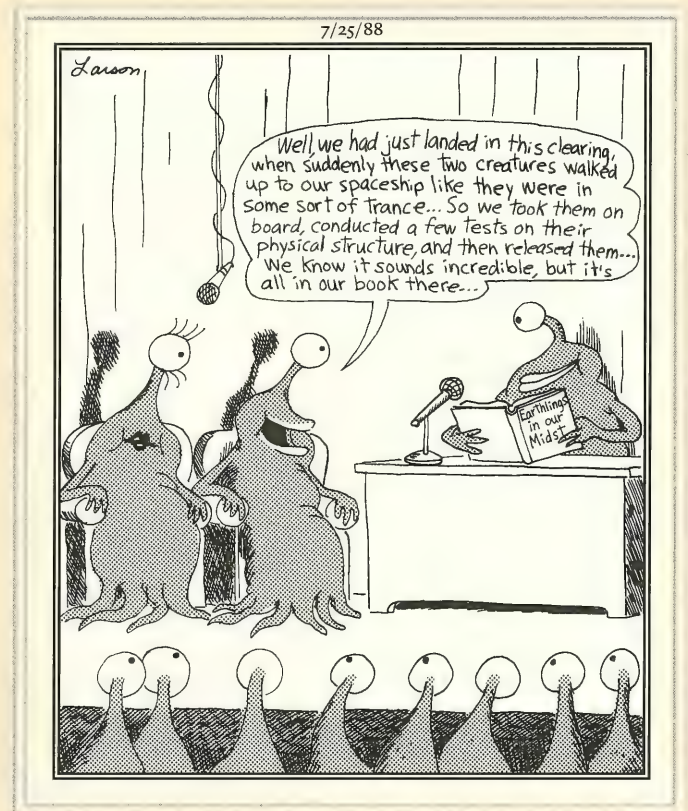


“Oh, no! I have several others—Oggy here is just a tad aggressive, so he has to stay in a cage.”

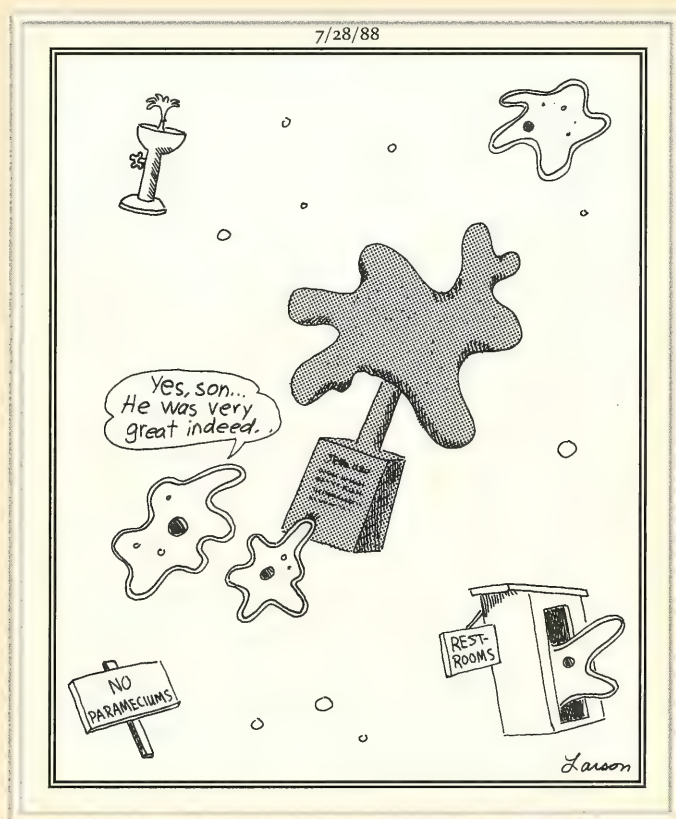




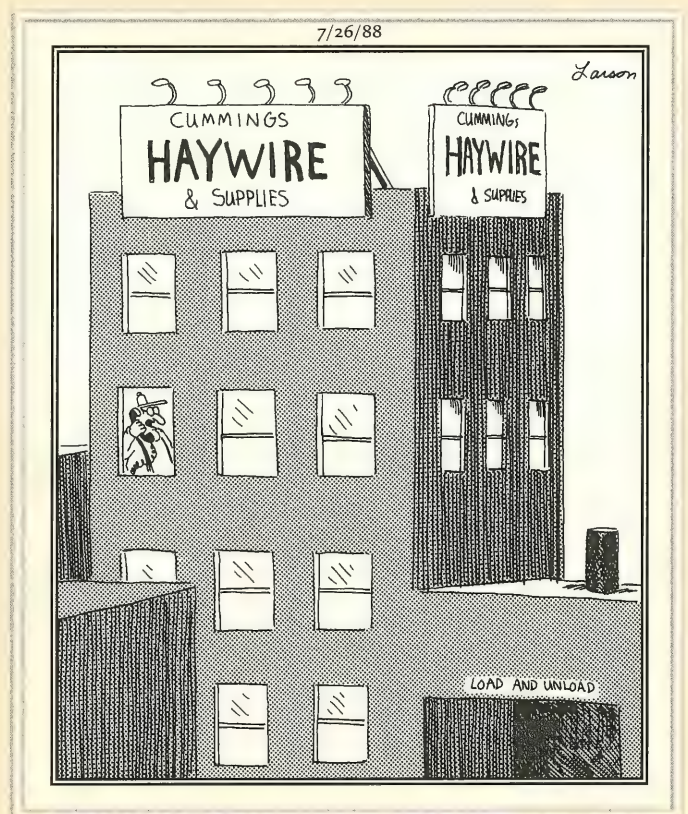
"I didn't say we were setting ducks! I said *sitting* ducks! ... I know the difference between sitting and setting, you idiot!"



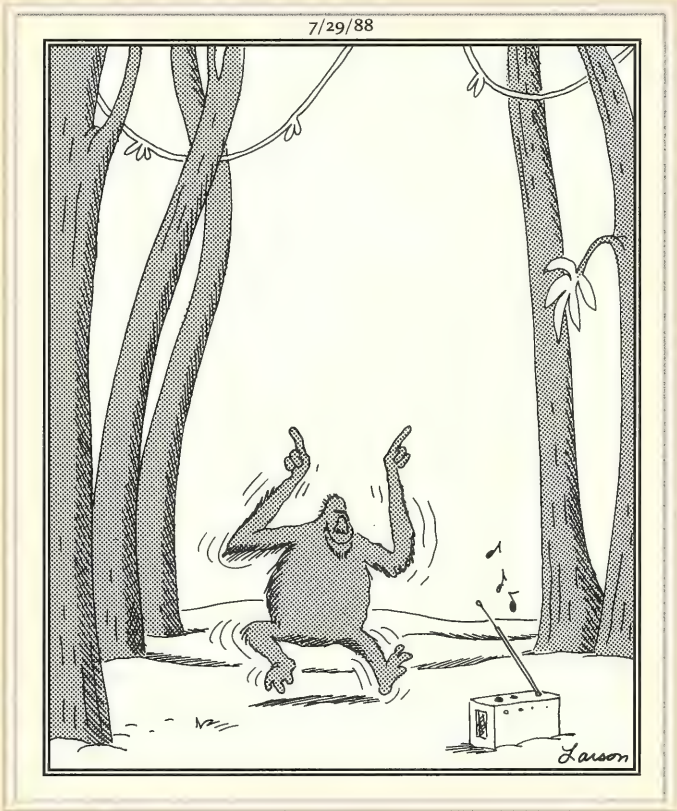
Alien talk shows



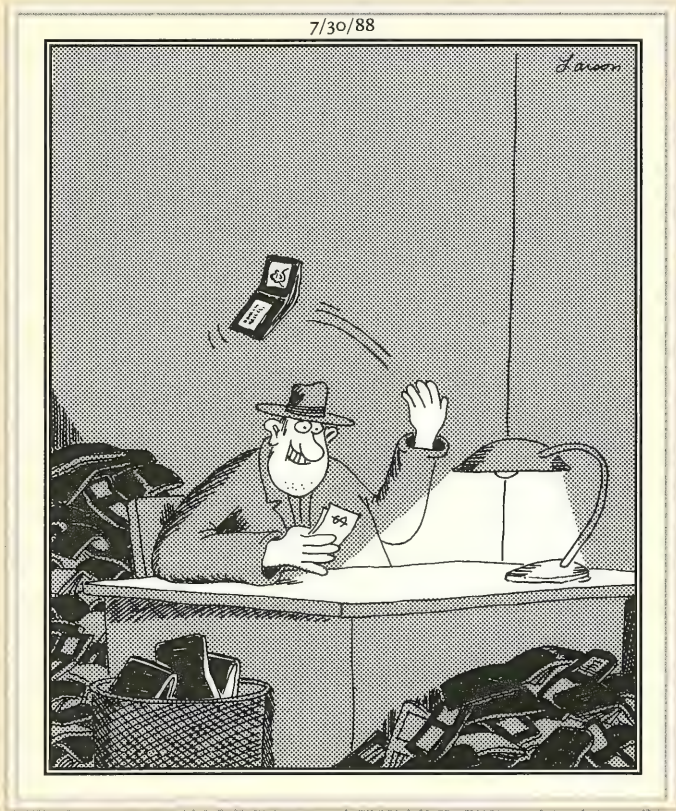
In Amoebae Park



"Mr. Cummings? This is Frank Dunham in Production. ... We've got some problems, Mr. Cummings. Machine No. 5 has jammed, several of the larger spools have gone off track, the generator's blown, and, well, everything seems to be you-know-what."



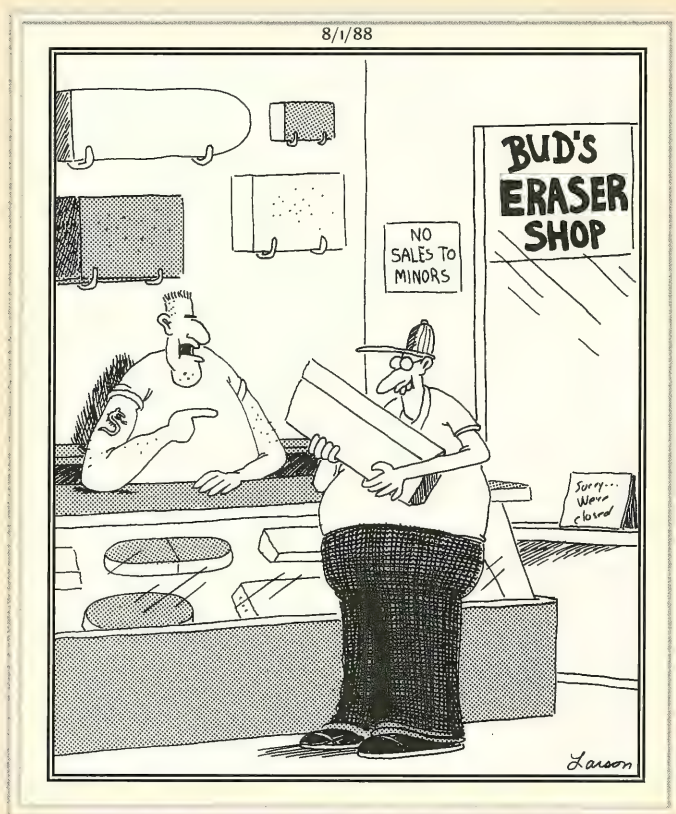
What sloths do when no one's around



Karl Malden in his basement



Scientists, after releasing her deep in the Antarctic, attempt to unravel the migratory secrets of the homing cow.



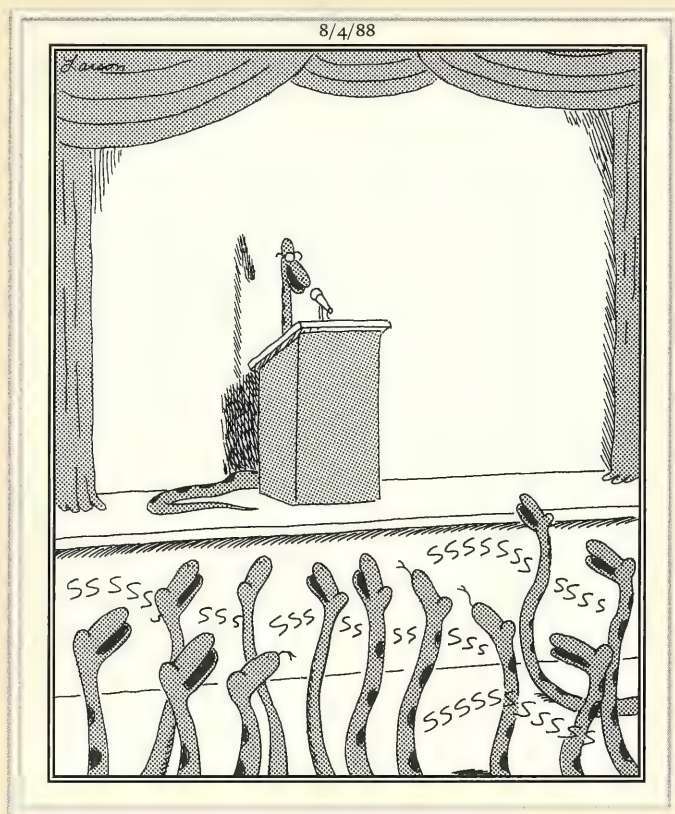
"Just heft that baby in your arms a little. ... I guarantee you, whether they're drawn in ink or pencil, that sucker will wipe out any characters that come around."



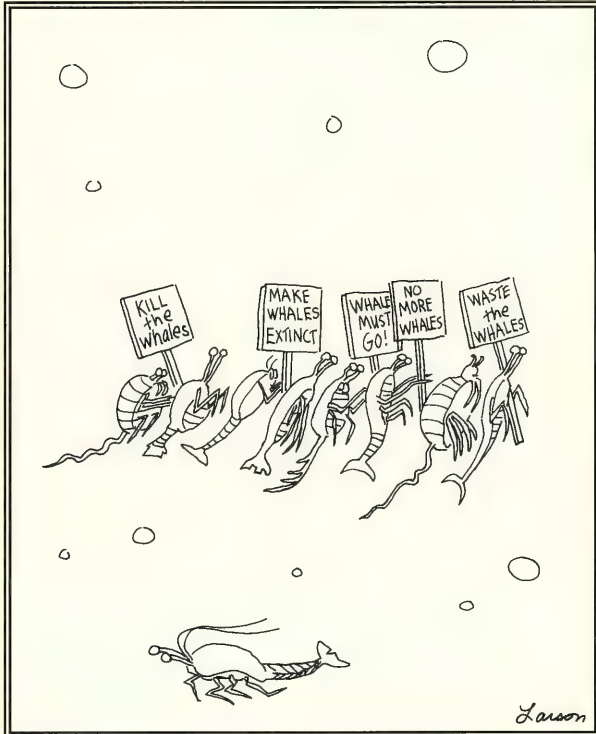
The Fullertons demonstrate Sidney's trick knee.



Convinced by his buddies that in actual fact they were only grave "borrowing," a young Igor starts on his road to crime.

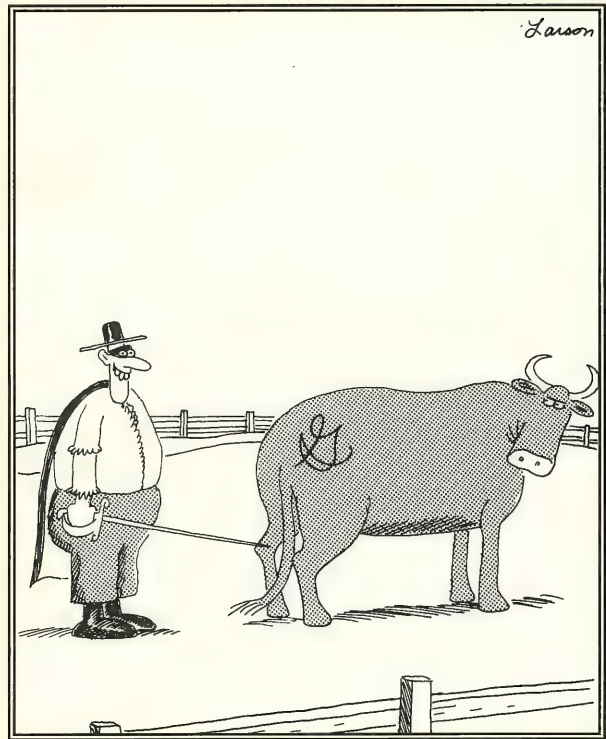


8/6/88



The plankton lobby

8/11/88



Practicing his skills wherever possible, Zorro's younger and less astute brother, Gomez, had a similar career cut short.

8/5/88



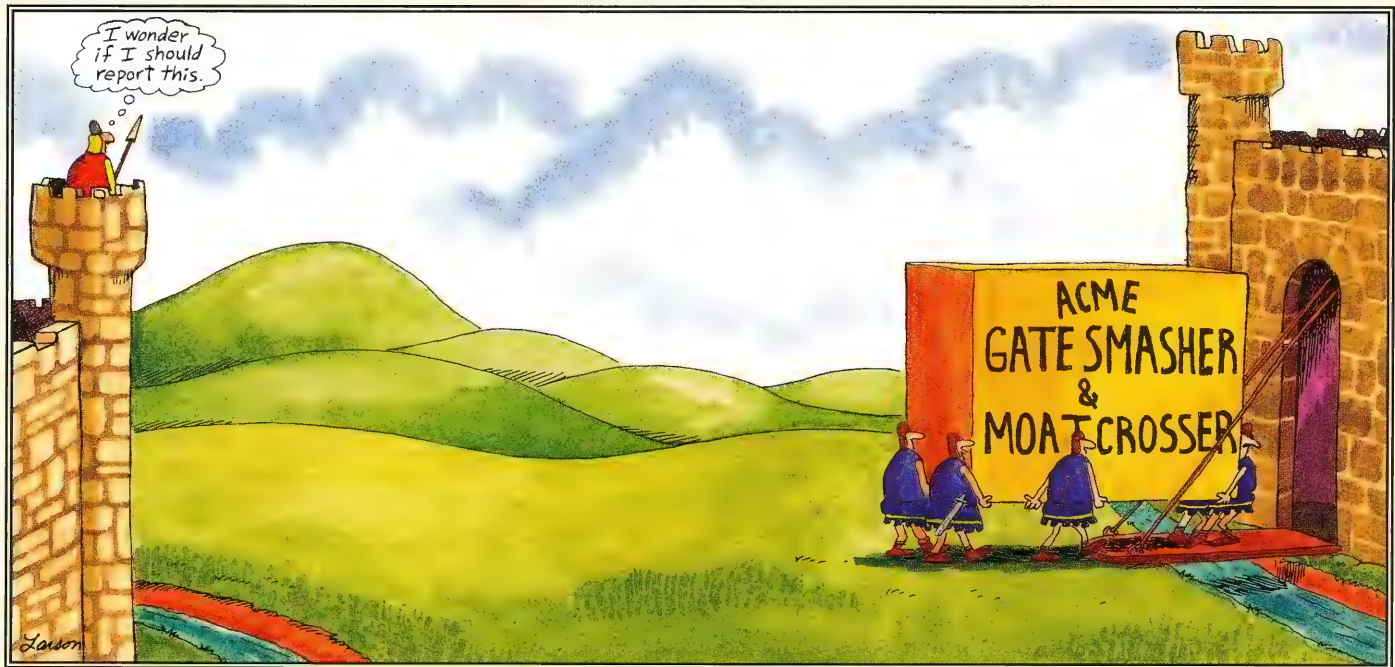
"Aaaaaa! Ear! ... We've got a poultrygeist!"

8/9/88

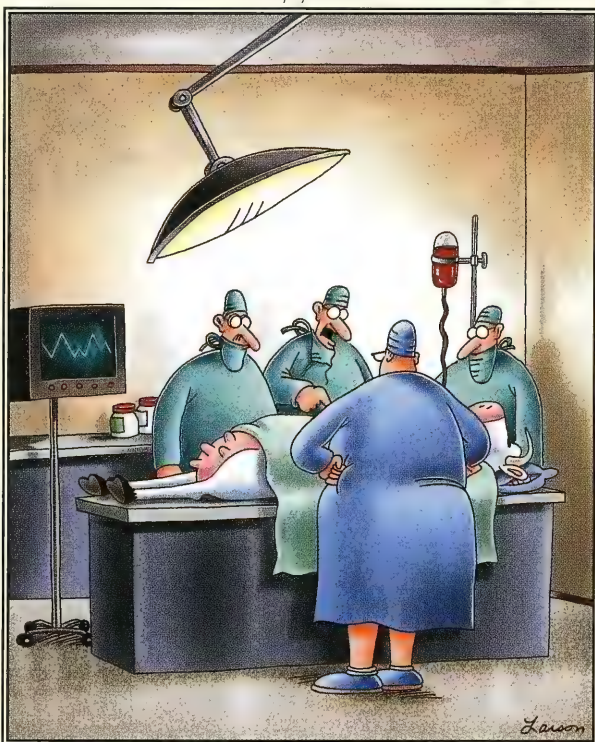


Hell's cafeteria

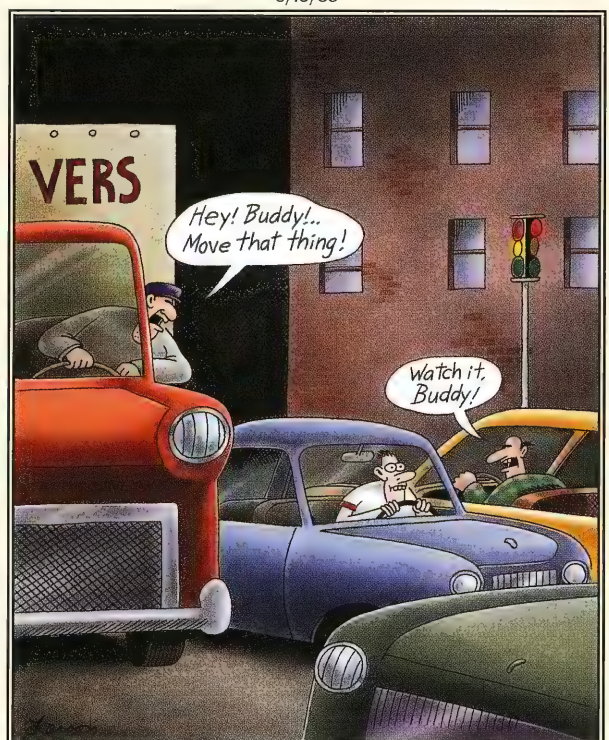
8/7/88



8/8/88

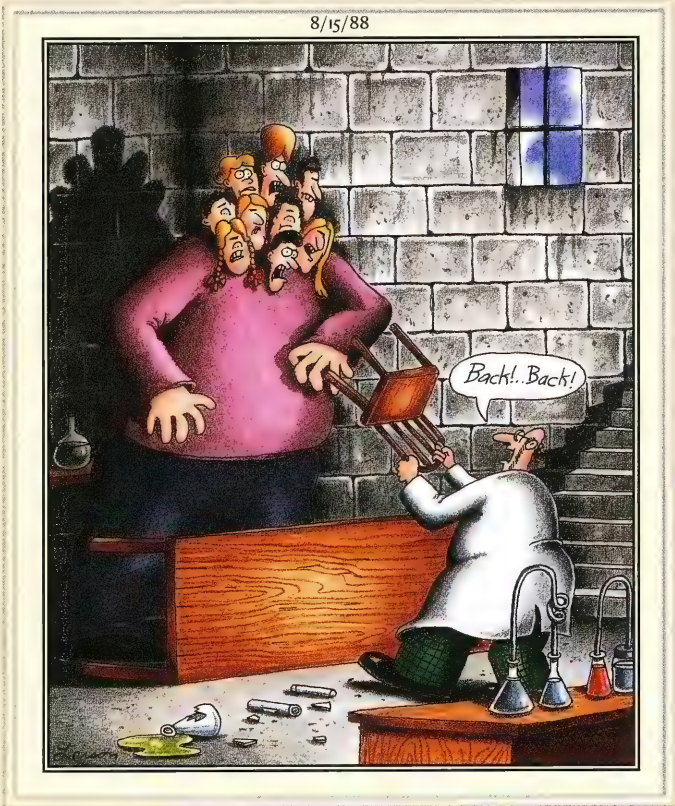


8/10/88

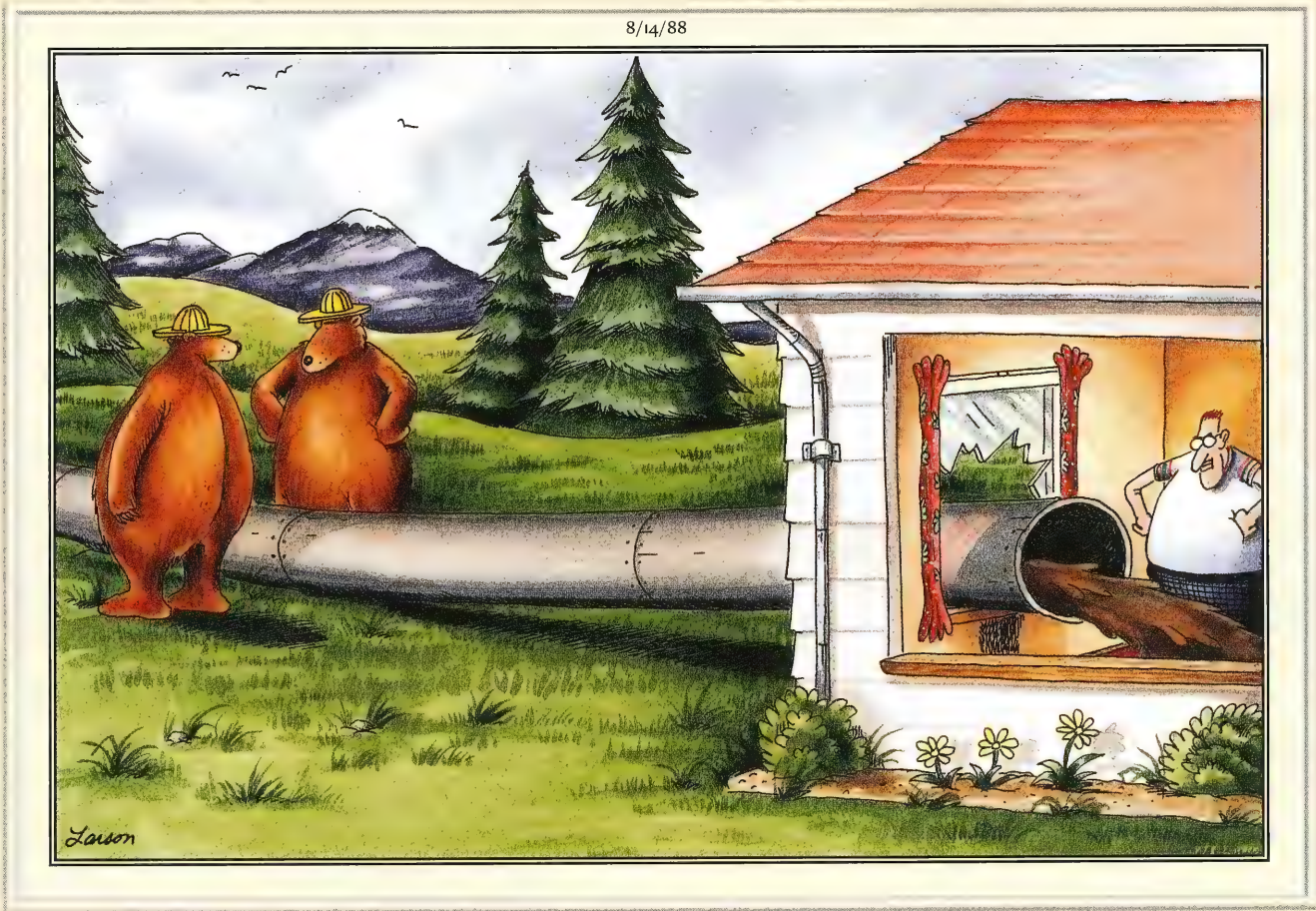


Why people named Buddy hate to drive

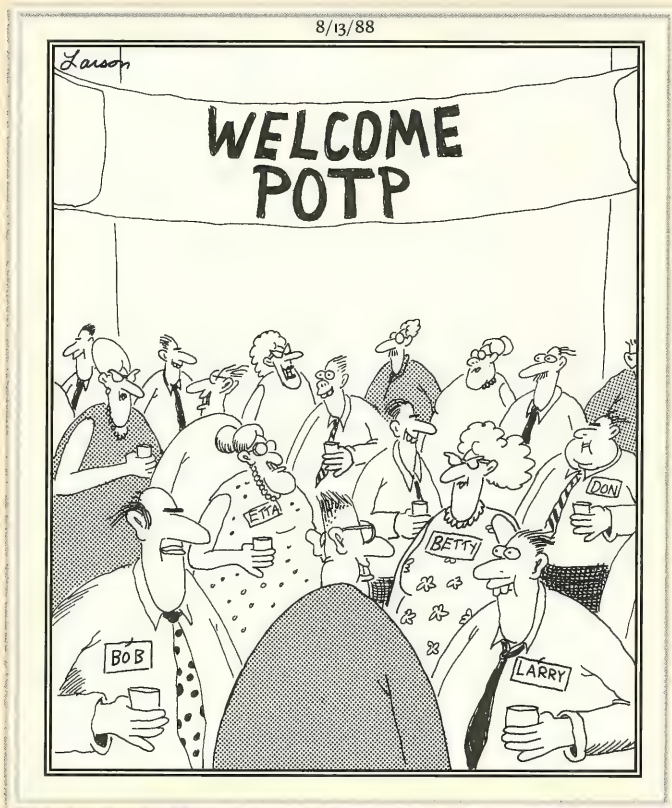
"Well, we've done everything we can; now we can only wait and see if she pulls through. ...
If she doesn't, however, I got dibs on this porterhouse right here."



Suddenly, Dr. Morrissey's own creation, a hideous creature nine feet tall and bearing the heads of the Brady Bunch, turns against him.



Animal waste management



The 25th annual "Part of the Problem" convention



"What? You're just going to throw the tail away? ... Why, in *my* day, we used every gol dang part of a mammoth!"

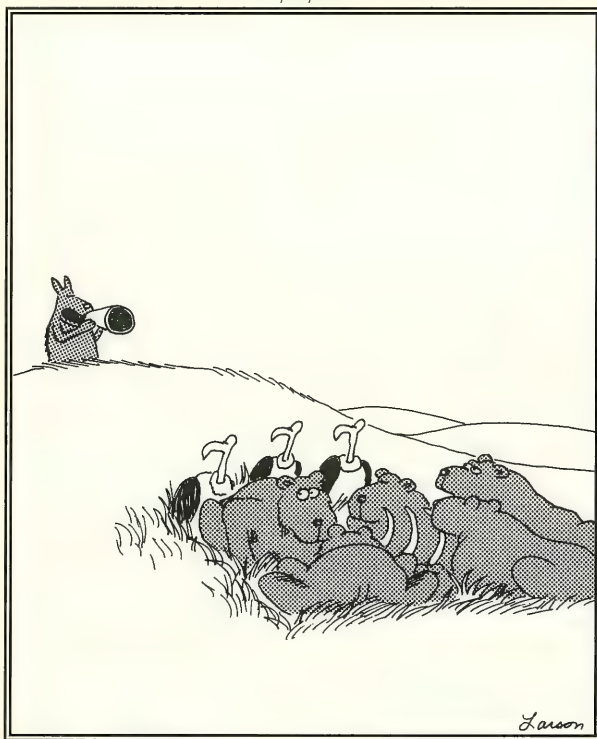


"Roy, you get up on the hotel roof there. And for godsakes, if you *are* plugged, don't just slump over and die—put some drama into it and throw yourself screaming from the edge."



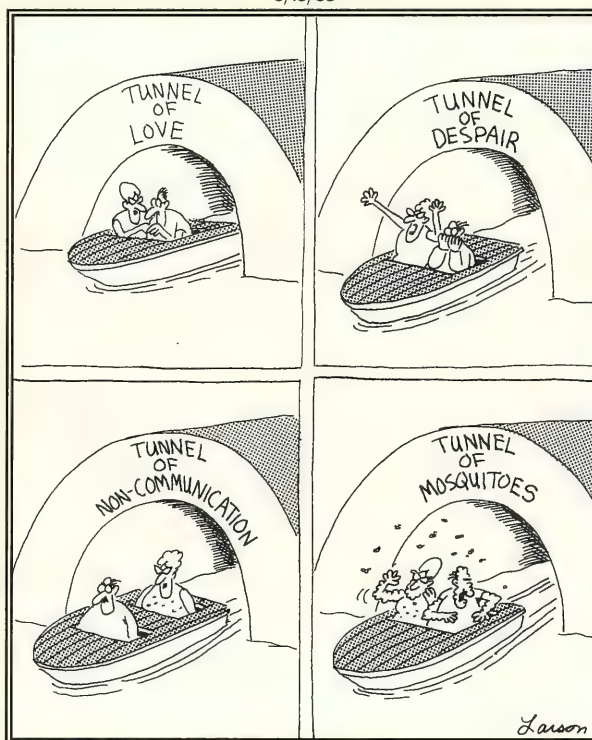
"So! Mr. Carlisle was right! ... I put you on a short leash so you can't harass him anymore, and look what you resort to!"

8/20/88



"Yo! Everyone down there! This is the jackal!
I'm tired of slinking around the perimeter! ...
I'm coming down to the kill! ... Is that gonna be
cool with everyone? ... I don't want trouble!"

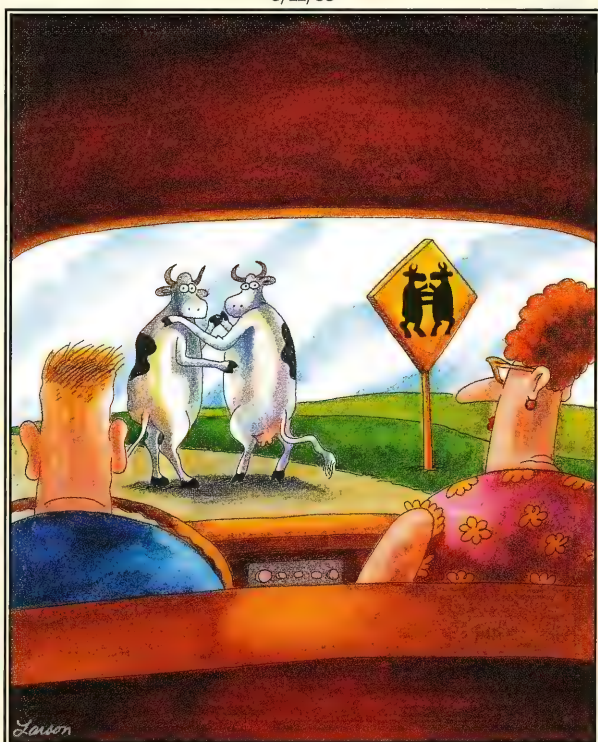
8/18/88



8/23/88



8/22/88



"Careful, Lyle! ... Cattle dancers!"

8/21/88



Door ding gnomes at work

8/24/88



"Oh, great—it's some of your relatives, David. ... You know, it's ironic that even we lice have parasites."

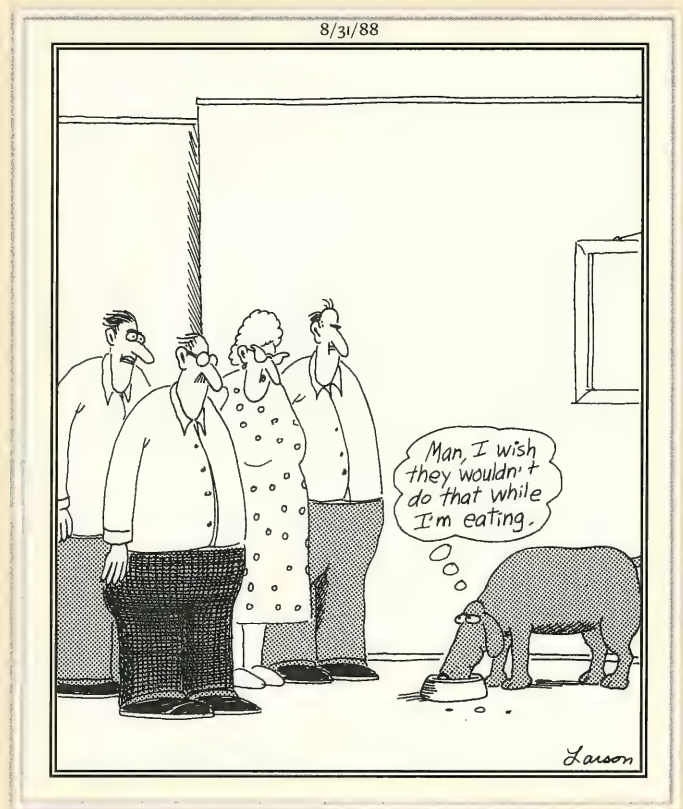
8/26/88



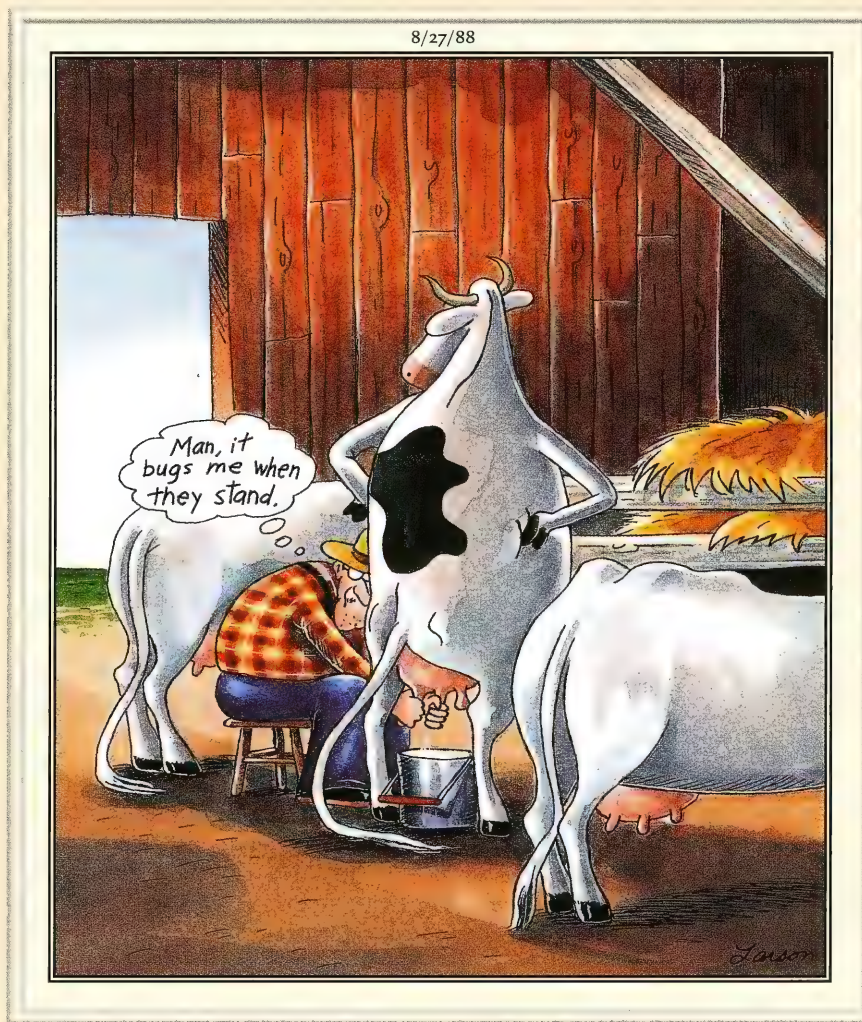
"Okay, when I say 'draw,' we draw. ... Ready? ... One, two, three—STRAW! ... Okay, just checkin' your ears. ... One, two, three—CLAW! ... Okay, DRAWbridge! ..."



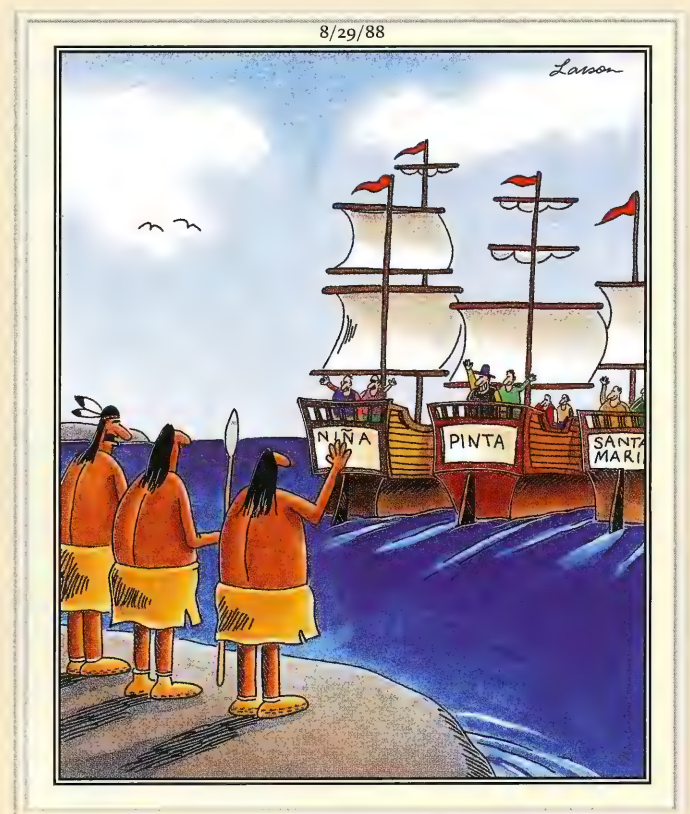
Scene from *Return of the Nose of Dr. Verlucci*



Dwayne paused. As usual, the forest was full of happy little animals—but this time, they just seemed *too* happy.



"Wait a minute! ... McCallister, you fool!
This isn't what I said to bring!"



"Did you detect something a little ominous
in the way they said, 'See you later'?"



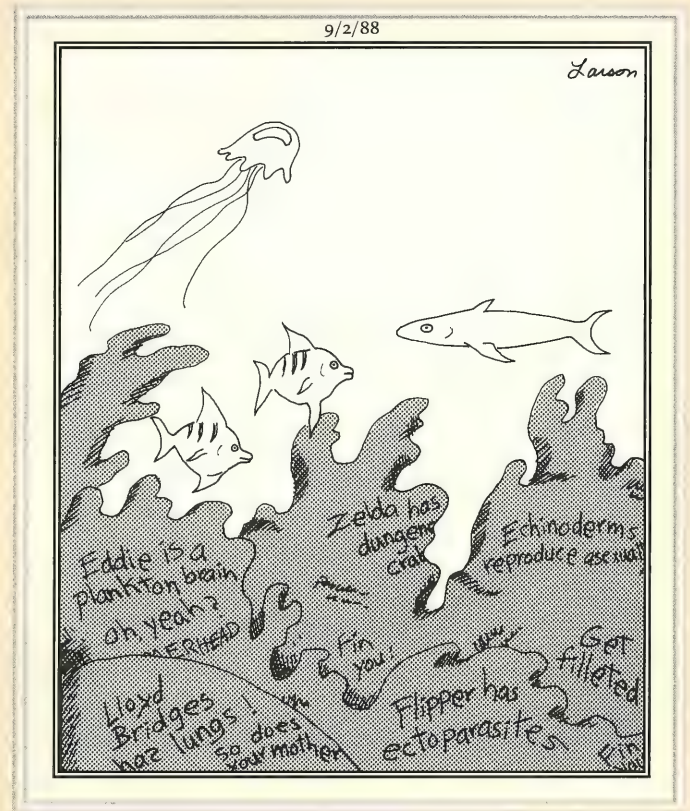
MORE FACTS OF NATURE: As part of nature's way to help spread the species throughout its ecological niche, bison often utilize a behavior naturalists have described as "ballooning."



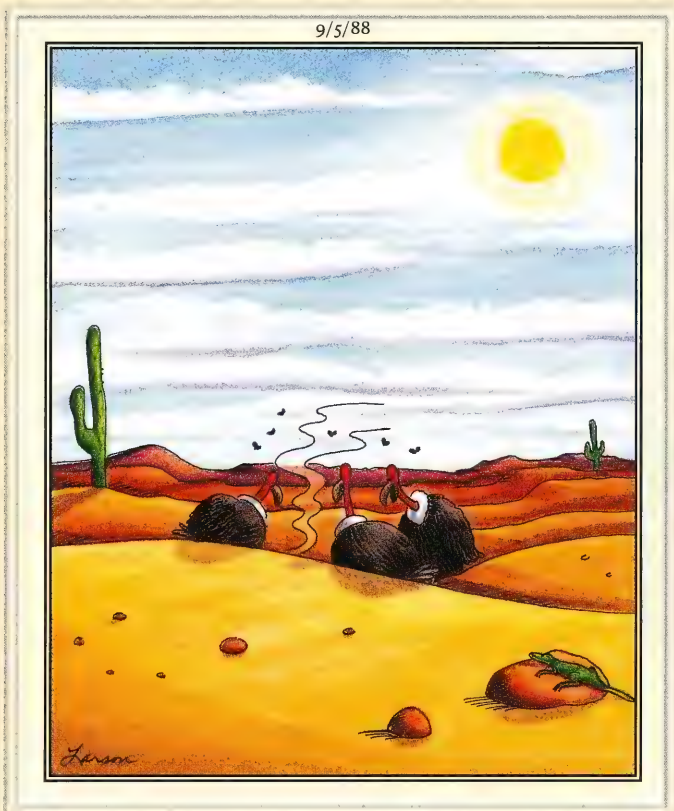
Splattered with juice and hooting excitedly, Neanderthals carve up their favorite kill, the woolly watermelon.



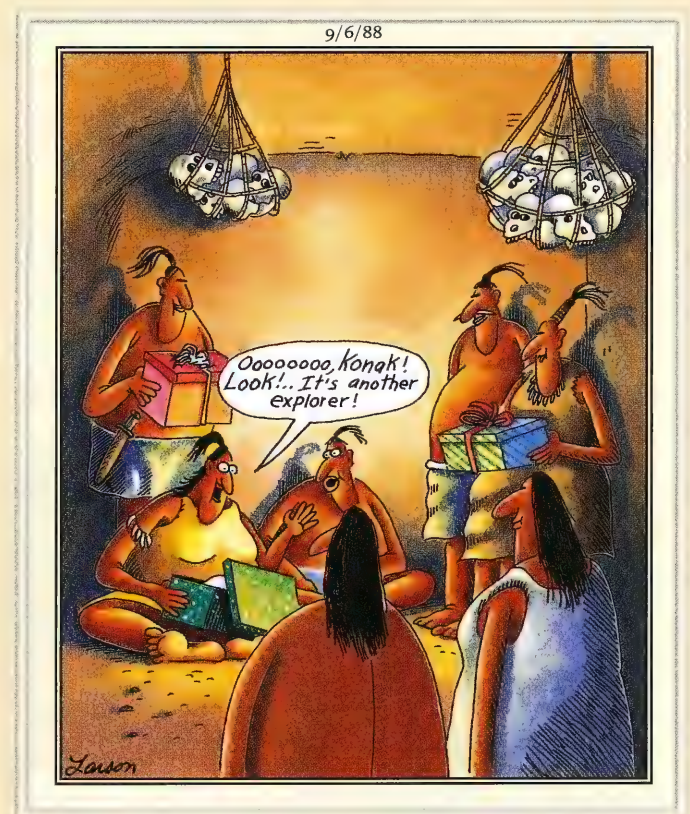
"Hey! What have I told you kids about screwing around in front of that window?"



Coral reef graffiti



"Ooooooweeeeeee! This thing's been here a loooooooooong time! ... Well, thank God for ketchup."

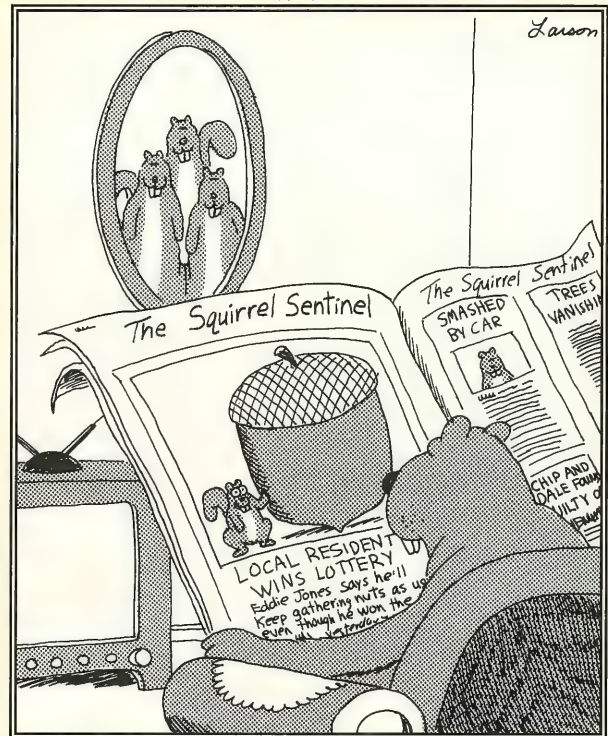


Headhunter hutwarming

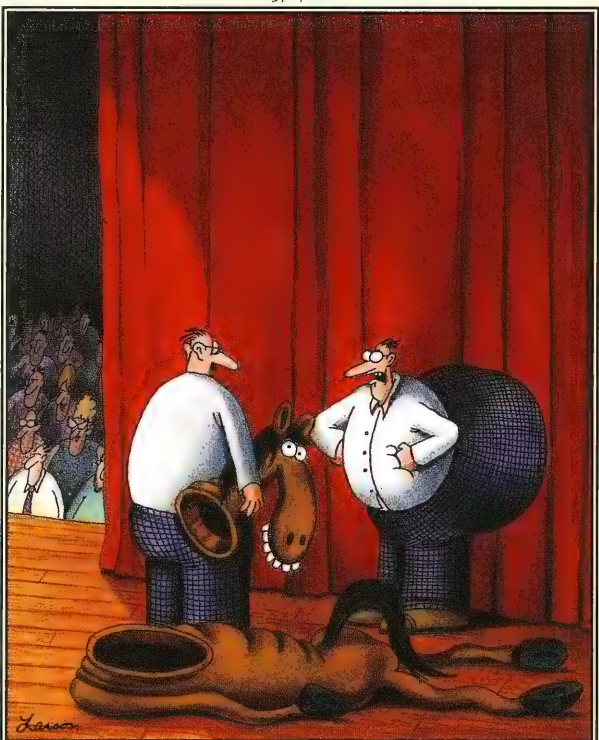
9/7/88



9/10/88

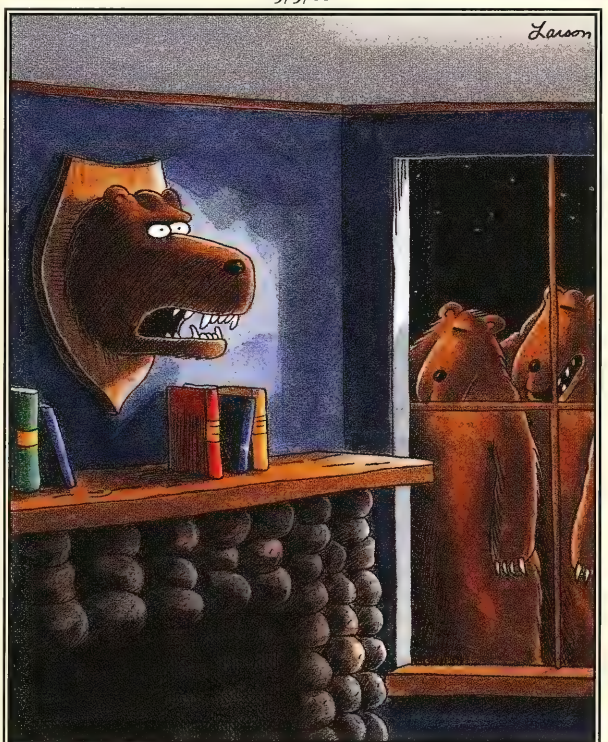


9/8/88



"I tell you I've *had* it! ... I'm not climbing into that getup one more time until you tell me why I'm always the back end!"

9/9/88

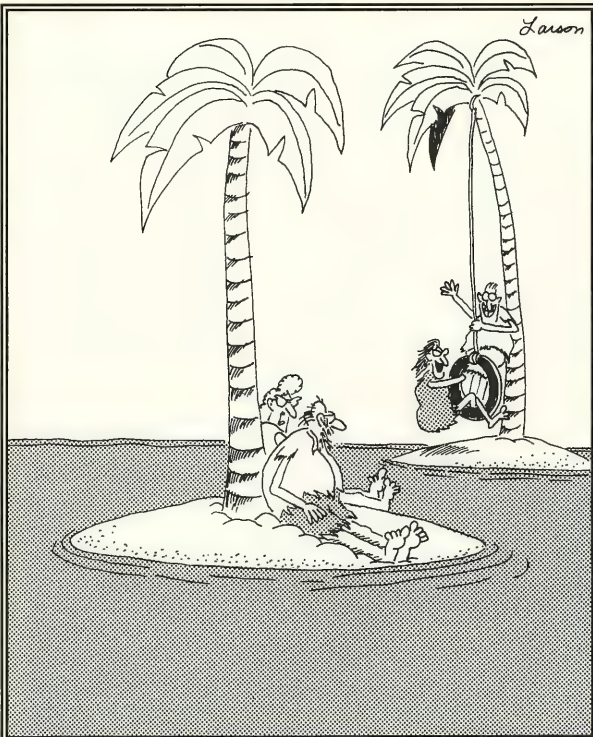


"It's Vinnie, all right. It's his nose, his mouth, his fur ... but his eyes—there's something not quite right about his eyes."

9/11/88

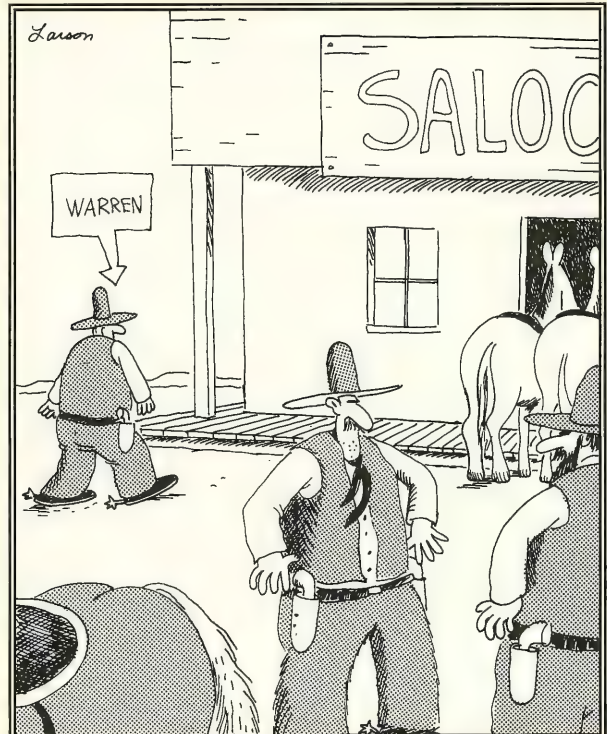


9/12/88



"Well, the Sullivans are out on their tire again."

9/14/88



Warren Hagstrom: professional Western movie background street crosser

9/18/88



9/24/88

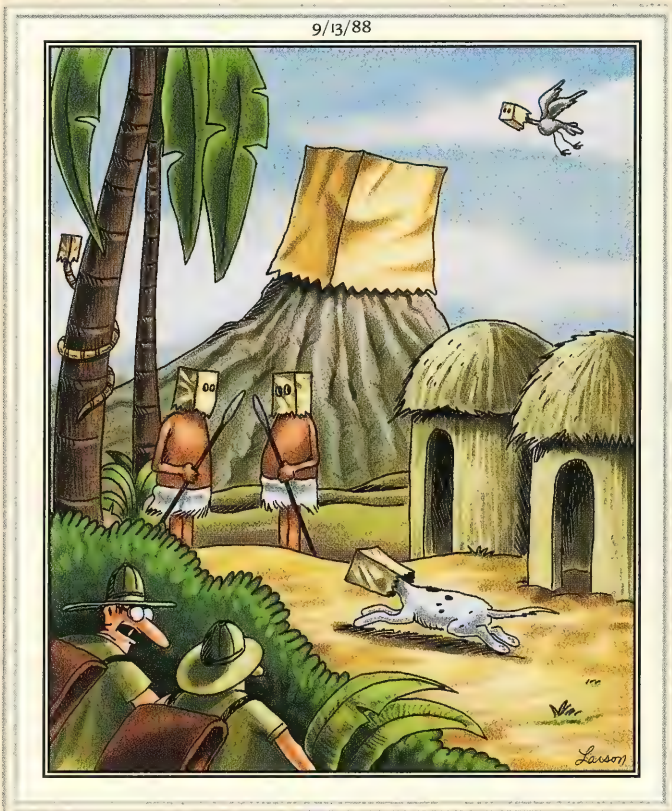


Ancient exterminators

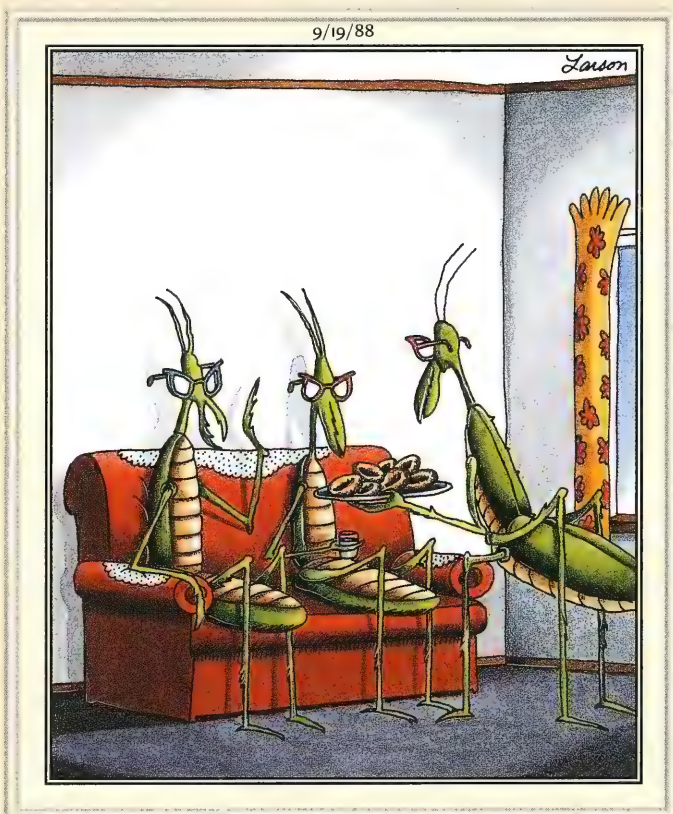
9/16/88



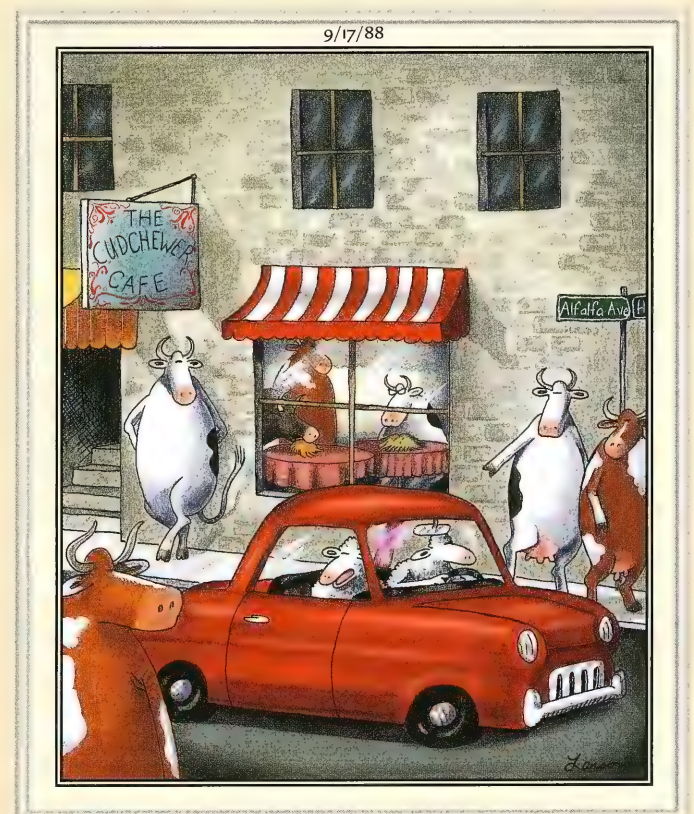
"Hold it right there, young lady! Before you go out, you take off some of that makeup and wash off that gallon of pheromones!"



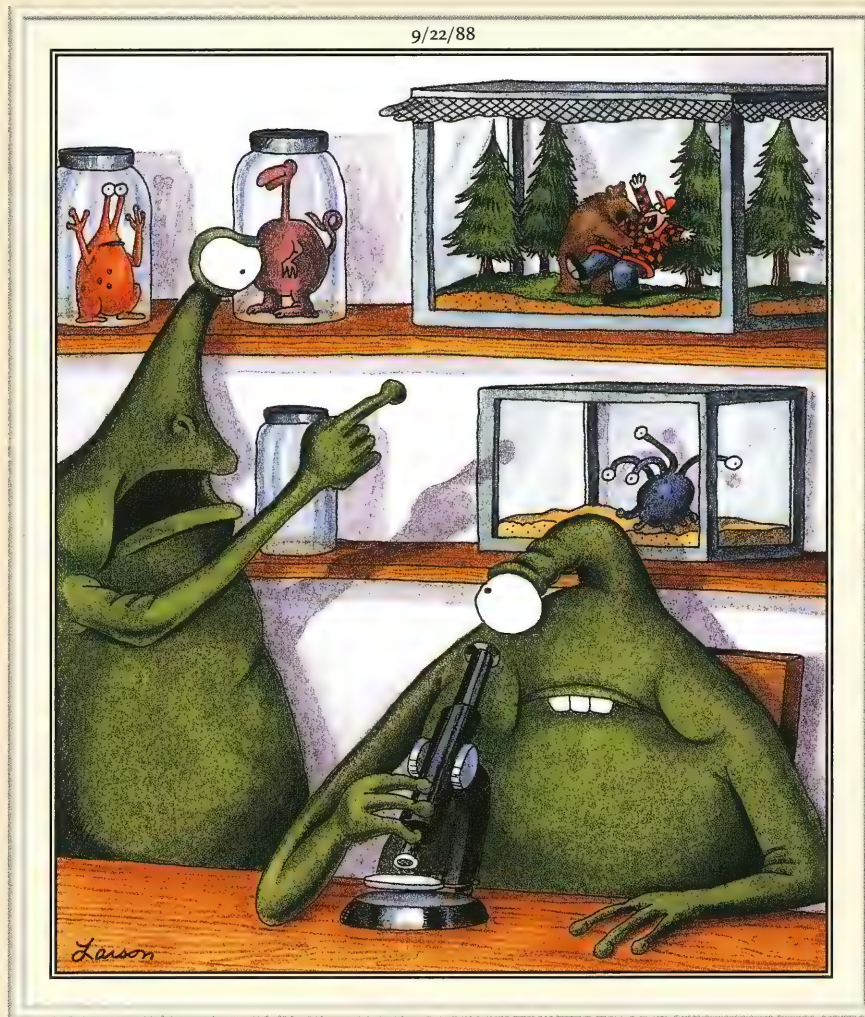
"This *must* be it, Jenkins—the legendary Ugliest Place on Earth."



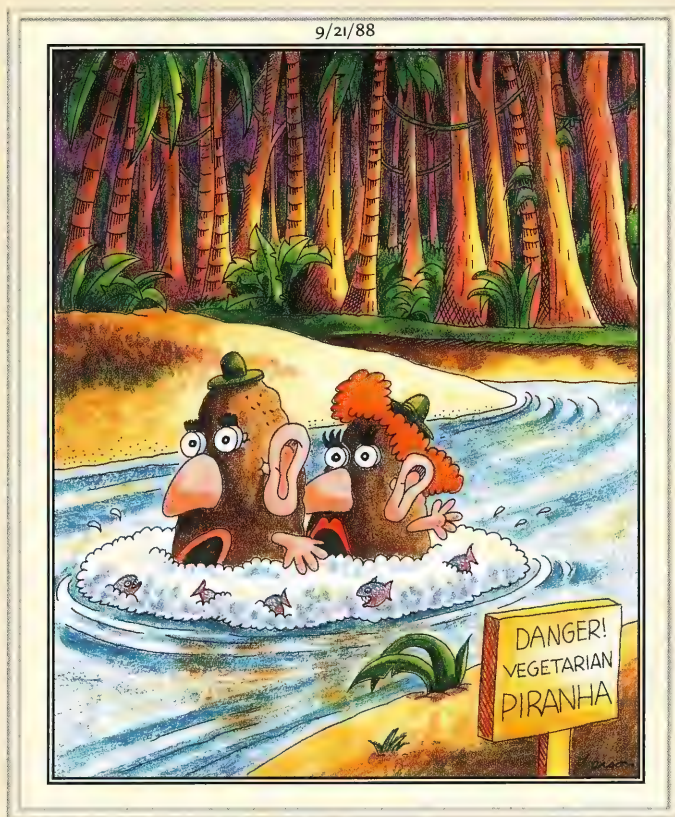
"Oh, good heavens, no, Gladys—not for me. ...
I ate my young just an hour ago."



"Drive, Ted! We've stumbled into some cowtown."



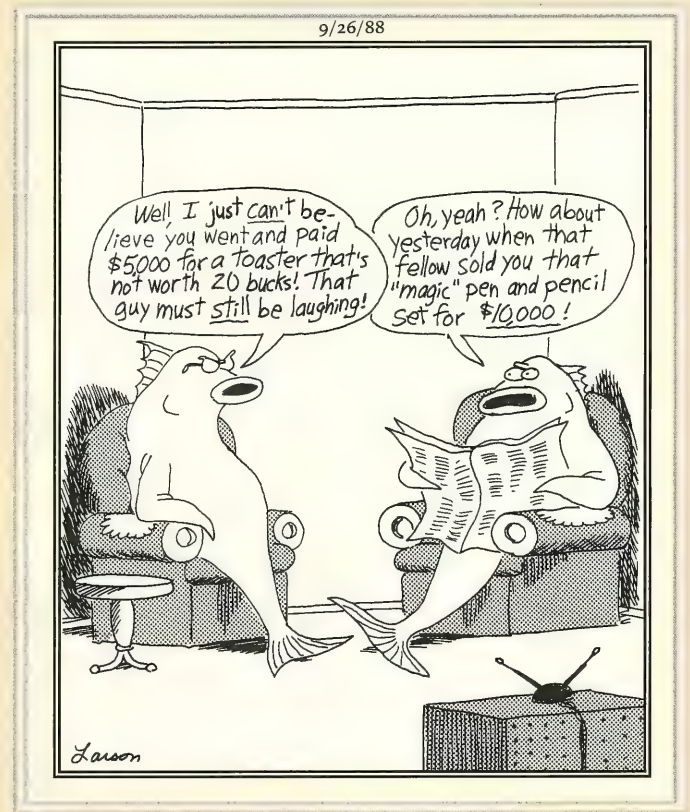
"Zorak, you idiot! You've mixed incompatible species in the earth terrarium!"



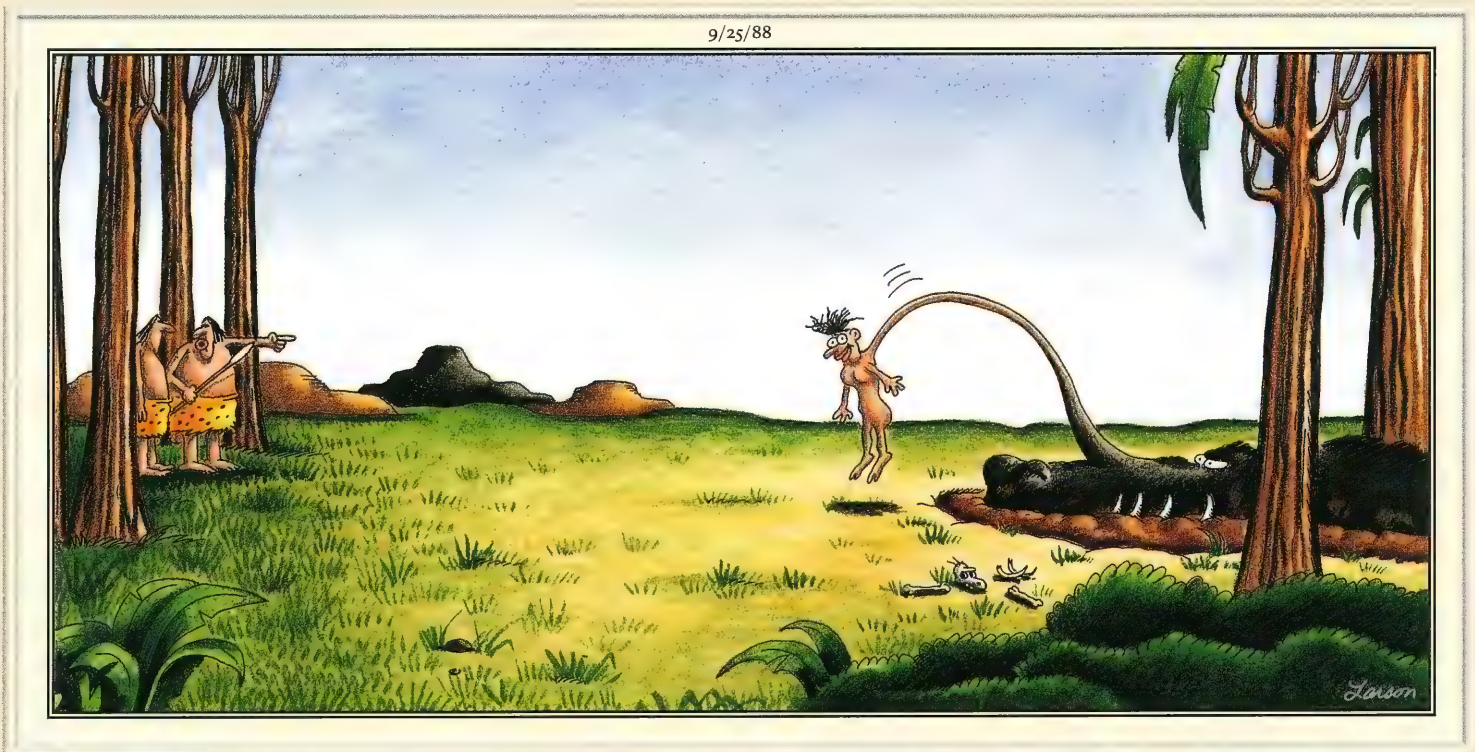
The Potatoheads in Brazil



"Good heavens, Bernie! We've got company! ... And you're never going to catch that stupid squirrel anyway!"



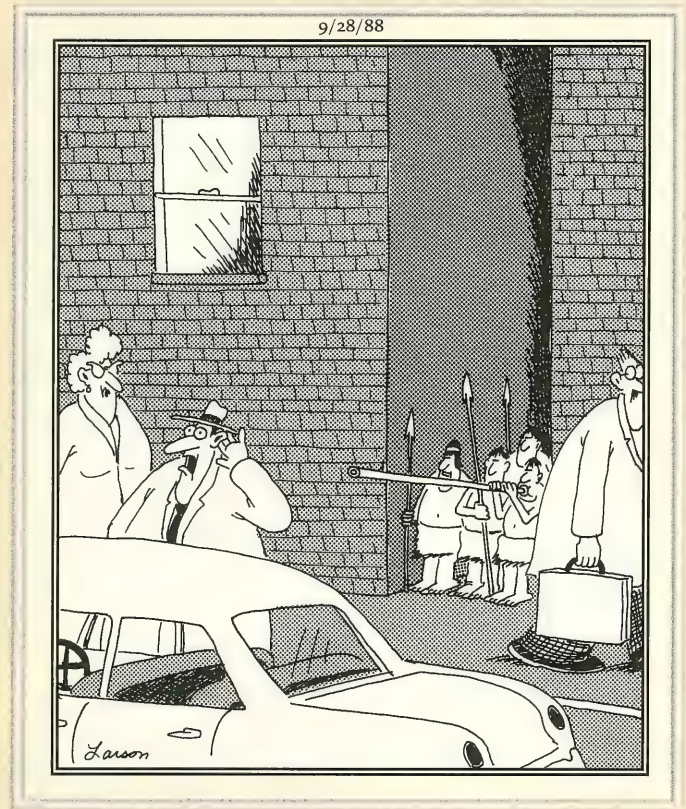
Sucker fish at home



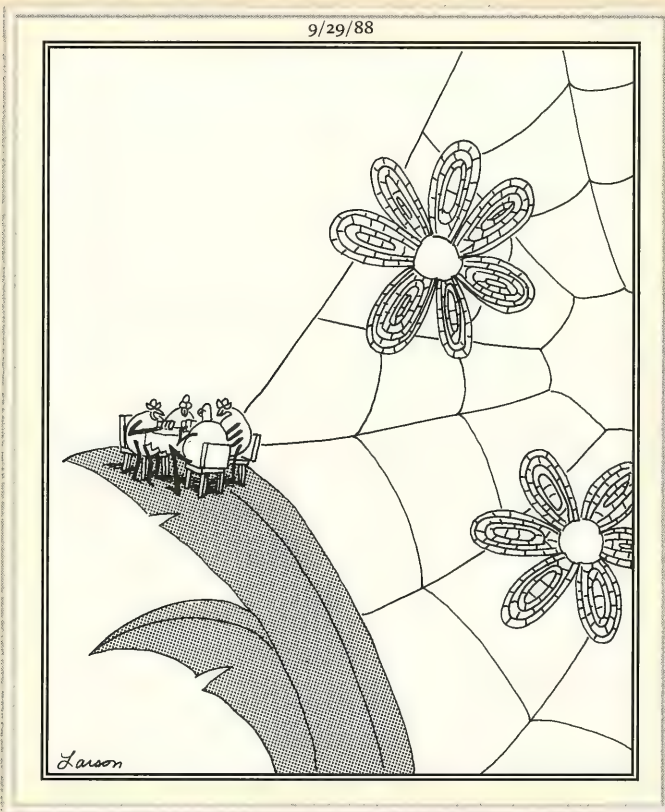
Burying itself deep in the mud, the hominideatodon, an evolutionary wonder, would slowly raise and lower its unique appendage in the hope of attracting its favorite prey.



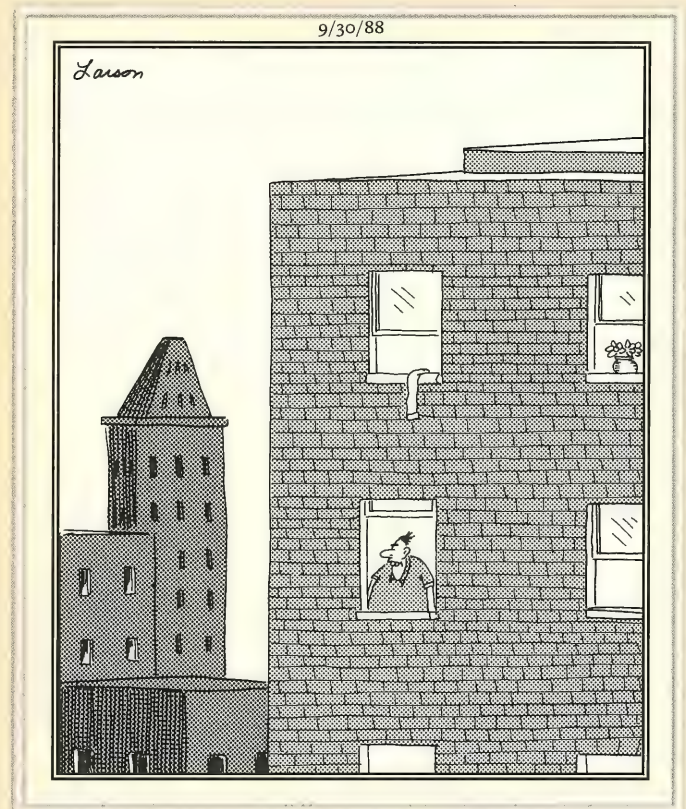
Awkward moments in the ant world



Pygmies on vacation



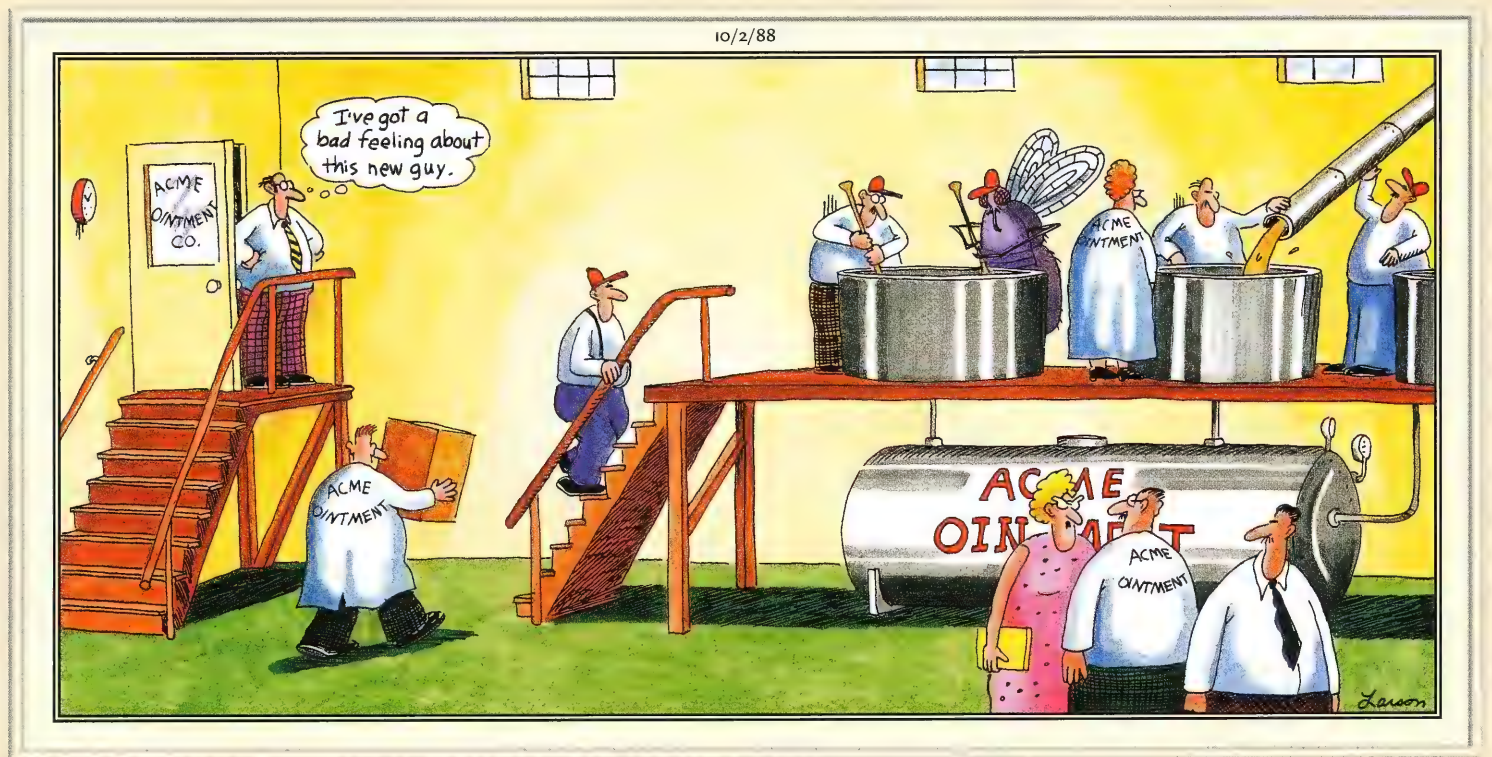
"You and Fred have such a lovely web, Edna—and I love what you've done with those fly wings."

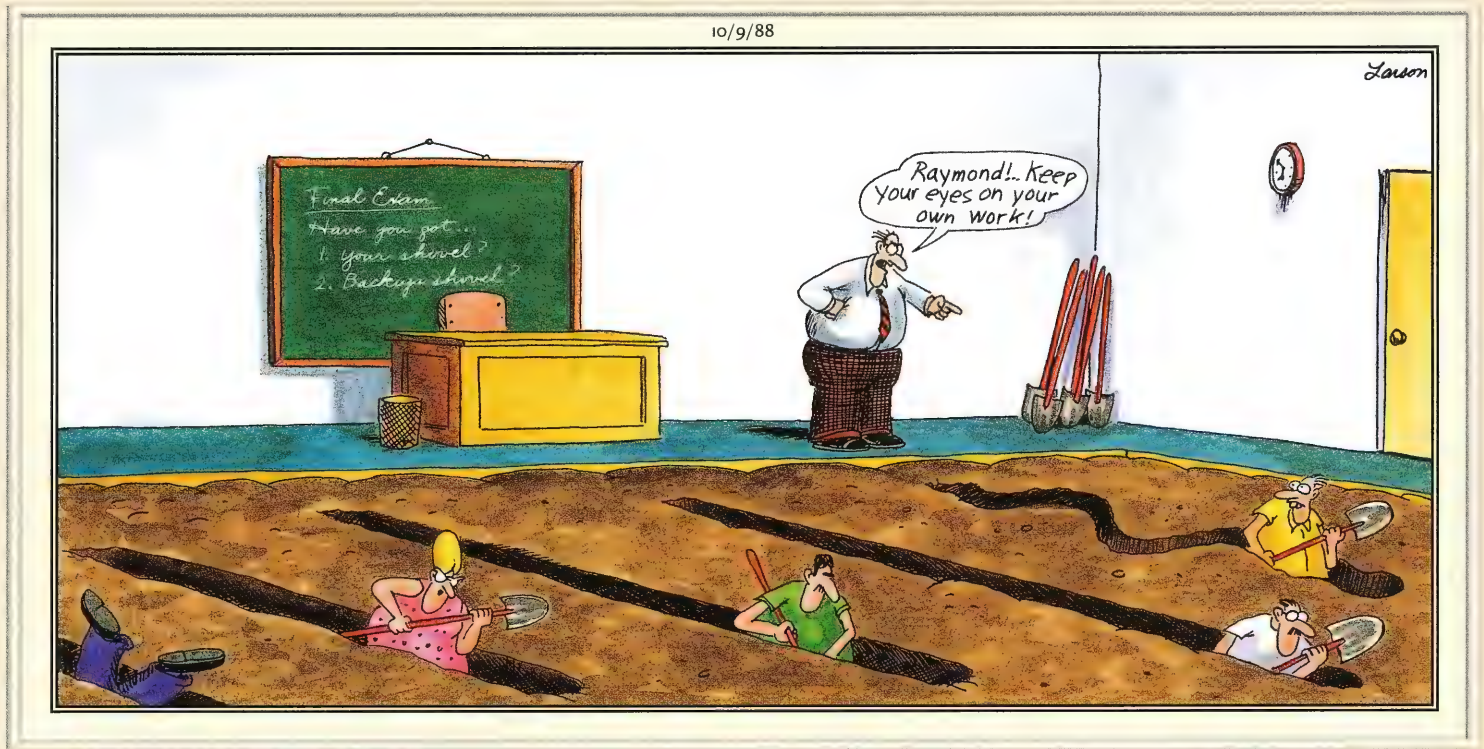


On a clear day, Eugene rose and looked around him and, regrettably, saw who he was.

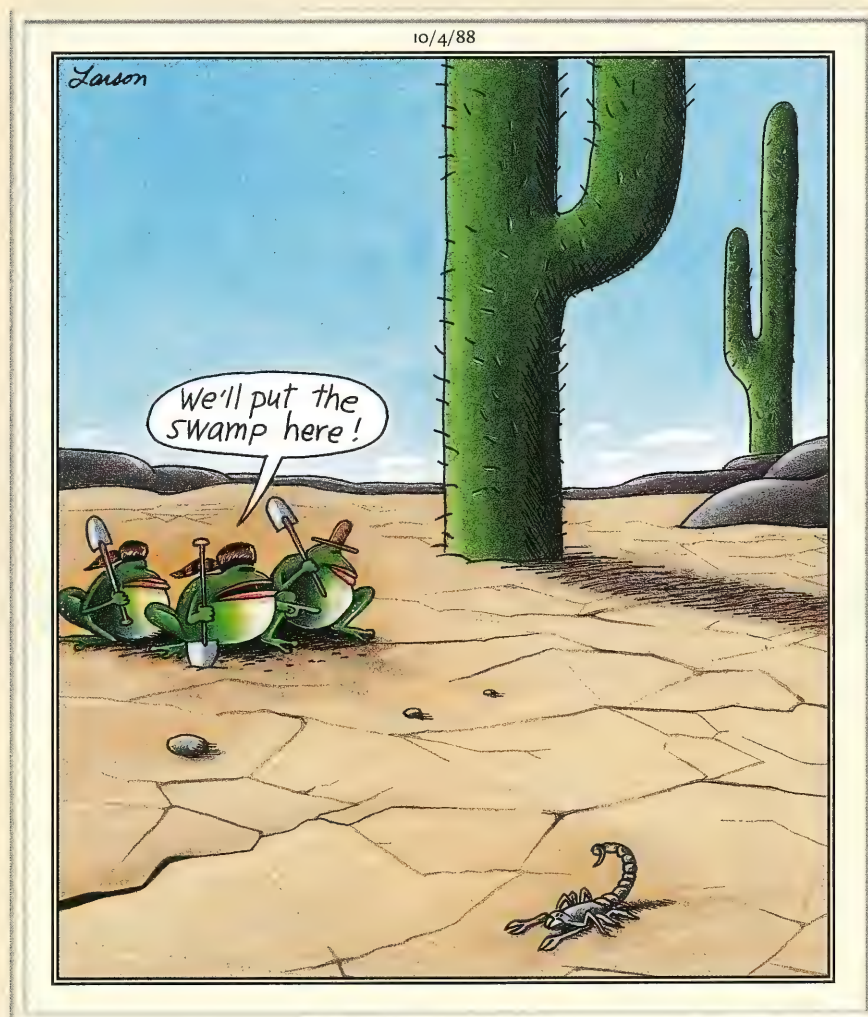


"Aha! The murderer's footprints! ... 'Course, we all leave tracks like this."





Ditchdiggers School



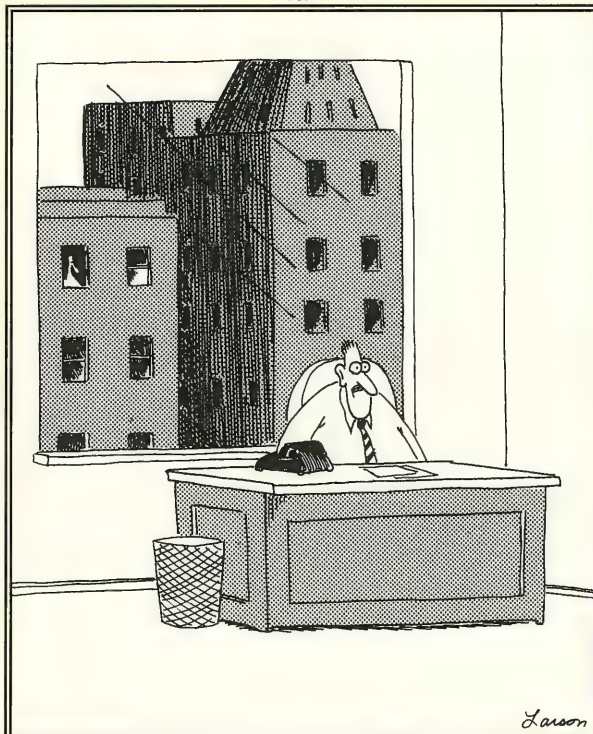
Frog pioneers

10/3/88



"Hey! Ernie Wagner! I haven't seen you in, what's it been—twenty years? And hey—you've still got that thing growin' outta your head that looks like a Buick!"

10/5/88



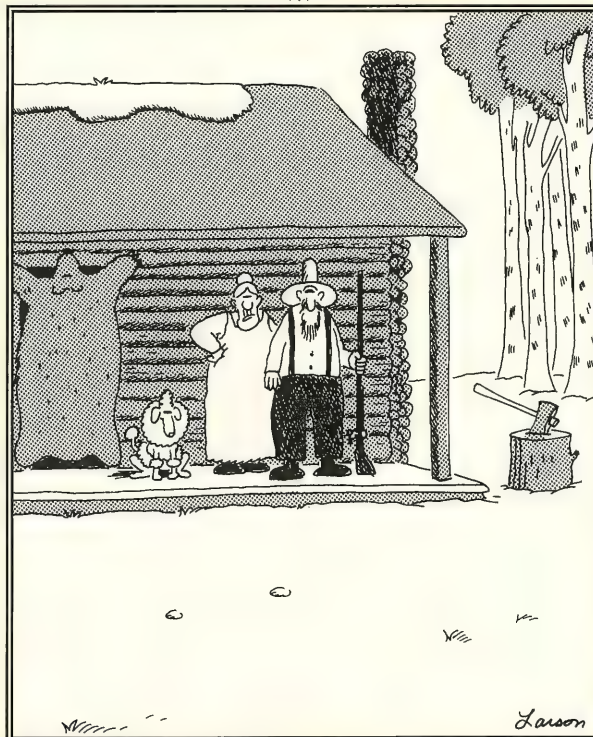
Anatidaephobia: the fear that somewhere, somehow, a duck is watching you.

10/6/88

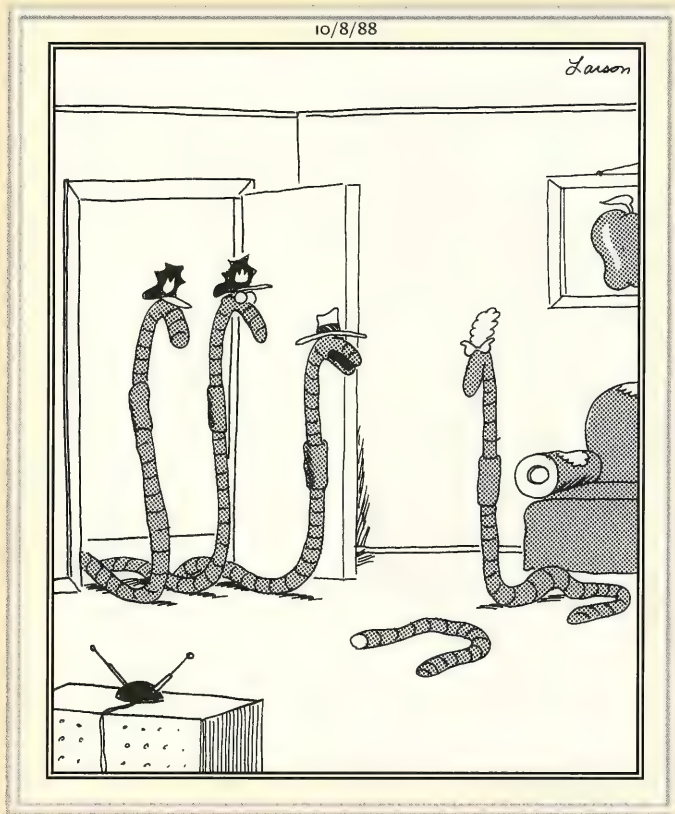


Construction birds at lunch

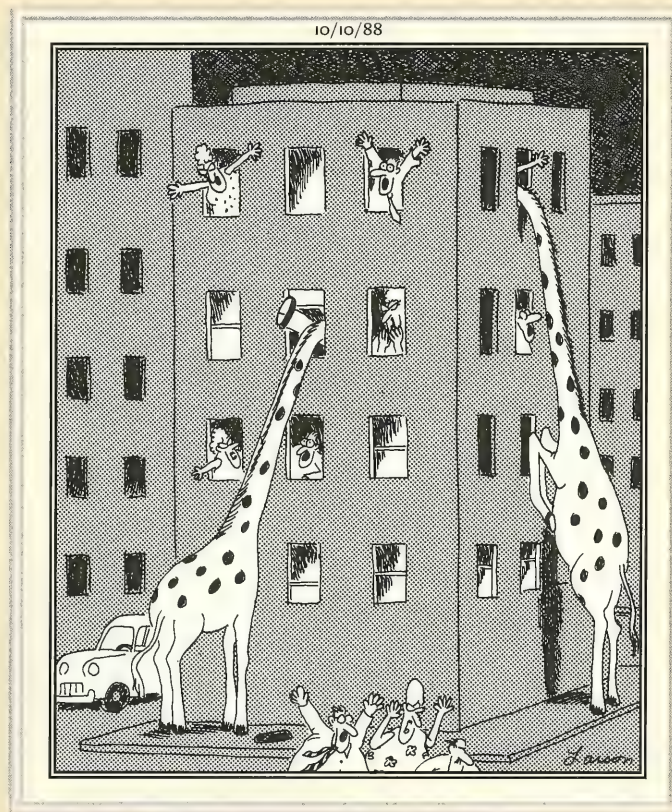
10/7/88



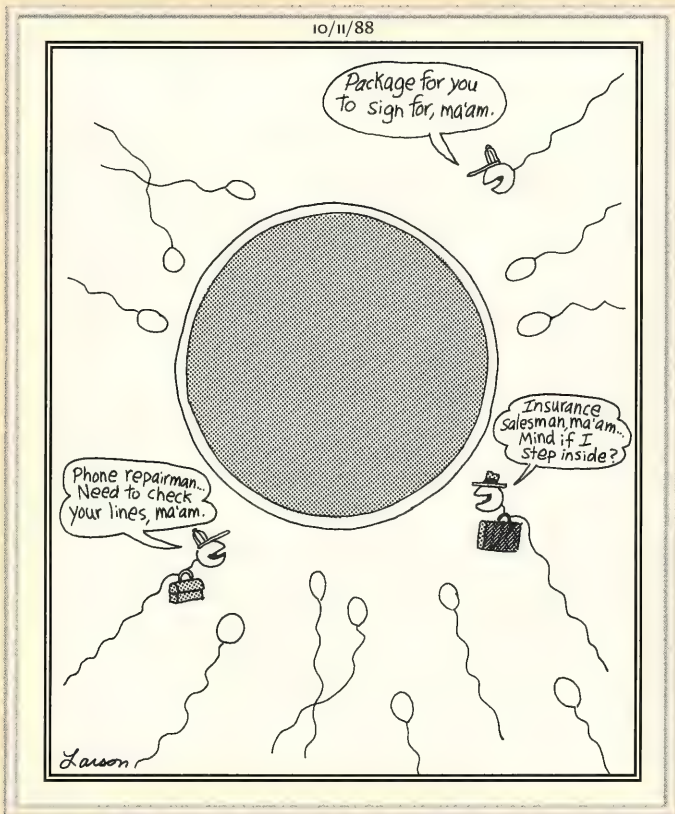
Early settlers of Beverly Hills



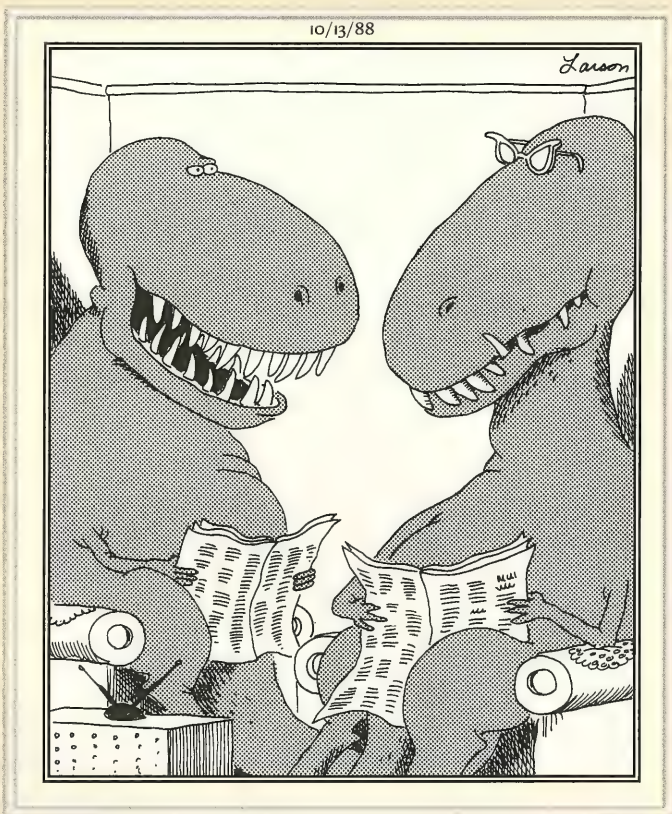
"We understand your concern, ma'am—but this just isn't enough for us to go on. Now, you find the *other* half of your husband, and then we've got a case."



Scene from the film *Giraffes IV*: This time, they're not just looking for acacia leaves.



How the human egg is often deceived



"Hey. ... Since the kids are in bed, what say we run out and kill ourselves a couple of planteaters."



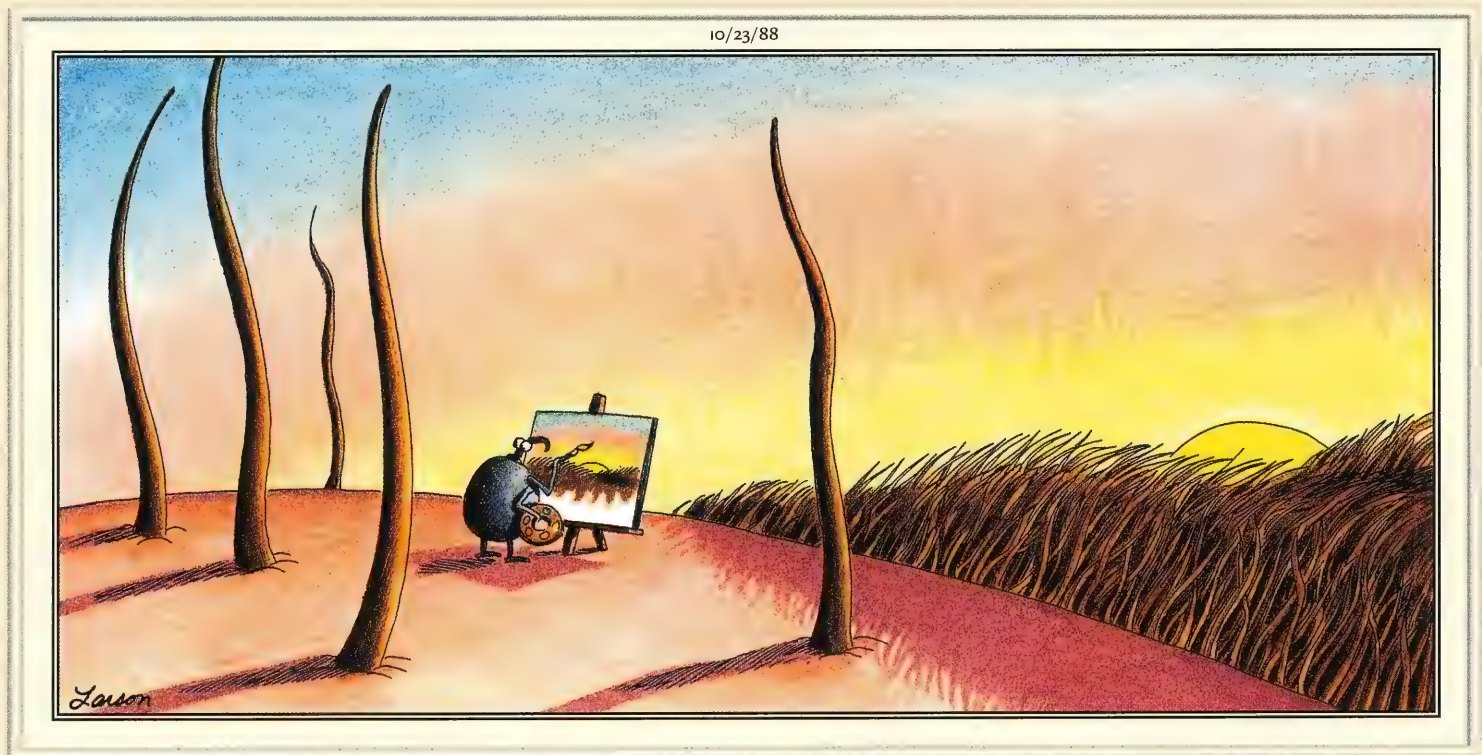
Pinocchio in his later years



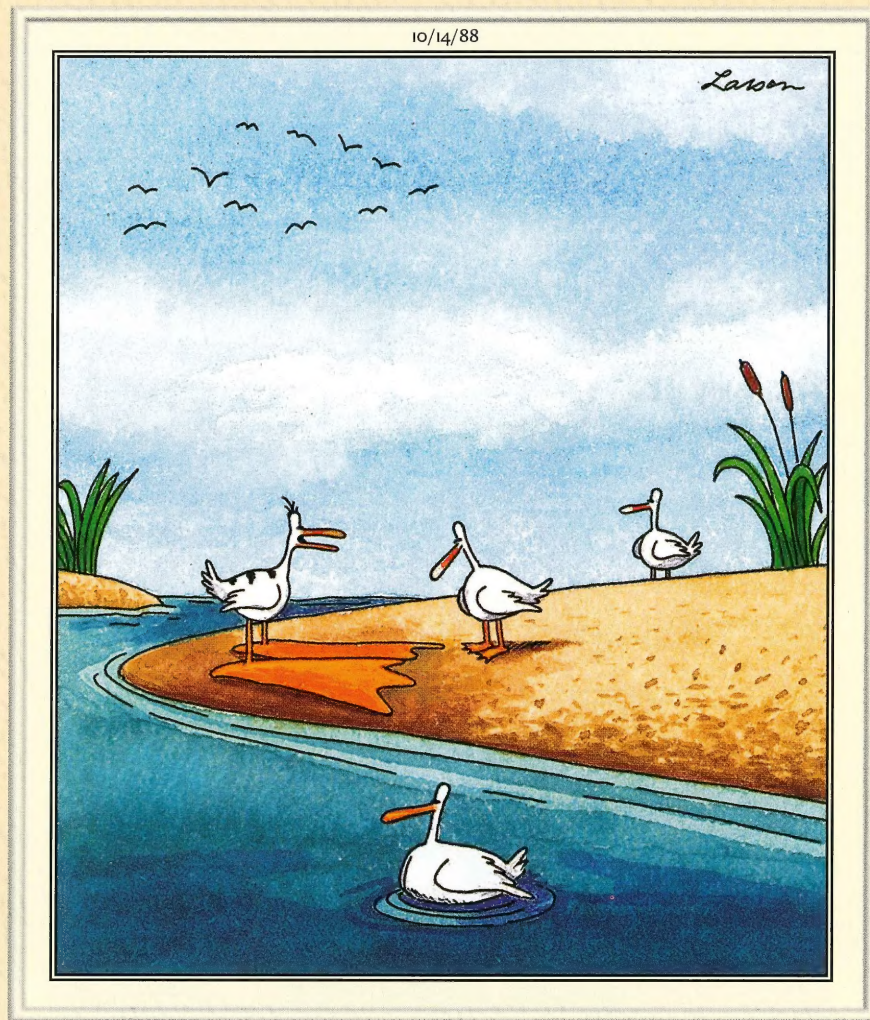
In the Hall of Beets



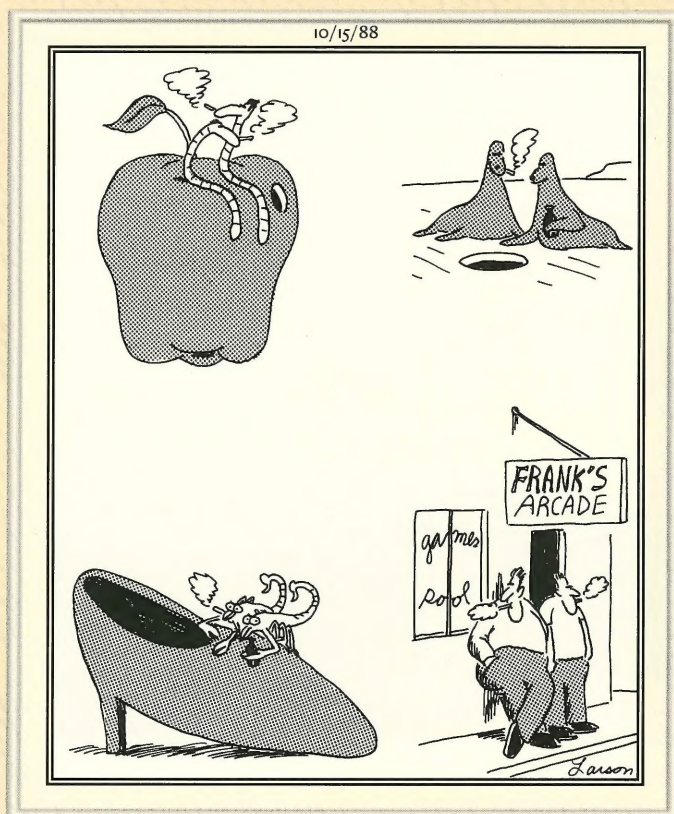
"Well, thank God we all made it out in time. ...
'Course, now we're equally screwed."



Dogscapes



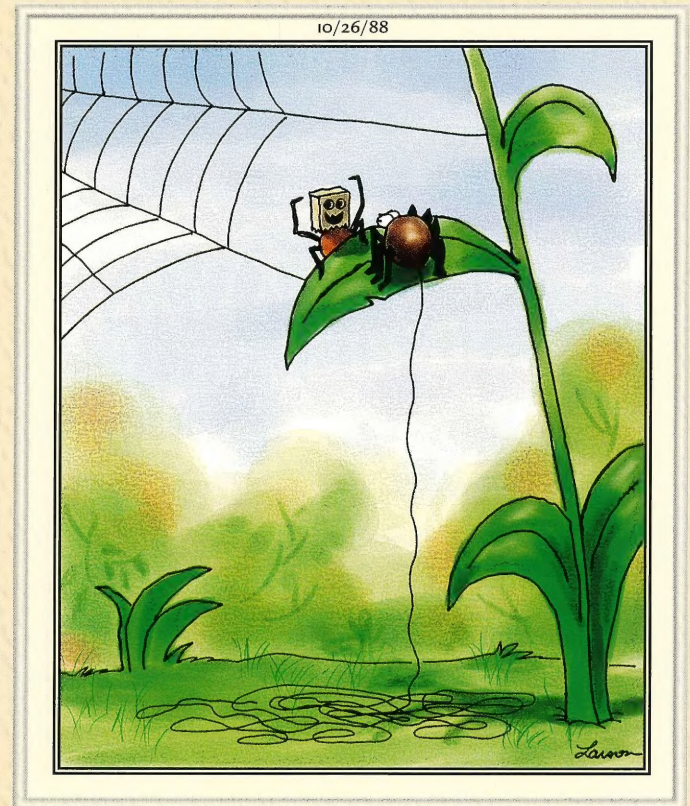
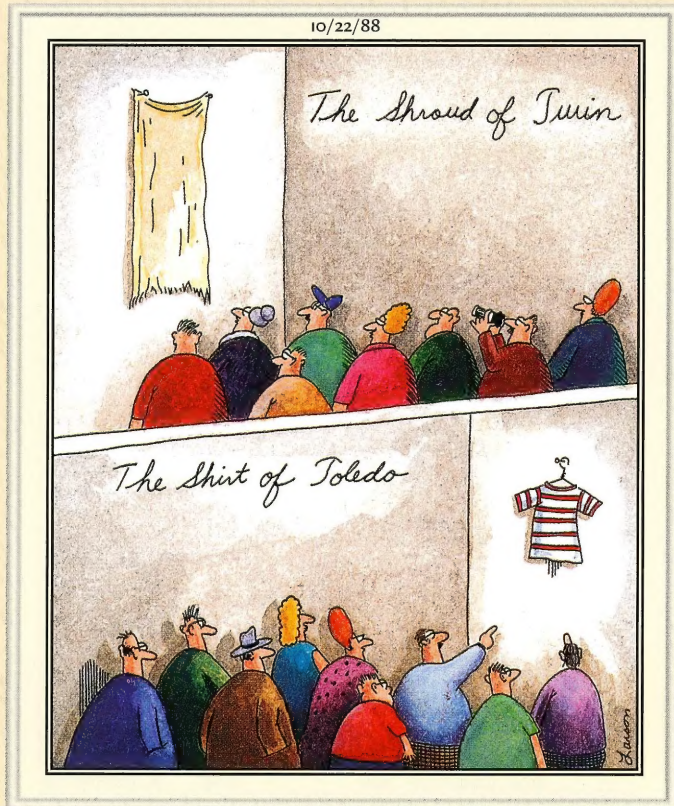
"I'm one of those species they always describe as 'awkward on land.'"



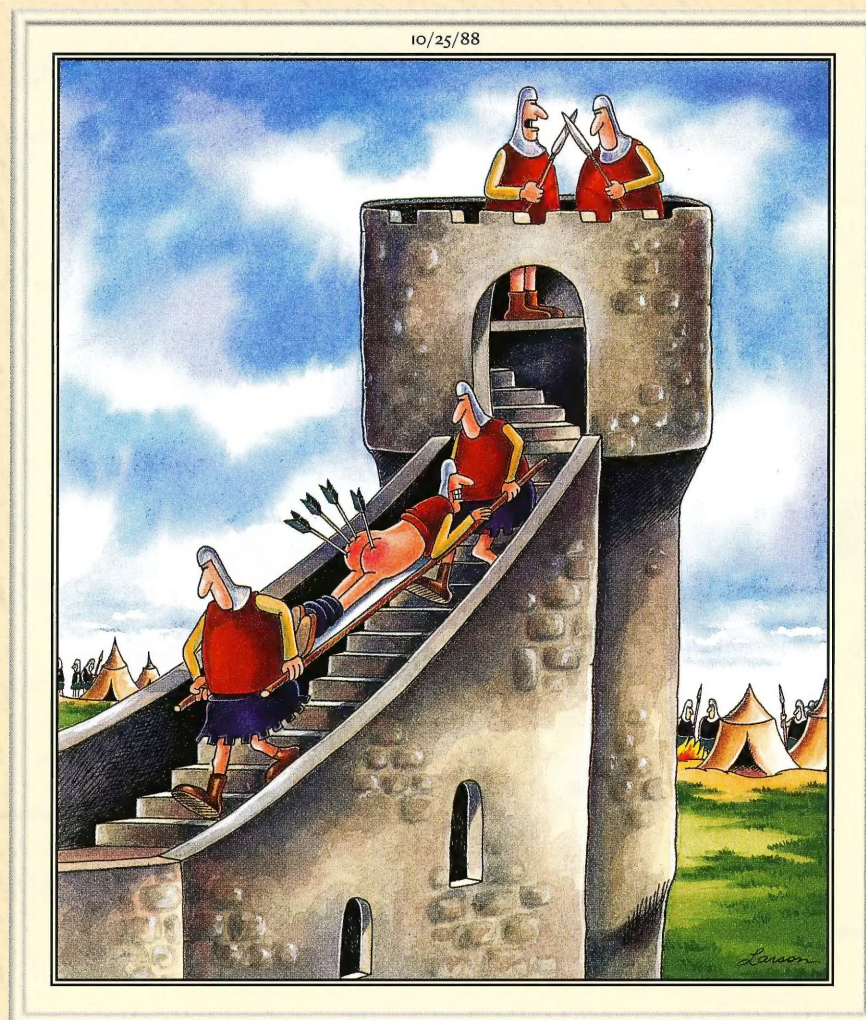
Animal toughs and their hangouts



Non-union wagon masters



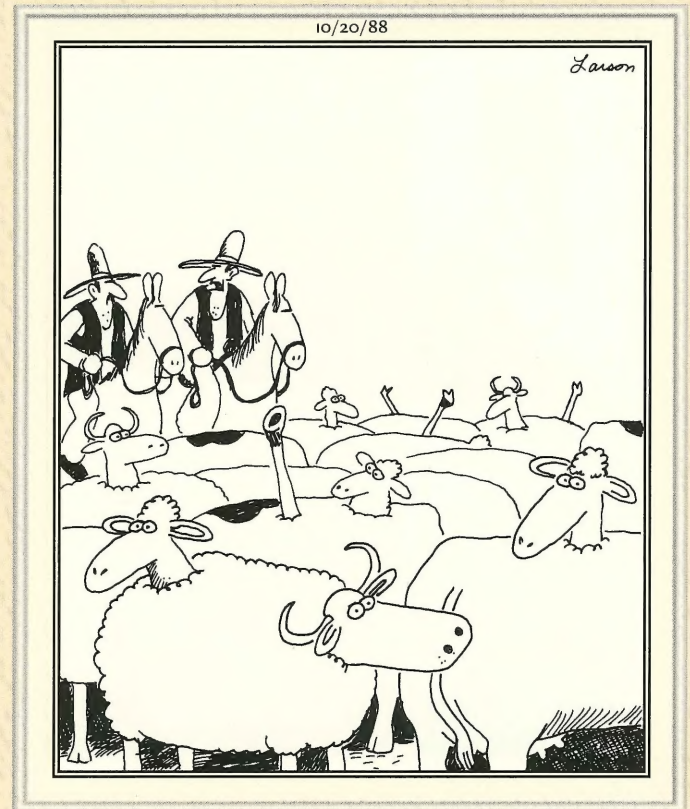
"Hey, Bob ... did I scare you or what?"



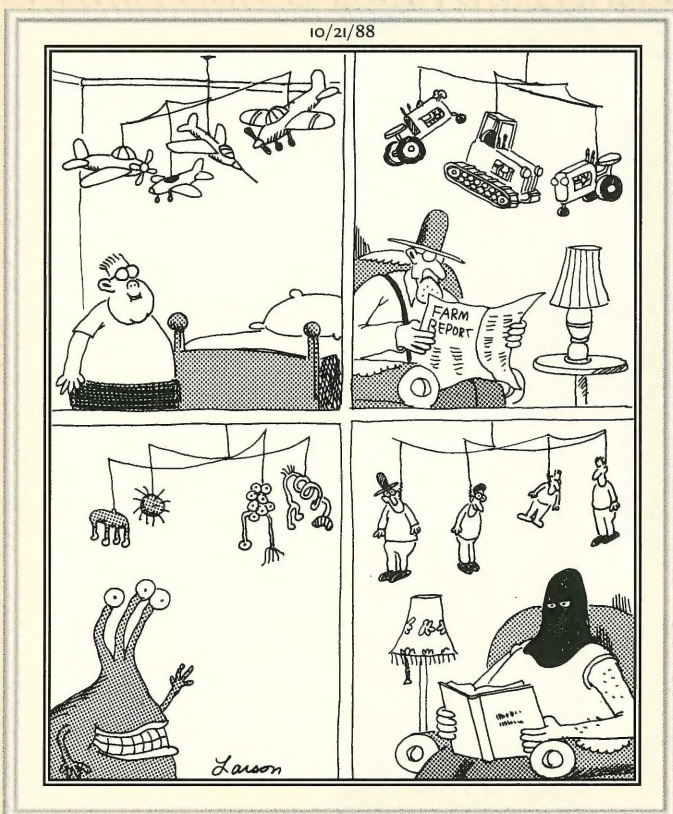
"So then I says to Borg, 'You know, as long as we're under siege, one of us oughta moon these Saxon dogs.'"



In the hallway of the Old Cartoonists' Home



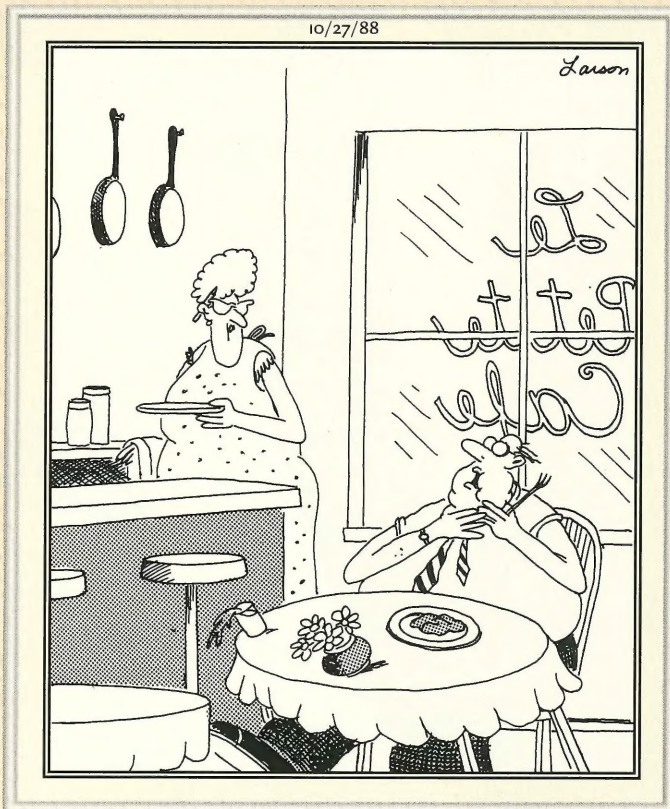
"Man, this is ugly—sheep and cattle never do mix well."



Mobile hobbyists



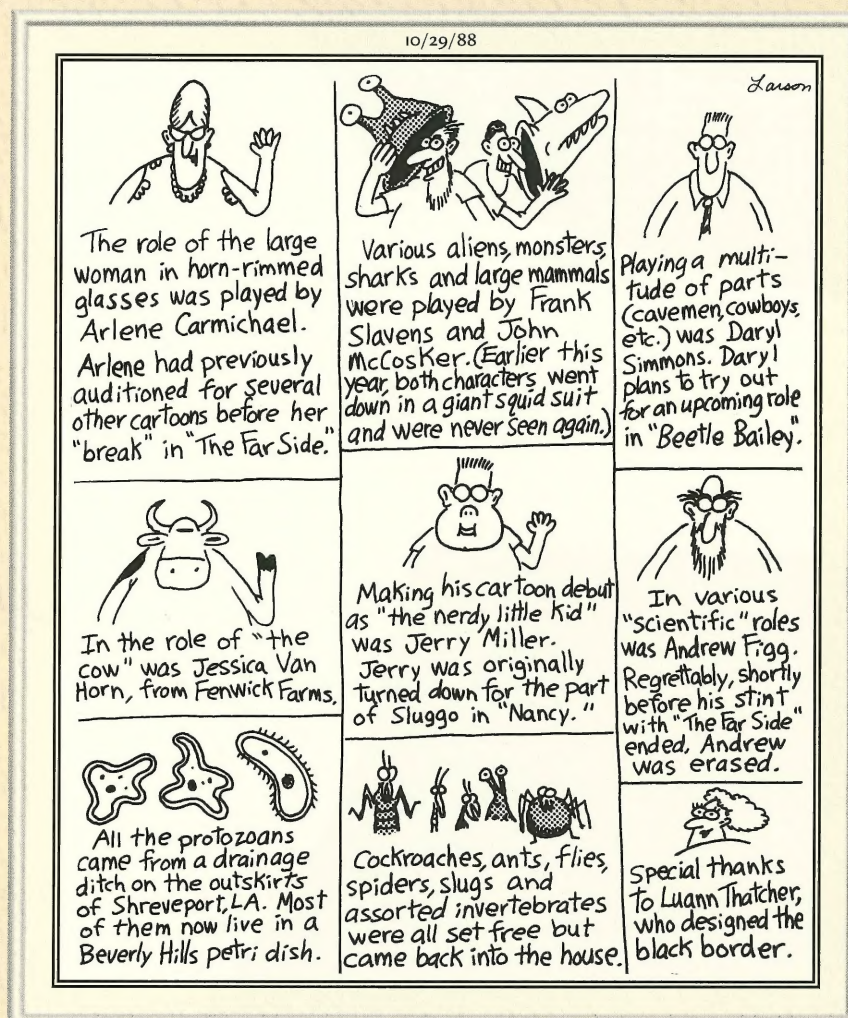
Bombardier beetles at home



The crepes of wrath



The End (Act One)



The Far Side cast

Editor's note: Gary leaves for a one-year sabbatical. He returns in 1990.

